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A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF THE WAR

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I

THE intrinsic significance of Life's fundamental facts cannot be grasped from the point of view of the individual. Death seems absurd, yet no mother ever gave birth to a child but in pains and pangs, and many diseases are inherent in normal growth; vicarious suffering seems supremely unjust, yet it is blessed. In the course of ages, man, through his efforts to understand life and himself, has worked out correspondences between the individual and the universal and codified these in dogmas, laws, and rules supposed to express absolute right and truth. But even the best-tested of them are not wholly true; several alternatives for judgment and action remain open in every case. It is impossible to settle the question once and for all as to which is better for the soul, wealth or poverty, comfort or suffering. Early Christianity decided for the latter, New Thought for the former, in agreement with the ancient Greeks; but classic optimism could not endure through an age of dissolution, and the denials of Christian Science sound blasphemous at a time when the brute force of high explosives rules supreme.

Again, Law is the guardian of Right,
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but there are bad laws more than enough; none meets all cases, and to the best, the Roman sentence, *Summum jus summa injuria*, only too often applies. The fact is, that man can think only as an individual, while life's essence is supra-individual, so that no system of set beliefs may claim to be wholly right.

This fundamental truth has become clear once again to the few reflective among those citizens of the belligerent states who espoused the cause of their country unreservedly. They find that in doing so they have lost themselves and are now nothing but cells in the body of their nation, wholly ruled and controlled by forces and motives supra-individual; that this has made them fit to commit deeds (both bad and good) altogether alien to their individual character; and that, diminished though they be as personalities, — having lost in particular the capacity of impartial thought, — they live a life fuller than ever before, because consciously sharing that of a greater whole; they find last, and generally to their intense surprise, that they deem perfectly right and natural now the state and way of war.

The passive onlooker is, as a rule, unable to understand this. According to him, war is a beastly business all

through, and no noble deeds of sacrifice and courage can redeem the essential atrocity of manslaughter. But then he judges as an individual, and war cannot be understood from that point of view, being, as it is, an expression of supra-individual necessity. It is no normal event and should be avoided by all means, just as disease should be; but the latter also cannot always be avoided, and once it is caught, it must follow its own particular course; its symptoms, however hideous, have to be taken as natural; the phagocytes must fight until all microbes are killed or eliminated; and sometimes it appears that temporary ill health means the threshold of a permanent state of better health.

Well, wars like this world-war are constitutional diseases; evil in themselves, they are yet inevitable at times as phases of growth. In any case, whether they are or are not inevitable, once entered upon they have to be got through with; no medicine can change the general character of their course, and the cells of the national bodies can do no better than perform their abnormal functions with the utmost devotion.

This being so, the question of right and wrong as usually posited by neutrals is not to the point. Some cell, or group of cells, may, of course, be called responsible 'for the fact that the infection was caught'; but then, bacilli never get hold of an unpre-disposed body and this predisposition cannot be fairly called 'quiet.' If think you must of right and wrong in connection with this war, then the Greek idea of Fate seems nearer the truth than the modern one of responsible freedom. Œdipus was wrong in what he did, and had to bear punishment, but his career was preordained. Just so were and are the respective wrongs of Germany and her opponents truly fated,—which does

not excuse them, but gives them a meaning transcending by far their immediate moral significance.

II

All great wars are truly fated. It is of little importance what immediate set of causes occasioned them. Had Germany's conscious intentions been never so kind and her official morals never so exemplary, the mere fact of her gas-like expansion within a world packed with aggressive traditions, whose equilibrium depended on opposition instead of collaboration, would sooner or later have caused conflict; which in turn would inevitably have expanded into a world-war, because in this age of universal interdependence any serious shock to one larger part of the whole must needs upset the whole. Germany's ambitions were no more the *primum movens* of this catastrophe than were Bonaparte's dreams of world-power the first cause of that of a century ago.

It is certainly true, that Napoleon always maintained that his was not a premeditated career; it is surely as true, that the Germans never strove consciously to set the world on fire: both were driven to act as they did by circumstances over which they had no command. Again, in both cases the revolutions would have happened, in some form or other, if the immediate causes we perceive had not been acting; the *ancien régime* would have fallen, in all Western Europe, without the Corsican's sword; the European equilibrium of yesterday would have upset without the pressure brought to bear from within by German armaments, because both events were due in any case as inevitable stages in evolution.

International life is as concrete and real an entity as the life of nations and individuals; its particular charac-

ter and course result from milliards of seemingly incoherent single actions, each of which yet contributes to predetermine the next, and the resulting general tendency is, owing to the enormous number of determining factors, so strong that no conscious will can counteract it. The great men of history are accordingly those who realize a given tendency completely and embody it in their personal initiative; while the failings of a particular nation at a given time are always due to causes deeper than the inability of a particular statesman or general. This greater life runs smoothly sometimes, like that of an individual in normal health; more often jerkily, like that of a nervous person; yet steadily on the whole, the local disturbances not upsetting the general balance. At intervals it traverses a crisis and this issues, as often as not, in acute disease; any bacillus happening to be present may induce it. Then we have wars like those between the Greek and Latin worlds, between antique over-culture and savage Teutonic health, between Louis XIV and his neighbors, between revolutionized France and the whole Continent.

The inmost *raison d'être* of all these was a state of organic crisis; they were only *occasioned* by the factors immediately discernible. What causes were men fighting for in each of these cases? None really knew; every ideology was proved false in the end, no initial ideal has even been attained; a disproportion truly monstrous has always been apparent between the motives acting and the aims reached on the one side, the efforts made and the havoc wrought on the other. But then no organic crisis *has* ideological reasons and definite ends, nor can it have; all correspondences established between what it may mean to the body as a whole and to the particular organ or cell must needs be arbitrary. A crisis like this

war intrinsically and essentially means the state of disease accompanying the breaking up and renewing of forms of life which have been outgrown.

This was the real purport of that period of ebullition which began with the French Revolution and ended with the Congress of Vienna; the same is true of the present cataclysm. Life will get through this crisis as it got through the last, according to its immanent law, the general shift of history, and the opportunities of the age, and in spite of all ideologies and prejudices. Contemporaries, unable to overlook the whole, can naturally do no justice, as a rule, to any particular phase, and stumble, only too often, from disillusion to disillusion, until they satisfy themselves with Talbot's tragic outcry in Schiller's *Jungfrau*: 'Unsinn, du siegst!' But only a hundred years hence, and possibly less, this world-war will be as full of meaning and seem as fated as the Napoleonic wars seem to the present generation.

It is no doubt deeply deplorable that mankind, in its normal evolution, must pass again and again through periods of inhumanity; but there we are! So long as individuals and nations will not recognize superiority before it has fought itself through, and modifications in the distribution of forces before they have proved their worth; so long as they will stick to their written rights and fail to realize that any order of things, as in treaties, privileges, and laws, becomes obsolete some day and must give way to a new order; so long as individuals and nations are not sufficiently well developed, spiritually and morally, to anticipate in spontaneous offers and renouncements the results of revolutions and wars, and not only to consent freely to, but to take the initiative in, those changes which are due at a given time, so long those changes must *happen*. And they can happen only owing to violence.

Now the way of violence is necessarily inhumane. You cannot overthrow governments or wage war without committing deeds which everybody considers criminal under ordinary circumstances; it is as absurd to talk of humane execution and humane warfare as of humane rapine, murder, and rape. What may or may not be done on this line is a matter of convention, and although it seems highly desirable that as many as possible should rein in the impulse of the brute, there is little, if any, fundamental change.

Recent experiences illustrate this truth only too strikingly. Apart from all casual atrocities, and in spite of all *observed* conventions, there seems no doubt whatever that war is a much more destructive and cruel business to-day than it was in the Middle Ages, simply because the means of destruction have inordinately increased in power; the more man progresses in civilization, the more terrible becomes war. And this change for the worse appears only partly compensated by the higher personal morality of the warriors: it seems, on the contrary, that in the atmosphere of war the most cultured revert to savagery. But I see no cause for wonder in it. International life, during a crisis like this, is in a state of disease, which necessarily affects most individual cells, the fighting men. Now man in a state of fever is not himself: he is ever, whether civilized or not, like a suffering animal. This leads one to think more kindly of the crimes committed, and to realize with gratitude that the horrors of these days do not, after all, bring European civilization to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

III

Here, then, is the point from which to get at the purport of this war's ideology, as professed by the Allies and

most Americans. As everybody knows who has frequented intimately political circles, ideals and programmes mean to statesmen (at any rate to old-world statesmen) much the same as do the letters x and y to mathematicians: they use them as symbols for other more strictly practical values, without thinking much of their intrinsic meaning; and they use this or that ideal, they do so more or less frequently and emphatically, in correspondence to the state of public opinion. Frederick the Great and Napoleon talked much of Freedom and Right, but they could do without them as well, having little to fear from an opposition imbued with idealism. In our days, when the public conscience is wide awake, statesmen have to reckon with it very seriously; since no nation would take to and persevere in arms, unless she believed herself in the right and called to fight for some noble cause, their speeches are so many professions of idealism.

Now, at the beginning of this war, the Germans made things extremely easy in this respect for their enemies. Having declared war, invaded and run down neutral Belgium, applied the rules of their war-code all too strictly at first, and said, through the mouths of their statesmen, several things which would have been better left unsaid, they themselves laid the foundations of that theory which has proved to the Allies such an admirably moral working hypothesis ever since. Henceforth nothing could sound more plausible than the pretense that fighting Germany meant fighting war in itself, — unrighteousness, aggressiveness, bad faith, — and for the freedom and right of small nations.

This ideology still rules most minds on the Allies' side. But as a matter of fact, however grave were Germany's initial wrongs, her enemies also deviated all too soon from the flowery path

of unselfish righteousness. No sooner had the struggle begun, than France took up the idea of *revanche* and made up her mind to conquer the left bank of the Rhine, although entirely German; than England undertook to acquire absolute supremacy on all the seas and to increase and consolidate her colonial empire; than Russia proceeded to found that Pan-Slavonic caliphate, which had been her dream of aye; and when Italy arose, her conscious object was to reconstitute as much of the Mediterranean Empire of ancient Rome as seemed possible at the time. Worse still: all these states agreed among themselves to make an end of Germany as such. No wonder, therefore, that the latter from the very beginning protested that in reality *she* was the attacked, from which belief, ever firmer the more numerous her enemies became, she got and still gets immense moral support. Little wonder, too, that since she fought for her own threatened independence and could hope to do the same, if luck was on her side, for some of the smaller nations of the East, — in particular, Poland, — she came to believe that she was the true champion of freedom, employing the same arguments against the Allies that the latter are using against herself.

Thus we assist at a show that would appear comic, were it not for the tremendous tragedy it involves: all contending nations are playing with the same ideals, like tennis-players with the same set of balls, and all have in reality a scope altogether independent of the ideal: they just want to win. This being so, it is hardly to be wondered at that most politicians are incorrigible moral skeptics.

Is there no reality, then, behind the professed ideals? There is indeed; and the very figure I was using will make clear at once, in what sense. Since all

players are using the same balls, victory will belong to the balls, *whoever wins*. That is to say, the ideals for which we fight are sure to triumph, whatever be the material issue of the war. We are not essentially fighting against, but in common with, one another, for the selfsame end. During war, as Americans know only too well, humane notions have little hold on the struggling parties; *after*, none will be strong enough to withstand universal public opinion. To-day high ideals may no longer be frivolously evoked and gayly dropped again, when wanted no longer, as was the case before the conscience of the people awoke; to-day they mean forces of tremendous power which, once evoked, will work themselves out. The ideals at stake will have to be realized, one way or another; if the terms of peace do not provide for this, then new wars, new revolutions will follow, and this until they have been realized.

To what extent this will happen in consequence of this war, is a question of historical circumstance, impossible to answer beforehand. The ideals of right and justice, for which both the Allies and the Germans believe themselves to be fighting; in particular the right of nations to decide their fate for themselves, — which is actually in force up to now only on the American continent, in the shape of the Monroe Doctrine, — were first proclaimed by the French in 1793. For these they fought, and in spite of the fact that, too soon, owing to the blind momentum of victory, their warring degenerated into pure conquest and the most generous of nations enslaved Europe to a degree and on a scale never seen since the Huns, these ideals got incarnated in institutions to a considerable extent. Then, the same ideals became practical programmes once more in 1848; and although that revolution failed and was

followed by a reaction unusually strong, they gained some ground again. The third great actualization of the programme of European democracy is the present world-war, which undoubtedly will lead a long step further still.

History will probably consider this conflagration as the second chief act of that great drama of which the French Revolution was the first. The latter inaugurated the emancipation of all nations, notwithstanding the fact that at first it brought oppression and even slavery to many of them; this war, horrible though it be, means the prelude to a still more wide-reaching emancipation. And the latter's process has already begun; even now the ideals we fight for are shaping the world. Whoever may be eventually the master between the Vistula and the Bug, free shall Poland become; Austria, once the stronghold of reaction, is developing, for fear of losing her Slav subjects, a capacity for ruling on liberal lines, which may become an example to all states inhabited by diverse races. Russia has started full speed on a process of entire renewal, the ultimate result of which none can as yet foretell.

But nowhere will the ideals of democracy gain more ground than on German soil. For a good while already, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, the Germans have been tending toward a political and social state involving more *equality* (if not freedom, for which, in opposition to the Anglo-Saxons, they care almost as little as the French) than exists in America; all thoughtful observers know that if the practical part of the socialist programme is realized anywhere, this will be in Germany. Now the day when the soul of Germany will shape for herself an appropriate body is close at hand. It is to the Liberals, in particular the Socialists, not to the Junkers, that she owes her amazing strength

and power; they, consequently, will shape her further destinies; there is no example in history to prove that those who did the things did not ask for and eventually acquire the corresponding rights.

Let none be prejudiced by the fact that a year ago Germany stood for oppression, conquest, and autocracy: soon she may stand where the Allies stood. No nation is *essentially* autocratic or liberal; both tendencies exist side by side in every nation, and the predominance of one or the other at a given time is due to circumstance. Looked at from above, the different peoples appear like so many figures on a gigantic chess-board, each keeping to a particular way of moving, but unstable as far as color goes. Each may be black, and each may be white; the momentary color decides its temporary fate. But History, the player, cares little about that; she considers the game alone, which is ideal progress, and if one figure be taken, if one party lose, this means to her the failure of an idea, not of a race; in the following game the same nation may carry a victorious banner.

Thus, even in this war the ideals at stake are by no means individually wedded to the one party. There is no doubt that the *cause* of the Allies will triumph; whether material victory will be on their side is not as certain. It may even happen that, during the fight or at the conference of peace, the Great Player, in one of his humorous moods, may suddenly choose to reverse the parts. This would not be the first case of this kind: at the Congress of Vienna, the same Prince Talleyrand who for so long had been negotiating Napoleon's usurpations laid the foundations of the new order of things, which was based on the idea of legitimacy. *The cause of the Allies will win*, somehow or other, sooner or later, immediately or mediately. It is unthinkable that that sys-

tem of international politics which made possible this catastrophe should survive; it is altogether unlikely that the new treaties to be concluded will not reflect the aspirations and hopes of the whole world; the purgatory of this war will have consumed the decay, transmuted old forms into new ones, accelerated their development, cleared the minds of the nations. Even a victorious Germany, in her ancient mood, would not dare to dictate peace on reactionary terms; it would never be accepted by public opinion, and could not possibly last if pressed. But the Germany of to-morrow will be very different from that of yesterday; the ordeal will have changed her much. Like France, like England, like Russia, she will have found her new soul or at least be near to finding it. And this will be the soul of an intensely democratic nation.

IV

There is no reason, therefore, for pessimism, in spite of the hideousness of the present situation. War cannot be other than hideous, if conducted on such a gigantic scale and with such intensity of passion as now happens; if the best intellects seem blinded and the best hearts crippled by hate, the condition of the majority must be appalling. But as I explained before, these facts, however distressing they be, *mean* very little, since men are not themselves during fever; and most of the horrors will be entirely forgotten afterwards, just as most healthy persons, after having safely got over a mortal disease, think little of the sufferings they have gone through. Let us never forget that this war means a constitutional crisis, and judge it accordingly. Only then shall we be able to understand its phases.

I said that the *cause* of the Allies is sure to win. This does not imply, however, that any of the particular con-

crete aims which it has put forth so far, will be achieved. It will be impossible to secure peace everlasting to prevent once and for all the violation of treaties; a single nation will no more be able to decide its own fate unhindered than an individual is able to disentangle himself from parental and social ties and follow exclusively his own sweet will; the nationalistic principle cannot possibly triumph, since most countries are inhabited in common by several races. But other improvements will take place instead. Very likely the traditional idea of a state, which justified one nation in oppressing others, will explode, giving place to a new idea, based exclusively on economic and military considerations and leaving full independence to all on cultural lines. Very likely Europe's future equilibrium will depend more than before on collaboration rather than on opposition, which in itself would render wars less frequent.

But there is no use prophesying unless one knows. The one thing certain is that this world-war, being a constitutional crisis, will accelerate those changes within the nations and their interrelations which have been needed more urgently every year but whose formulas none so far could find. There is purpose in the blind working of History. Most men think they fight for ideals, which, if they triumphed just as contemplated, would probably ruin the world; but they will not triumph in this form. Nothing turns out exactly as we had anticipated, but the result is on the whole better than it would have been if our schemes had been adopted unmodified. Germany complains of having the whole world in arms against her, and surely not all her enemies are inspired by noble motives. But now that her real strength is known, the most formidable the world ever saw, must we not consider it a blessing that things did happen as they did? Two oppo-

nents would easily have been crushed and nothing would have prevented the German war-machine then from over-running and subjecting the world. But on the other hand it is a blessing too that the Allies cannot annihilate Germany, for the end of that great nation would mean a cultural catastrophe.

I do not mean to pretend that all the results of this war must needs be good: far from that. Its immediate material effects cannot be other than disastrous. The premature death of millions of the strongest and best cannot possibly improve the living stocks. The hatreds and resentments sown will hamper for some time all international dealings. What Romain Rolland has said will prove all too true at first: 'Quelque soit le vainqueur, c'est l'Europe qui sera la vaincue.' Then, after the long and terrible strain a reaction must follow, — a temporary downfall all the more marked as the upheaval was great. We may temporarily lose again all we had gained morally in the hours of danger. (The unequaled patriotic revival of 1815 was immediately followed by a period of sordid egoism and pettiness.) A democratization that should proceed too quickly might dangerously lower the level of general culture. To anticipate the worst: if the struggle lasts too long we may witness all over Europe a repetition of what happened in Germany after the Thirty Years' War: all traditional, all hereditary culture may die with the death of its bearers. At first, all immediate effects of this war may seem frankly negative.

Still I do not take back, indeed would not even if I knew of events still worse in store for us, a single one of the hopeful words I have written. For the one path of progress that really matters is *progress in idealism*, and this is not to be arrested by periods of material regress, however long. In what sense did the advent of Christ, or of the French

Revolution, work for good? Not materially at first, not materially for long; nay, it may be doubted, even to-day, if the improvement in the material condition of the world induced by either event is at all considerable. But they have changed the minds of men, they have changed their consciousness of things; and this is all-important, for only a changed consciousness of things is able to change intimately the things themselves. Mind moulds matter very slowly — this is all too true; but then nothing else moulds it at all. Law began to reflect righteousness only on the day that men began to realize what righteousness *meant*. Institutions as such are nothing; the most perfect imaginable are mere outward crusts apt to be exploded by the first outbreak of passion, if they do not express a corresponding degree of spiritual understanding. Thus, the perfect civilization of ancient Rome could not last, because it expressed a limited understanding; on the contrary, the germ of deep insight, sown by the gospel of Christ in barbaric souls, has rendered them fit for indefinite progress.

Never as yet have insight and its exteriorization stood on an equal level. In the beginning of our era spiritual insight was deep, but the state of outward culture was low; to-day the latter seems infinitely superior to the former. This explains the unequaled horror of this war. It has revealed the monstrous disparity existing between our outward civilization and the state of our souls. But this very horror opens our spiritual eyes. Never again will public opinion anywhere support the traditional, deeply immoral ways of international dealings; never again will it be consciously admitted that might is right. Our *consciousness* of things will change. And this is the one kind of progress which counts. This acquirement no material failings can annul.

Progress in idealism alone creates a secure basis for material advance. Nay, it inevitably expresses itself, sooner or later, as the outer plane. Well, this progress will unquestionably be ours after the war, no matter what course material events may take. Bitter experience will have shown to all what is wrong with us, what must be changed; experience, too, will have taught us all which of the forces and factors now alive may be relied upon as leading onward. Many truths, dimly guessed so far, will have become clear. Many new ways will lie open before our mental eyes. And once man knows what he has to do, he can achieve it. For it is of the very nature of the word to transmute itself into flesh.

We, the contemporaries of the most destructive war the world ever saw,

think it often unjust that precisely our generation has been chosen for this dire experience. Let us comfort ourselves with the idea of vicarious sacrifice. Were it not for our sufferings, were it not for the woe we have both endured and wrought, those who come after us would know less than they will and not be fit to live a better life than ours. If knowledge inevitably becomes incarnate some day in action and life, it is true as well that only deeds performed give rise, as a rule, to new realizations. The Indian sages truly teach that all karma must be worked out. No idea ceases to operate until it has been refuted by life; no motive for action ceases to work before its noxious consequences become clear. A new world has never been born but out of the agony of its predecessor.

RADICAL'S PROGRESS

[The narrative which follows is made up of letters written by an officer of the British merchant marine to an American friend in close sympathy with the creed they formulate. These letters cover a correspondence of many years, the earlier dating from the South African War, where the writer distinguished himself by his courage in action, and some of the later from the Dardanelles campaign, which found him serving as chief officer of one of his Britannic Majesty's transports. The order in which the letters are printed has been designed by the person who received and arranged them to throw into relief the writer's Progressive views toward Socialism; but no liberties have been taken with the text. To an individualist, it is

interesting to note that the degree of tense social control now exerted by the state in Great Britain may drive a Socialist into the kind of revolt usually associated with individualistic doctrine. We may add that the writer has been known to the editor of the *Atlantic* for many years through much correspondence and many talks. We can vouch for the genuineness of the letters. — THE EDITORS.]

I

BATTLE

LIVERPOOL, July 12, 1915.

You will be wondering where I am and what I have been doing all this time. Your letter was here when I ar-

rived home from the Dardanelles. I have been out there since the beginning, in February, as chief officer of a troop transport. We were under all kinds of shell-fire and rifle-fire, as well as being attacked by several aeroplanes daily, but we did n't get a scratch.

I am sick to death. I saw more men blown up in one hour out there than I saw killed all through the Boer War. I am cured of ever wishing to be a soldier again. You will appreciate why when I have finished my story.

After we landed our troops on April 25, we were turned into a distributing hospital ship. Over twenty thousand wounded passed through our vessel. It fell to my lot to sew up and bury the dead. To see the flower of the youth of Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, — and Turkey, too, for that matter, — mangled and maimed beyond recognition: not a man over thirty-five years and not one under nineteen years. . . . To see lines of men charging, with shrapnel blowing big gaps in their lines, makes one wonder if there is a living God who looks down and allows such things to go on.

I have a great liking for the individual Turk, and when I saw our Lancashire Fusiliers take a redoubt and pitch the Turks into the sea with the bayonet, I felt a great pity for the poor, honest Turkish peasant. Notwithstanding all that appears in the press about the cruelty of the Turks and their inhuman treatment of wounded, in all the twenty-thousand-odd wounded who passed through our ship I met no single instance of cruelty or of wounds not honestly got.

April 25 will stand out as the day of horrors in my life. I suppose the landing against such odds was one of the finest things in history. Some poor chaps never got ashore. Boatload after boatload of troops grounded on the barbed-wire entanglements which

stretched from the shore under water for thirty feet and not a man in them was left alive. They floated away later, filled to the gunwales with their dead.

On shore the sight was worse. So congested were the Turks in their trenches on such small land space that every 12-inch or 6-inch shell simply sent heads, legs, arms, and trunks of bodies flying in all directions. I think there must have been at least fifty heavy men-of-war, — British and French, — as well as torpedo-boat destroyers as thick as gnats, banging away all day and all night without a stop. From the giant Queen Elizabeth down, every ship was searching the Turkish trenches with guns of all calibres. Above, aeroplanes were spotting and bomb-dropping. Every living person in a circle of twenty miles was bent on taking life or mangling some other person. This carnage was between men who had never exchanged a cross word; who had never even seen one another.

I don't know whether we as a nation can hate. I must say that, after taking aboard a couple of thousand wounded of our own men, I felt hot all over and cursed the Turks all I knew how; but when it came to taking wounded Turks aboard — well, I could n't but help them all I could, especially when I saw some of our own slightly wounded men carrying badly wounded Turks up the gangway. What treatment they had been led to expect I don't know. The poor wretches had fear and agony of wounds written all over their faces. . . . What I saw in the Boer War led me to believe that the British Tommy is a gentleman at heart. What I saw on this ship only strengthened that belief and assured me that the heart of the British workingman is sound and clean. Our fellows had nothing more bitter to say against the Turks than that they were doing their jobs.

There was little rest for anybody

either by day or night. If one was n't actually at work tending the wounded or receiving them, the booming of the guns and the vibration of the ship made sleep, or even rest, impossible.

What I saw and went through has knocked the bottom out of me. I believe that I just escaped the madhouse by a hair's breadth. And when I was told to go back again I refused point-blank. There is no danger to the ships now except from submarines. I refused solely because I could not stand the sight of so much battered humanity. I would shoulder a rifle if they would take me: you know that I have offered myself four times and have been turned down each time. I simply cannot stand any more seeing men between twenty and thirty years old with legs blown off, arms blown off, and great gaping wounds from shrapnel all over the body— youngsters struck deaf and dumb from shell-shock though not actually hit; and men stone-blind from the same cause.

A big Australian, six feet three, about twenty-seven, had a shell explode almost in his face. It threw him on his back and injured his back muscles. Just as he struggled to his feet, another shell, bursting behind him, threw him on his face and strained his stomach muscles. He was struck blind, deaf, and dumb. His mouth opened and shut continually, as fast as though he were eating. Two men had to be told off to keep his forearms quiet—they kept coming up to his shoulders as though he were at physical drill. His body shook all over.

We had him aboard one week. By that time his mouth had resumed its normal movement and he had got back the sight of one eye. Then he passed through us to another ship.

How would any one of your American jingoes like to be twenty-seven years old with both eyes shot out and

both wrists shattered by shrapnel? The man I mean was a young Scot. I helped him up the gangway. He stood six feet three—a beautiful specimen of physical manhood. After a day aboard he suffered terrible torture from the heat of the weather and of the ship, and also from the swarms of flies attracted by the smell of blood. He could not lie on a cot, so we had to fence off a corner in the 'tween decks, carpet it with pillows and mattresses, and let him grope round in his agony. On the spots where the blood had soaked through his eye- and wrist-bandages the flies clustered in black clots. He moaned night and day and was scarcely conscious. He was totally blind, and even the sense of touch was denied him, because his wrists were so shattered that they would have to be amputated.

Another man—a Lancashire Fusilier—was shot in the intestines. His torture was frightful. He raved like an animal and died in agony.

The majority of the wounded men were unconscious, and died so.

One evening I buried twenty-seven of the best my country ever produced, all Scots Fusiliers. The words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep' are graven on my very soul. It is at this part of the service that the body is slid overboard. For full an hour after this first burial, the thought of these countrymen of mine being sewn up in blankets and dumped overboard like so many bundles of rubbish—I had a terrible craving to get at the throats of the capitalists and jingoes who are responsible for it all. Submarine commanders cannot be blamed for sinking Lusitanias. They are simply doing their jobs and obeying orders. Those who issue such orders cannot be got at; at least, not yet.

Day after day these burials went on. Later I refused to attend them. The finish came when one body stuck to the

stretcher by reason of the blood having oozed through the wrappings and congealed. The body had to be pried adrift before it would slide of its own weight into the sea.

I cannot tell you any more just yet. I sicken as I write.

The stupidity of it all! — the wrong men doing the fighting and bearing all the suffering. Kindly-hearted fathers killing other kindly-hearted fathers at the behest of — whom? One ceases to wonder if mothers in the future will ask why they should go through nine months of labor and then rear children, — for this. I should like to have had a few thousands of American mothers on the quay at Alexandria every time we discharged our freight of mangled humanity. Or, better still, those in your country who are clamoring for war: let them volunteer to come over as stretcher-bearers only.

It is horrible, horrible, too horrible. I have refused to go back. Come what may, I will have no more of it. My nerves are all in. Physically, I am not a coward. If my refusal to go back is moral cowardice I am content to let it go at that. There are no penalties attached to my not going back except the loss of my position with the company. My affair comes up in a day or two, and a few capitalists will sit in judgment on me, and perhaps without the least compunction they will damn my sea career of twenty-two years in twenty-two seconds. Well, let them do as they will. *I care nothing for the judgment of men who have never seen suffering or sorrow.*

I will take their dismissal if it comes to that. It will mean starting at the bottom again if I go to sea, but I will never do that. If I am dismissed from the company, then the sea and I have shaken hands for the last time. . . . I have turned the situation over in every possible way to see if I am lack-

ing in patriotism. I find that up to the present I have done my job and served my country as few have done since the war started. Therefore I have made my stand, let fall what may.

And now let me speak of the United States. From what I have pieced together since arriving home, I gather that public feeling in your country runs high over the Lusitania affair. Many seem to be clamoring for war. *Who are these people and what do they know of war?* Who eggs them on, and for what reasons? Again I say, let them come over and serve as stretcher-bearers only. Or perhaps your jingoes are of the same breed as ours: do all their fighting in frock coats while the youth of the country do their dirty work for them.

I think the Lusitania dead would be the last, if they could, to cry out for vengeance, and to sacrifice scores of thousands of America's best youth for their sakes. There must be another way out. There must be thousands of other ways if only the nation would keep cool and think. An American who urges his country to enter the fight is a bad American. It is frightful to think of thousands of such fellows as I have met over on your side being torn to pieces with high explosives. Within twenty-four hours at the Dardanelles we had twelve thousand men killed and wounded. Our losses out there far exceed those published. From cottage and mansion they came, from university and poor school. They represented the best we had. Your ranks would have to be filled with the same material.

By the time this reaches you I may be sweeping the streets. I'm extremely nervous, not on account of what the company may do to me, but from what I have been through lately. I don't sleep too well. I see mangled bodies and faces all the time. I'm up against it every way I turn: I cannot get into

the firing line; I can't stand the job I've been on lately; and I stand practically condemned by the company. In the firing line one would n't see a tithe of what I saw at the Dardanelles, because there we had aboard the mangled of all fronts, whereas, in the trenches, one would only see the wounded of his own immediate front. — What a maze of contradictions I am in! I seem to be fighting my way through to something — what, I don't know.

I am intensely interested in what the company may decide, because if the decision goes against me there will be a new life opening out. I don't dread menial labor if I can work out my salvation that way. Of all the questions I have fought out with the company — and they are many — this is the most interesting and perhaps the most vital. If I am dismissed, I suppose many will say that I funk'd it. Others, who know me, will not say so much: they'll probably say, 'What a damned fool he was, and next in turn for command, too!'

Meanwhile, I am resting and playing with my kidlets, awaiting the judgment of the heaven-born.

The situation is ludicrous. Here I am, a man who fought through the Boer War; a man recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal; a man promoted from the ranks to troop-sergeant at one leap; a man who, plugging along with one kidney and minus two ribs, was mentioned in dispatches at the Dardanelles in April; a man who has been shot at with rifles, field-guns, howitzers, aeroplane bombs, and naval guns, and threatened by submarines; and yet I have to be judged by financiers who have never had a duck-rifle in their hands, to see if I funk'd going back to the Dardanelles.

If they want a plain answer to a plain question I'll tell them straight that I did funk going back to see so many thousand of my best countrymen man-

gled by devilish instruments of war. I know I have a wife and two children depending on me, but I am not afraid for them. I have been up against it before, and have won through, and I'll win through here somehow if I get sacked. I will admit defeat when I am in the grave, not before.

Excuse this letter. It is a disjointed affair. I am scarcely myself. You will hear again as soon as I have been judged by the heaven-born. Till then, do all you can to keep your country out of this mess.

LIVERPOOL, *July 13, 1915.*

The inevitable has happened at last. What I told you of in yesterday's letter came off to-day.

The money-bags tried me and found me wanting, and I have been asked to resign.

I went up without the slightest intention of walking back a peg. They seemed astounded at my refusal even at the price of dismissal.

So now I am out of a job, with a wife and two youngsters depending on me for the means to live. It has been the greatest fight of my life, and according to my way of thinking I have won out at the cost of my job. The opportunity was mine to walk a liner's bridge with a captain's tin hat on; but only at the price of keeping my mouth shut and my pen quiet. Your friend may be a fool, but he is honest enough to stand aside and take the blows when it comes to that, rather than to sail the seas hounded by capitalists and forced to do things which daily menace the lives of thousands of innocent travelers. I knew that I had to make my choice before the company would give me command. That was told me many moons ago.

The question that I have been asking myself since my dismissal is: Is it worth it all?

The only answer I can get from my inner self is: Yes, yes, yes.

My dismissal took place at 3 P.M. prompt. It is scarcely 5 P.M. now, so I've lost no time in letting you know.

What an intense sensation of relief I have! The cloud of years has cleared at last and left me once more in the sunshine — and with more fight than ever. The sea and I have parted at a time when command was in my hand. What I am going to do I don't know yet. I don't ask much of life if I can help my fellow man. Certain it is I won't go under. I am content to sweep streets or anything. I have confidence in myself now that I have been put through what was, for me, the supreme test; and I have confidence in the future even if, at the moment, I don't see daylight.

Your land-lubbing friend.

II

BONDAGE

[The following passages from letters of a much earlier period will explain certain allusions in the foregoing.]

You ask what started me on my course of radical thinking. Two incidents, both from the Boer War.

The thin end of the wedge entered my mind from seeing an old Boer farmer bayoneted. I myself had killed a man before that. But this day, as I was riding along, I saw a sergeant order an infantryman — a West Kent man — to capture an old Boer who was making for a horse, — his own, I fancy.

The man dropped out of the ranks and took after the Boer, who was an 'Eighty-Oner,' white-bearded, with black crape on his hat; they never surrendered.

'Halt!' yelled the Kent man.

The Boer kept on after the horse.

'Halt! you old beggar!' yelled the Tommy again.

The Boer paid no heed.

'I'll give you one more chance; up with your hands!'

The Boer kept on.

I saw the West Kent man take the step for the bayoneting — a purely mechanical motion. The old man reached round and gripped the blade tightly with both hands. The Tommy gave it a twist. All the Boer's fingers dropped off. The Tommy drew his blade out of the two bleeding stumps and stabbed the old man to the heart. The Boer fell dead.

Then the Kent man unfixed his bayonet, wiped the blood off on his sleeve, fixed it again, and fell back into his place in the column.

'You beast!' thought I, and waited for him to pass me, expecting him to have the face of a fiend.

As he came near, he turned his head my way and I got a good look at him. It was a worse shock than the sight of him killing the Boer.

In his face was everything that manhood holds best. He was a fine-looking fellow — a man of character.

Two days before, I had killed a man myself. It was in a skirmish. My regimental chum sang out at me, 'Step right!' I did so instinctively, and this fellow lunged past me, and fell with the force of his missed blow. I brought down the butt of my rifle on his skull and crushed it, as one breaks an egg.

All the rest of the day I vomited at intervals. Once I cried. I could not eat. Two days earlier had come a letter from my mother asking me not to take life if I could help it. . . . It was n't the letter. It was the physical shock of seeing a man's brains beaten in like jelly. I made up my mind then and there that I had had enough of patriotism.

Toward the end of the war I was detailed with forty-nine other troopers to act as escort to the present King and Queen. They were then Duke and Duchess of York. The honor was supposed to be ours.

Riding along the streets under the hot sun, between crowds of cheering people, and eyeing this undersized man, I fell to comparing him with the men of his body-guard, forty-nine fine, strapping fellows. I cannot begin to tell you the shock it gave me.

That, for me, was the beginning of the end. The contrast between this Duke and the men of his body-guard did the business for me. Later it dawned on me that I had been fighting an honest, hard-working Boer peasantry for the sake of a gang of London financiers.

If ever I take up a gun again it will not be in cold blood. But I'll fight for the poor against this rotten commercialism, even if I and my wife and children have to go down into the gutter for it.

April, 1914.

I have five men to work the lifeboats. According to the company's books I have fifty — the captain and five officers, the four quartermasters (who steer the ship), the boatswain and boatswain's mate, and his servant (a boy of ten), the carpenter, the carpenter's assistant, the joiner — and so on. Actually, however, I have five. Five to keep the ship clean and work the boats. The rest have to be on station. The result is that we have to clean ship all night and work boats all day; we can't turn the hose on the decks when the passengers are about. And the boats are in terrible shape, and getting worse all the time. I need fifty-five men instead of fifty men. Last trip I reported a raft with air-tank punctured, impairing its buoyancy. Nothing done about it. Capacity: thirty persons.

She'd *drown* thirty persons. And yet I am expected to bring the ship in clean with her boats in working order. It simply cannot be done. And the money saved on extra men whom the company won't hire, the company is dragging out of our hides by overwork. I have a conscience. I won't let things go. So I work myself like a dog to keep things up. In Liverpool, after the last trip, I lay down on my couch for a nap, and slept twenty-five hours without waking. My wife and a neighbor put me to bed. Until I was told, I never knew how I got there.

We officers know what it is to be thirty hours on our feet. I have been forty hours without sleep or rest, living on my pipe. After a siege like that, we go to sleep while we are walking the bridge. Our bodies keep awake, but nothing under heavens can keep our minds awake. I have been waked by bumping against the binnacle as I walked, or by banging my head against a stanchion; or we even bump into each other. Heads soggy. Think quickly we could n't, not if we *had* to.

November, 1913.

On that trip to New York our Hungarian crew deserted. The Balkan War had broken out and they were afraid that on the return they would be seized and sent to the front. We had to go to sea with a crew of Italian peanut-venders from West Street, who did n't know the meaning of a nautical term, and could not even understand my language.

The first morning at sea I had to go down into the forecandle with a cudgel and drive them out. It was foggy and blowing a bit, and under such conditions the wind usually howls. No sooner were they on deck than she took the spray of a wave over her bow and drenched them; drenched me, too. With that they all fell flat on the deck, rais-

ing their hands and screeching 'Madonna Christi!'

To get one of them into the crow's nest on lookout, I had to rig a tackle, pass a loop line under his armpits, and hoist him up. They could n't even swing out a boat on its davits. We had to wait until dark before swinging out the two emergency boats which we always keep ready, and then we had to get the officers out to do it. Dared not do it when the passengers were about. With such a crew we were navigating a ship with two thousand souls aboard of her.

When we got back to Liverpool I told the general manager about this.

'What would you advise?' he asked.

'I'd advise, if you could n't get a crew in New York, to get one in Boston, and if not in Boston, then along the New England coast where they grow real sailors, even if it cost you £100 to the man. That would be better than carrying two thousand people at the risk of their lives, with a crew that can do nothing, not even understand what is said to them.'

'You are not a business man,' says he.

'No,' I said, 'I am a sailor.'

'It came out all right; it was good business,' was his remark.

But some of us have consciences, and such a reply as that does n't satisfy the conscience of an officer who is entrusted with the responsibility for those two thousand lives.

September, 1912.

For the past month we have been idle in London, owing to the strike. I sent for my wife to come down and we took digs right in the slums of the dock. We wanted to see how the very poorest live.

The striking dock laborers in London have been quiet and orderly. It was in Liverpool that the rioting took place

— the Irish element. My wife and I went among them where they were gathered by the thousands, and not an ugly word were we offered. I have gone down aboard ship at one and two o'clock when they would all be out in the streets, — they had nothing else to do, — and no one offered to molest me.

They told me it was hardest on the kiddies. Whole families were starving. I was amazed at the pluck of these men. It takes pluck to tighten your belt another hole each day and say nothing.

These fellows and their families were sober and clean: a very good type. They expected the strike to last much longer than it did, and were prepared to suffer accordingly. Even when they began to starve there was no sign of yielding. That's courage, when you have nothing to back you.

... Don't think our new Association [a seamen's union] is going to confine its operations to the betterment of sailors' conditions only. The traveling public is to be taken into consideration also. If ever I reach the giddy height of command of a company passenger steamer, I feel, now, that I shall get sacked inside of a year. I'll be up against my conscience and the old order of things. I have now been elected a member of the Executive Committee in London. This may, very soon, bring my name into print; and it remains to be seen whether the company will have the intelligence to see in my actions a desire to remedy crying evils, or if it will look on me as a damned agitator and get rid of me as such.

April, 1913.

My career as a committeeman of the union was brief and stormy.

During the strike a meeting was called in London to indict the ship-owners for certain practices. The leading journals sent their best pressmen.

The accusations were being read by a member of the committee.

I interrupted: 'Those charges are not true.'

'Are you with us or against us?' demanded the chairman.

'I am not with you,' I told him, 'when you make charges which are not true.'

'How do you know they are not true?' said he.

'I can go aboard my ship and within an hour bring back copies of the company's regulations to prove it,' I replied, 'and I warn these gentlemen of the press that if they go to print with these charges, knowing that they have been challenged, I will go over their heads to their editors.'

The meeting adjourned in confusion.

'Could n't you let this pass?' the committeeman said. 'Is n't it better for our cause to allow it to go unchallenged?'

'Nothing is good for your cause which is a knowing falsehood,' I told them, 'and I decline to have any share in a struggle conducted on such lines.'

July, 1905.

On that voyage we touched at Odesa during one of the pogroms. The ship lay directly in the line of fire from a height where the Cossacks were stationed. Sometimes the bullets would ping! against the vessel's side. We had to keep under cover. Close to the docks where we lay was a heap of the dead, — Jews, of course. To go ashore in the daytime was almost certainly to be shot. But at night we would crawl out, sneak ashore, and pull the half-dead living out from this heap of corpses and carry them aboard. Among others, we got out a woman and two of her children. I gave up my room to her. Two more of her children and her husband lay dead in the heap. She wept most of the time. . . .

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Two years afterward, whilst I was 'second-extra' on the run between Liverpool and New York, on deck duty, I was walking through the steerage one day when some one without any warning whatever threw an arm around my neck and kissed me. I flung away and saw to my disgust that it was an untidy Jewish woman. She seized both my hands and kept repeating, —

'Odess'! Odess'!'

Then it all came over me. She was the same woman we had dragged out of that heap, and was coming out to New York with her brother.

III

LAND OF PROMISE

September 1, 1915.

You may be rather surprised to hear of my new venture.

The fact is, I had it out with myself after finishing with the company, and have taken to the land, farming. Your friend is now a farmer.

In my last letter I merely said that the money-bags had decided to dispense with my services. The chairman, in a very nice manner, told me that after long deliberation and thought the board of directors had decided that I was not a proper person to command one of their ships, as my line of thought and speech and my many unofficer-like acts had led them to suppose that company interests would suffer unless I altered my views to suit company traditions.

I merely told them that I did more than an honest day's work for a day's pay, and beyond that, I considered that my thoughts and actions belonged to myself and I would take care that they were not influenced in any way by company dictates.

That ended everything. Their decision was made final, and from that moment your friend ceased to be a sailor.

Certain of the officials were taken aback at my attitude and expressed surprise.

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'your decision leaves me undismayed, and the cloud that has been hanging over me for years has parted and left me once more in the light.'

Several offered me their services outside the company, but I declined them.

They asked me to remember my wife and two children. I replied that they were my care, not theirs.

They seemed staggered, and concluded that I must be possessed of private means, and could therefore afford to stick to my principles.

All that now seems a long time ago. Since leaving I have had a happy time. I have walked a hundred miles on this island looking for a suitable place, and at last I have found one. Let me describe it to you.

Compared to my house in Liverpool, the farmhouse is a hovel. It is perched up on the mountain side with a glorious view and glorious air; also, one can catch a decent glimpse of the sea. There are eighty-seven acres of land to the place, a good lot of it heather-clad. It is situated close to the highest mountain. The post comes three times a week, and to post a letter means a four-mile walk. Grub is awfully difficult to get until I have a horse and cart. I've had to make a six-mile walk for it to town, and six miles back, using the baby-cart as motive power. Water for the house means a walk up the mountain side about a thousand yards.

But we are all happy. I have started with a hive of bees, a fifty-thousand colony. In time I'll get about thirty hives if the bees do well up here during the winter. What worries us most at present are the fleas. The place is swarming with them. The people who had the place before must have been

dirty. Is it true that country people generally are so?

When I get the house in order, I am going to buy stock and implements and start ploughing up a few fields. I have built a small wall already. The place now looks like a jail. In fact, I've called it 'B—— Jail.' But there are great possibilities in it. When I get really settled and known, I am going in for politics. Of course you will probably know that the island has Home Rule. In time, I think, I shall be able to devote quite a lot of time to having a spar with the feudal system which is so strong here. As an instance, a wife is a chattel. She cannot possess personal property: it all goes to the husband when she passes into the married state. There are quite a lot of such things that require modernizing. I won't be idle in the Cause.

It is going to be hard work for a year or so, and I have no illusions on the matter. So long as I have won my battle over myself and have had my scrap with capitalism, I am happy. The loss of social position doesn't cost me a wink of sleep. . . . Expecting this to happen some day, I have saved all I knew how, and I feel sure that I shall win over the critical period long before my savings are exhausted. We are out of writing paper and it means a twelve-mile walk to the nearest store, so I am using up sonny's scribbling pad.

October 3, 1915.

The pigs are fed, the goat milked, and I have just robbed the hens of an egg or two. So now I can sit down and thank you for your letter and book. I was painting the gate when the postman brought your letter this morning, just smartening the place up a bit before ploughing starts. Really, I am taking to work very kindly, though my hands are in a shocking state and my back gives me gip nearly all the time.

But it is glorious to feel that every clod of earth I break is not done for a man who thunders along at forty knots an hour in a motor car bought by the sweat of me and my like. Since I have been out in the wilds I have scarcely had the slightest headache. Before, I was all headaches, caused from threshing out the problems that meant either suicide or liberty. My position was untenable; more so than you can ever know. I had either to abandon my convictions and ideals, gathered in a life's journey, or get out. I was asked to accept company dictums, thereby strengthening my position and clearing all obstacles out of the way of future promotion. Fate — or something stronger — decided for me. I have lost friends and position, and according to many officers in the company, I have thrown away the substance to obtain the shadow. But you and I know which is the substance and which the shadow.

As I have told you, I knew long ago that I had to make my choice before the company would give me command. It may have been intention or it may have been accidental — the timing of it — after the Dardanelles, when I had reached the pinnacle of Chief Officership. Whether I would have been man enough to defy them if I had not been through the Dardanelles business I do not know; but I do know that no power on earth could have forced me to lend a helping hand at such wholesale slaughter again after what I saw and felt.

Whether my country is right or wrong in the cause of the war, I say that it is absolutely wrong to see countless thousands of its best youth slaughtered in such cruel ways. There must be other ways of settling such disputes, and to demolish monarchy and capitalism would go a long way.

Labor on our side is causing a lot of trouble. All unions are dead set against

war profits, and friend Lloyd George more than anybody. It is practically impossible now for any concern to make more than an ordinary peace-day profit. And Labor is right. Why, in the first months of the war, when war spirit was at fever heat, the men lost sight of the fact that whilst they were sweating and cheering, some firms were making 60% profit; others, over 100%, and others again nearly 200%. The Welsh miners were, I think, the first to resume their senses and ask what the employers were doing. The country got quite a shock. Why, the company was making more than three times the profit of ordinary years; and this in a year of war, when food and necessities are nearly 30% higher than in normal times. Ships were run with four instead of seven officers. The extra work came out of our hides without extra pay. After the Dardanelles business I was nearer the lunatic asylum than, I hope, I shall ever be again. One cannot work seventy hours at a stretch in a broiling sun with guns roaring night and day, airships dropping bombs, and men being mangled into lumps of unrecognizable flesh and bone, without its wearing one out. It was not so much the overwork as the thought that stabbed me night and day, that no small part of the class that caused this slaughter are lounging in places where their skins are as safe as in peace times. I used to see red and want to get at their throats.

I feel now that I can never destroy life again. The beasts I have so far will never lose their blood by my hands. I have a she-goat that follows me around like a dog. I could never hurt her. Many a good dinner I could have killed here — partridge, hare, or grouse — but I find it impossible to do so. Why, when I went to the well the other day for water, out of it jumped a frog. I simply took it twenty yards away and

let it go, knowing full well that it would hop back in again as soon as I cleared out.

This may seem to you an extraordinary state of mind for a farmer to be in, but the fact is, I have promised myself not to take life in any shape or form again if I can possibly avoid it. The Dardanelles and my bees have cured me of all inclination to be cruel to man or beast. When the weather is dry and I have a minute to spare, I sit by my hive and watch the bees work. I have them all over my face and hands, and I seldom get a sting, and then only from a tired bee returning with its hind bags heavy with nectar from the heather.

The adverse judgment of your friends on my conduct is interesting. It would be impossible, I suppose, for them to see the case as I saw it. And again, the majority of men are against destroying a structure of which they are bricks, or even perhaps the props and builders. Give them a dose of bloodshed such as Europe is having and give them the same causes of it; then, perhaps, they would find it impossible, as I did, to carry on. Let some of them be tried, and see how they ring. It is so hard for men who have been nursed all their lives to comprehend what human suffering is and what causes it. One must get out and see it. To do this some men cannot pluck up enough

courage; others do not dare for fear of social ostracism. Self, always. For a man to shoulder others' burdens and realize that he actually is his brother's keeper requires self-effacement, and I suppose no man can do good work until that self-effacement takes place.

At first it struck me as selfish and cowardly to bury myself out here. But what else could I have done? Even if I had the stomach for it now, the firing line would not take me. I have sworn never to serve capitalism again, and that means, of course, that I shall never again go to sea. As you see, I have simply been forced out of society.

... I'm scarcely myself even yet. In fact, I shall never be my old self again. The Dardanelles knocked that old self out of me, and has made me the bitter enemy of the titled and capitalist classes. I have always been opposed to them, but without hatred. To-day I hate them with a hate that will die only with me. Those thousands of maimed men and thousands of others being blown into the air by shrapnel have seared me to my very soul. I only ask now to be shown the way to fight the causes responsible for such wholesale butchery.

No, comrade. I can never again be as you have known me. I have suffered too much from what I have seen.

THE DISCOVERER

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

I

CHARLES KINGSBURY OARE, in his chance and alien passage through the home of the Sheffords, caught Bridget in mid-flight (metaphorically speaking) from the schoolroom to the drawing-room. In other words, during one evening he had the disturbing experience of finding her a child and turning her — quite unintentionally — into a woman.

Charles was staying with his friend and publisher, Frederick Warley, and Warley had a placid, country-neighbor friendship with the Sheffords, which took him there to dinner three or four times a year. One of these times occurred during Charles's visit, and so Charles was asked, too.

There were no other guests, and Bridget was the only one of the Shefford children old enough to come in to dinner. Warley was rather morose with a cold, and Charles, glancing at Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, decided that, unless he could manage to be very amusing himself, he was going to have a dull evening. Bridget he dismissed as a child, which indeed at that moment she still was. He noticed that her tallness was a little awkward and weedy (though with the rather pleasant, supple weediness of youth), and that her large child-eyes were more darkly blue than any he had ever seen. He also observed that she was entirely tongue-tied with shyness, and likely to remain so. Then he forgot about her in the discovery that he need do nothing more

than parade his ignorance of agriculture in order to amuse Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, and even Warley, to the point of tears. He clung to the fortunate subject, embroidering it with fantastic strokes of wit and occasional flashes of wisdom, so that it was rather like a scaffolding for one of his inimitable essays — and this indeed it eventually became, for Charles was not without his full complement of artistic frugality.

Altogether he had a very good time, and was surprised when he found, by the fact of Mrs. Shefford pushing back her chair, that the worst of dinner was over.

As he stood up his glance was attracted once more to Bridget, simply because she had not risen when her mother did. And then for one second he saw what he had done to her. Her eyes were still large and beautiful and darkly blue, but they were no longer the eyes of a child. Love, although innocent to the point of unawareness of itself, looked out of them, and Charles was horribly abashed.

Fortunately, no one else noticed anything; there was hardly time, and besides, no one else there had Charles's gift for reading eyes. Mrs. Shefford touched her daughter's shoulder as she passed, with a careless 'Wake up, Bridget!' and the girl flushed and followed her.

But Charles knew what he had done, and no kind of reasoning could relieve him of a sense of responsibility. Of course, other girls had fallen in love with him, and Charles had not felt a

need to minister to them in their sickness, but only dexterously to avoid them until they were better. This, however, was different: Bridget was not a girl but a baby! He ought not, before a baby nurtured in the Shefford atmosphere, to have succumbed to one of his inspired half-hours. For the Shefford atmosphere was of a prosaic density not to be pierced, and the baby (witness her eyes) was starving for the blue distances of dreams. Naturally, therefore, his half-hour had gone, by way of her head, to her heart.

Charles felt an urgent and chivalrous necessity to stand somehow between her and this particularly painful first tumble to which her babyhood would condemn her unless some one intervened. Why, she did not even know that she had a secret! How, then, was she to defend it from the eyes of mother, father, governess, brothers — Heaven knew whom — unless he came to the rescue?

‘I will see her every day I’m here,’ resolved Charles, in a fervor of remorse and altruism. ‘I will talk to her like a father till she forgets I’m capable of being a lover. If that is n’t enough, I will let it be understood that I am another’s. I will — I don’t know what I will do, but somehow I am going to save that child from wasting time by making dreams about *me* in the depths of her dark blue eyes.’

The intentions of Charles were excellent, and his devotion to the task he had set himself unflagging. The result, however, staggered him, for the one exception to the things that Charles could see was the obvious. At the end of an industrious fortnight, reviewing his activities, he came, astounded, upon the result, which was, of course, that he loved Bridget. Equally of course, without a moment’s reflection he told her so, employing in the process vast reserves of that unrhymed poetry that

was the secret of his already wonderful prose.

In return Bridget was as usual almost mute, but the blue of her eyes deepened and blazed (so that Charles was impelled, even at that critical instant, to liken them to phosphorescent seas). She clung to him fiercely, and for a moment looked as though she were really going to say something intimate that was long enough to be called a sentence. But nothing came of it. She buried her head suddenly in his coat-sleeve, and achieved, as though it were the most difficult sound in the language, the one word ‘*Darling!*’

Still, she achieved it with the pent intensity that was all her own, and Charles was entirely satisfied.

‘You know, Bridget,’ he explained later, ‘you’re always keeping me waiting for some pearl to drop from your lips. I must say that it hardly ever drops, but when it does it is a pearl, anyway. You’ve got some kind of mysterious cleverness — no, not cleverness; it’s just chunks of unadulterated wisdom that you produce out of your inexperienced infancy. How do you manage it?’

Bridget looked at him. There was great variety in her looks, and this was perhaps one of his favorites. It expressed a sort of wonder and awe, he thought, as though she were spell-bound before the depth and brilliancy of the things he knew and said. Not that this had been one of his brilliant flashes, but probably it had reminded her of one of them. And being, after all, still a very young man (albeit he felt so infinitely older than Bridget) and exceedingly conscious of his gifts, he liked to feel that she admired in him the things he admired in himself. He knew, of course, that there was nothing stupid about Bridget’s silences; almost from the first he had recognized that her difficulty was not thought but ex-

pression. That difficulty, however, now as ever overcame her. After a moment of her pregnant dumbness she gave the subject up.

'I'm supposed,' she said instead, 'to be going to France for a year, to finish. Next month.'

She laid the practical situation, as it were, before him, and invited him to deal with it. It brought him down with a rush — to that and kindred considerations.

'The deuce you are!' he murmured, perplexedly, and fell into an absorbed silence. Suddenly he looked up and laughed. He had just swallowed a rather bitter pill, but he had a sense of humor.

'Do you know, I believe you'll have to go to France, then?' he said. 'It does n't show me up in a heroic light, does it? But, you see, I've got to find a way of earning enough for two, and I daresay it will take me quite a year to do it. At present I've got a certain income of fifty pounds, and a variable one, from writing, of somewhere about two hundred. Your people will probably point out that that was a thing I should have thought of before asking you to marry me. By the way, I did n't forget to ask you to marry me, did I? And you said yes? Good! Then it only remains for me to go in and take my licking like a man.'

'Oh, but daddy and mother won't be horrid,' Bridget said quickly.

'Won't they? What will they be, then?'

For things like this Bridget could find expression. 'Just sensible,' she answered rather forlornly; and thus in a word summed up the daily atmosphere in which Charles had found her perishing.

She was right. Mr. and Mrs. Shefford were eminently sensible over the matter. They were clear in their refusal to let Bridget marry Charles on his

variable two hundred and fifty pounds and her dress allowance, but they made few other objections.

'Mind you, Oare, I won't have it called an engagement,' said Mr. Shefford finally; 'but if you still care for each other by the time you're earning five hundred a year, we shan't have anything more to say. It does n't harm any one to start on that. Meanwhile Bridget is too young, anyway. She can go to France as arranged, and in a year you can come and tell me how you're getting on.'

'I may write to her, sir?' Charles asked.

'Well — yes,' agreed Mr. Shefford after a moment's thought; for he was too sensible to add the spice of opposition.

'But not too often,' stipulated Mrs. Shefford, though not unkindly. 'Otherwise Bridget will have no time to learn French.'

Charles grinned youthfully at this tribute to his eloquence.

'Once a month,' said Mr. Shefford.

The grin faded. 'Once a —?'

Charles's forlorn echo died away.

'Yes,' Bridget's father insisted rather sharply. 'You're on your honor, if you please.'

Charles turned slowly to go. At the door he threw back a whimsical look. 'It is,' he reported, 'a hard bed,' and waited for a moment hopefully.

But neither of them softened, because neither of them understood; verbal gymnastics were alien to the Shefford atmosphere.

II

Charles and Bridget were scrupulously honorable, but they were also lovers. Consequently, although their letters were posted only once a month, the contents of them had usually been written day by day, and partook of the

nature of diaries. Charles in particular spent a great deal in postage. The thought of Bridget always stimulated his imagination, and his letters seemed to her (as indeed they were) wonderful and starry things. Later on she found, scattered among his essays and in the novel that he wrote that year, things that she recognized as having had their birth in these letters; but she was not resentful, as a smaller woman would have been. She believed passionately in his power, and was proud, though so inarticulately, that his letters to her should kindle his flame. Once kindled, she recognized that it could never be hers alone.

Of course she was not actually inarticulate. Her letters, too, were long, only she was unable, except by inference, to lay bare her heart in them. However, inference was always ample for Charles, and he saw, plainly and exultantly, how she received every impression of her days through a sort of medium of himself.

He worked very hard that year, but the result was not satisfactory. His first idea for doubling his income had seemed simplicity itself — to double his output. But in practice the simplicity disappeared.

Charles was by nature at all times his own sternest taskmaster. His habit was inexorably to put away each newly written thing for at least a month. Then, if he found nothing to correct, he sent it out; if he did, it suffered another period of detention. He did not depart from this rule now that he was writing more. But he found that on those second and third readings he destroyed a much larger proportion of his work than heretofore. His publisher and his editors, that is to say, still saw only his best work, but he himself saw a great deal more than usual of the second best. Before the end of the year the meaning of that had forced itself upon him: he

could not increase the quantity of his output without decreasing the quality of it.

The quality! All the artist in Charles rose up and clung to the beautiful, elusive thing that was his quality. Perish the thought that it should be bartered for anything! It was his quality which had already hewn for him a tiny niche that he shared with no contemporary; his quality which, although his audience was still so small, saw to it that it was quite admirably fit. Not even for Bridget was he going to tamper with his quality.

What, then, was to be done? Fired by the news that Bridget was returning home six weeks earlier than arranged, to attend her grandmother's funeral, Charles's mind struck out another practical spark and elaborated it. Over the dinner that he was parentally permitted to share with Bridget before putting her into the train for home, he explained his scheme.

'Pot-boilers, Bridget. I've been reading the things, and I see what they're made of. Now I'm going to make them. Not all the time, of course, but about a third of it, I reckon; I've been collecting statistics. Ferguson, for instance: you might call him a king of pot-boilers, might n't you? Well, he writes about three a year, and his fifty-second has just been published. But a third of his income, or even less, will satisfy your people, so I shall write only one a year. Not under my own name, either, of course; I shall work up a separate and distinct pot-boiling name. What do you say to that for a scheme, my mute but magic maid?'

'I'm not mute!' protested Bridget, who could always be induced to rise to this if to no other bait. 'I'm only thinking.'

'You invariably are,' he pointed out. 'The trouble is to get the benefit of your thoughts.'

The trouble was apparently as great as ever. In a hundred subtle ways Bridget had grown, but this difficulty of expression was still with her. Partly, too, it came of her seeing so much in him, so little in herself.

'Make an effort, Bridget!' he implored extravagantly. 'Come! It's not so hard as all that to talk. A-B-C!'

'Donkey!' cried Bridget, beautifully flushed. But she made an effort. 'Well, it's only — Ferguson writes nothing else, does he?'

That was merely the beginning of her thought, but Charles pounced on it as it stood.

'He does n't,' he admitted. 'But I am cleverer than Ferguson. Do I understand you to sit there and deny it? (You see how I'm getting the Fergusonian touch already.)'

So the rest of Bridget's thought was lost in a smile. Charles, rhapsodizing over the smile, was unconscious of the loss. And Bridget could not have produced the rest of her thought except under the steadiest flow of encouragement; she could not yet believe it of sufficient value. Therefore, by the time her astounding news came, four days later, Charles was already valiantly wrestling with his first pot-boiler.

'Darling,' Bridget wrote, 'a wonderful thing has happened. Grannie has left me all her money; it is £750 a year, so now you won't need to write horrid old pot-boilers, will you? Do, do come soon. Your Bridget.'

Charles left his pot-boiler and went down to the Sheffords'. After the first surprise of it, Bridget's letter made him feel very old and practical and worldly-wise. What a child she was — to think that he could consent to live on her money!

He was quick to note a touch of coldness in his reception by Mr. and Mrs. Shefford, and attributed it to its right cause.

'I hope you don't misunderstand my coming down just now, sir,' he said frankly to Bridget's father, when they were alone. 'The year you gave me is almost up, and I've come to tell you that I'm no nearer fulfilling your condition than I was. But I just want to say, too, that I'm still not dreaming of asking Bridget to marry me until I am earning about what you expected. I don't mean to live on my wife's money, and though perhaps it would not, even now, be a case of that actually, I quite recognize that our incomes ought to be at least something more like equal before we marry. I've just started on some work now, however, that ought to put that right pretty soon, I think.'

Mr. Shefford's approval of this statement, and his increased liking for Charles in consequence, were obvious. Charles, in a glow of manly self-respect, went to find Bridget.

She listened carefully to a poetized version of what he had just said to her father, but Charles was not able, in her case, to observe any sign of approval or admiration. In fact, when he had finished her eyes filled slowly with tears.

'My lamb!' cried Charles, distracted, 'what is it?'

Considerable pressure resulted eventually in Bridget's saying what it was. 'I don't see — why we need — wait!'

Charles began all over again. When he had finished he found that he had effectually silenced Bridget, but he was still a little doubtful as to whether he had converted her. Her eyes, he thought, still entreated and even questioned him.

'Look here!' he cried, on an inspiration, 'I can't explain properly because I love you, and when you look at me like that I can't remember what comes next. It's not fair. But everybody knows, really, Bridget, except innocent

lambs like you, that a thing of that sort simply is n't *done*. I'll send you — let me see — he's a goner, of course, but I think he'll serve all right for this — yes, I'll send you a Stevenson, the one with his "Letter to a Young Gentleman" in it. That puts the thing in a nutshell. You'll read it, won't you?"

Bridget nodded submissively. In her eyes now was again that look he loved, a look of rather troubled wonder, as though with her beautiful young humility she were reaching up, trying to grasp and share his thought.

Charles kissed her adoringly and, much refreshed, departed to battle with his pot-boiler.

III

It was in town, six months later, that he told her the result. Bridget had been shopping, and they were having tea together.

"I could n't come down to tell you," he explained gloomily — "could n't face your people just yet. Pot-boiling, Biddy, is off."

"Oh, my dear!"

Her little murmur of sympathy unloosed his confidence.

"You might think, perhaps," he said, with young and bitter irony, "that my pot-boiler is rejected because it is too good, but you would be mistaken. It has been rejected by seven publishers because it is not good enough. Think of it, Bridget: not up to standard — Ferguson's standard!"

Bridget winced in sympathy with his profound mortification, but she did not make the mistake of trying to comfort him. "Tell me, please," she said; and he told her.

"Warley began it. Of course I never expected *him* to publish it; pot-boilers of any sort are n't up to his standard. But he's been such a brick to me all along over my work, and I owe him so

much, that I thought it was only fair to show him what I'd been doing. And I did expect that he'd at least commend my businesslike common sense and advise me where to send the thing. Well, if you'll believe me, Warley implored me to *burn* it."

Bridget's eyes grew soft. "He was thinking of your interests," she approved.

"Oh, he wrapped his thoughts up beautifully in silver paper!" Charles admitted. "I was hitching my star to a wagon — anybody could write pot-boilers, and so on. Well, I would n't accept his verdict; I thought it was just because he's such a — such a high-brow of a publisher; I thought others would jump at my pot-boiler. But in the end I've seen that what he meant is what all the others have quite frankly said."

"And that?"

"And that is simply that anybody can't; *I* can't, for instance. Pleasant, is n't it? I've pressed them to tell me where I fail, but they won't or can't. They admit that I've got all the ingredients right, and mixed them properly; but I gather that there is a mysterious something, — genius, I presume, — failing which even a pot-boiler remains without form and void; and that something I have n't got."

"The idiots!" flashed Bridget.

Then suddenly she leaned back and held herself very still. Charles received a curious impression that she was listening to some one else. Yet they had the room to themselves.

"So you see," he continued with a miserable lightness, "where we are landed once more — at the very beginning. I've got to find some other way. Biddy, are you tired, or will you wait?"

She met his eyes with a great resolution that struggled triumphantly against her young shyness. "I'm tired," she said, "and I won't wait."

But he knew that she did not mean what he had meant by the words.

'Charles,' she inquired abruptly, 'did you enjoy writing it?'

'Enjoy it? the *pot-boiler*? Did I —?' His unusual lack of eloquence was his most eloquent answer.

'Well, but,' she said thoughtfully, 'I expect Ferguson does.'

He was beginning to be able to fill in some of her always tremendous elisions. He achieved it now.

'By Jove!' he said in a stunned way. 'I see — I see! You mean that Ferguson's pot-boilers are successful simply because they're *not* merely pot-boilers — to him. They're — they're his high-water mark, low though it is. And so he can write them with a sort of — zest. It's that zest, you mean, that I can't supply?'

She nodded, coloring a little distressfully. It always abashed her to have Charles put into high-sounding words things that were to her very simple thoughts. But this, undoubtedly, was the thought that she had tried to communicate to him six months ago.

'Biddy — Biddy,' he said absorbedly. 'One of your pearls. That explains it, of course — but it does n't alter the facts. If I can't pot-boil and can't, without disaster, do more of my own work than I do at present, what, I ask you, is to happen next?'

'We can get married,' said Bridget, with astonishing new boldness, 'on a mere thousand a year.'

Charles reflected. 'Yes,' he conceded; 'put that way, it doesn't sound bad. But it won't do, Biddy — it won't do. I sent you a book to read. Have you read it?'

'Yes.'

'“The first duty in this world,”’ quoted Charles sternly, “is for a man to pay his way.” Did you happen to miss that sentence?'

'No. But you would be able to pay

your way as well as you're doing now.'

'A disgraceful quibble, Biddy. I should n't, and you know it. Your way, on £750 a year, would be an altogether superior thoroughfare to mine on a third of that sum. Either I should have to sacrifice my self-respect by letting you help me out in your street, or cripple you to the point of living on a third of your income in order that you might join me in mine. And even then — I seem to remember another sentence. “Words cannot describe how far more necessary it is that a man should support his family, than that he should attain to — or preserve — distinction in the arts.” I can't now, it is true, hope to support you, for your grandmother has made that impossible, so that all the more I really must cling to supporting myself. You do see that, my pearl-maiden, don't you?'

She looked back at him in mutinous silence. Charles professed to misunderstand it.

'It's consent, then, Biddy? You'll wait for me a little longer?'

'No — oh, no!' Before the threat of that she forced herself once more to the difficult point of words. 'It's all wrong, Charles — the whole thing.'

'The essay?'

'Yes. There's another sentence: he calls writing one of the “trades of pleasing.” And — and the whole thing is written round the idea that it is the artist's business to amuse.'

'Yes?' he encouraged.

'Well, but it is n't.'

Again his mind was able to bridge every hiatus. '*Well, but it is n't!*' How on earth had he come to miss that obvious and fatal flaw in the Stevensonian argument, and everything that depended on it? It that were true — and of course it was —

'Pearl-maiden!' he murmured, but absently, for he was searching his pockets for pencil and paper. When he had

found them he made a note or two. Then he looked up. 'It appears,' he explained happily, 'that I've got to re-write Stevenson's essay for him.'

'Oh!' she cried eagerly. 'Can you? Tell me.'

'Of course I can. Plain as a pike-staff — *now*. "An artist's first duty is to do his work." Is n't that the peg it has to hang on?'

'Yes, yes!' she agreed with relief. 'Oh, Charles, I'm so glad you're so clever.'

'Well, I'm —! What on earth has it to do with me? Is n't it one of *your* pearls?'

Positively, she thought he was laughing at her, and shrank a little. 'Charles! — when you know I can't write at all, or — or even talk.'

He was swiftly and tenderly grave. 'No, you don't write or talk much,' he allowed, 'but — the things you know! So that what really puzzles me is *why* you don't write my books.'

She perceived that he was serious, and so bent her mind to reflect on that.

'Why,' she said, feeling her way to the solution, 'I just know things, I suppose. There's nothing in that; I can't even tell which are the important things I know. But you —' She hesitated.

'Well?'

She made a diffident gesture. 'Well, you *discover* things, don't you? — the way you've just discovered that Stevenson is all wrong.'

He discovered things — of course! Bridget knew these same things, but her very familiarity with them put her at a disadvantage in describing them. It was he, the explorer, the discoverer, who could do that. For age-old truths came to him with all the shock of newness, of personal revelation, so that when he wrote about them they could seem, even to others, indeed new. He, in short, wrote about things because he could not believe they were less new to

any one than to himself; Bridget did not write about them because she could not believe they were less familiar to any one than to herself. And suddenly, upon that discovery, came understanding of the look in her eyes that he had always loved — the look of troubled wonder. At last he gauged the source of her abiding astonishment: she was amazed, not by the things he did know but by the things he did n't. Charles made a wry face and then laughed; in that instant of comprehension a considerable amount of conceit had fallen from him forever.

'The bull's-eye again, Biddy — for you,' he said.

But Bridget, intent on her end, was superbly careless of her intellectual standing in his eyes. 'Then you do see, Charles? And it's all right — about us?'

He drew a deep breath on that. He did see; but only one thing could justify his acting on what he saw.

'I *have* got work to do, Biddy,' he said, with a sort of fierce yet shy challenge. If she ever reflected over that, he felt that he could no longer believe it himself.

She did not reflect over it, and she, too, could bridge gaps. 'Of course,' she answered simply. 'It's that that makes it all right. Then we will?'

'Get married? Ah, Biddy, I do see, and yet — it is n't easy to think of living even in part on your money!'

She gave that time to make on her any impression of which it was capable. Then she spoke. 'Do you really think it matters so much about money?' she suggested. 'As long as there happens to be enough?' She seemed to debate with herself, and then to decide reluctantly on a necessary addition. 'To bother so much about it,' she said, though still with her familiar self-distrustful hesitancy, 'is — rather vulgar, don't you think?'

Vulgar! He had been vulgar. It was amazing how instantaneously she made him see it. His gesture was of defeat.

'Yes, you're right once more, Biddy. I surrender!'

'But — but not against your will, Charles?' She flushed sensitively.

The room being still empty, Charles was able without words to answer that. Bridget put her hat straight.

'Charles! I must fly. I shall miss the train. But — have you thought? We'll have to tell mother and daddy what we've decided, won't we?'

He groaned in dismay. 'Heavens, yes! I'd forgotten that. And they *will* think I'm a rotter. Why, I'll have to eat all my words of a few months ago, Biddy! They'll be sick about it, won't they? And they won't understand.'

'*We* understand.' Bridget kept, with that simple unconsciousness of hers, to the point.

'Yes, but — you know, I'll never be able to make it intelligible to them,' he protested ruefully. (Nevertheless, he expected her to hope great things of his eloquence.)

She did not. 'No, you won't,' she admitted. Then the ghost of a smile visited her. 'But, Charles —'

'Yes?'

'It's *our* wedding.'

He made a dash for her hands, but they were swiftly in her muff. 'Charles, I *must* go.' She was on her feet, rosy and exquisitely shy once more, like an escaping dryad. Charles took her to the station.

There were, after all, two or three minutes to spare. Bridget leaned out the window of the railway carriage, and her lips parted. She was wondering whether she might, without seeming to convict him of a lack of care for her, say a word about dates. Things were going to be rather difficult for her after this, while she lived at home. But that was one of the discoveries Charles had

still to make — that, while he was to have the brief discomfort of breaking their decision to her parents, she would have the longer one of living in an atmosphere of misunderstanding and disapproval until her marriage. She hesitated, and Charles, who had been a little preoccupied, too, spoke first. It was that brief discomfort of the morrow that had been engaging his attention. For if there was one weakness to which Charles was more liable than another, it was a love of standing well with robustly practical people like Mr. Shefford. Just because he was above everything a poet, he was vain of the small successes that he had in any realm removed from poetry. In such a realm he had made Mr. Shefford like him, and now he was called upon at one blow to destroy that liking. Charles's imagination summoned up the impending interview, and he felt that, while he could bear to lose Mr. Shefford, he really could not bear to see him go. So, in a moment of base cowardice, he spoke.

'Biddy — about your people. I suppose it would n't do for *you* just to — just to —'

'Tell them?' Bridget lowered her eyes swiftly, fearful of their candor. 'I will, of course — if you like.'

And then, to his dismay and annoyance, Charles found that he did n't and could n't like, for it would mean that he lost thereby, not, indeed, Bridget's love, but most surely something of her respect — as well as all of his own.

'No, of course; I did n't mean it,' he murmured, ashamed. 'I'll come down to-morrow.'

Here was another and a disconcerting discovery: that the things you discovered had to be acted upon — lived up to. His thoughts raced along new avenues, dismissing now the particular for the general; as ever, his discovery seemed to him a remarkable novelty,

and his mind began to clothe it in the new images that would presently give it, for others too, the charm of Charles and of newness.

The train jerked forward, and Charles started into awareness of it. But still there clung about his eyes the slight bewilderment of one too swiftly transported from dreams.

'Good-bye, pearl-maiden!' he said,

walking beside the train. 'To-morrow!'

And Bridget, leaning a little farther out of her window, smiled at him with her beautiful, wordless comprehension of him and his needs.

'Good-bye—*darling!*' she whispered, and dismissed without misgiving the matter of dates. Somewhere between his discoveries, she decided, she would be able to sandwich their marriage.

A GOSSIP ON CRITICISM

BY EDWARD GARNETT

I

ONE morning, when I was reading Mr. Owen Wister's pungent paper on 'Quack Novels and Democracy,' my maid entered the room and said that she had been told that 'an English transport had gone down.' I gazed at her, but her words did not pierce the quick till she added that 'the dead bodies of men in uniform had been seen floating on the water.' It was that concrete phrase, intuitively artistic, that stirred in me the very emotions that the chronicler sought to evoke. (I say *sought*, since it was asserted later that the news was fabricated, and instead of coming from Dutch fishermen had been put about by German agents!) Anyway, the man who penned that little phrase achieved his aim, which was to bring the scene before one's eyes. A touch too much or too little and the scene would not be visualized so clearly or directly. Why do 'official reports' commonly convey so little to one's mind? Because they are dryly and in-

artistically written, as in this specimen from Petrograd:—

'Thanks to the efforts of our valiant regiments of the Caucasus and Turkestan, the resistance of the enemy was shattered. His rear-guards which were covering his retreat were annihilated,' and so forth.

How flat and misty is the generalized outline here. We do not see the scene, because there is no sharp image of life in the phrase, 'the resistance of the enemy was shattered.' Nor do we need to be told that the regiments were 'valiant' or that rear-guards cover a retreat.

But though this dispatch, being in-artistic, will not live, as a piece of favorable news it pleased the Russian public more, no doubt, than did the grim little *chose vue* by a war correspondent who wrote that he saw the Turkish prisoners fighting like wild beasts for scraps of food in the cattle-trucks, and that he had noticed one prisoner hold a wounded comrade down on his hands and knees, and then mount astride his back

to eat the crust he had torn from him! This vivid vignette of the horrors of war, truly artistic in its pregnant force, is of the order that our English editors strike out of their columns. Why? Because the public is afraid of knowing things as they are. The artists strive to make men understand what forces move in human life and character, but the heedless public averts its eyes from the great poets and artists of our time such as Tolstoi and Whitman, and feeds on the vulgar sensationalism of the newspapers, and the fiction of Mr. Harold Bell Wright. This is not merely because the average citizen is both uncritical and superficial in his insight and taste, but because the particular self-interest of each generation conspires to obscure the beauty in truth.

What have these discursive remarks to do with criticism? my readers may inquire. Well, they introduce my little thesis: that the recurring failure, the ancient failure of American criticism, is its inability to recognize and appraise what the artistic force in literature achieves, and that while this remains so, its standard of critical values rests upon sand. It is not that I wish to exalt English standards. I make the admission frankly that our criticism suffers, though in less degree, from the same evil. But the traditional interest of the English leisured class in literary classics, and some measure of travel and liberal education, have combined to keep oases of taste above the muddy floods of mediocrity. The Englishman is practical-minded to a fault, and his excessive respect for social prosperity, worldly power, and strong character, have kept him vaguely intolerant of the life of ideas, and prone to rate too low the disinterested appeal of art, science, and letters. Being a bad psychologist, he responds very slowly to those profound, witty, or subtle analyses of life and conduct which distinguish the mas-

terpieces of literature. But being independent in his instincts and judgments he resists the contagion of shibboleths and spiritual shams which, as Mr. Wister and others tell us, afflict American culture and life. Our social atmosphere of a mild good-tempered Philistinism therefore leaves the writer and artist in England free to go his way, and assert himself as he wishes, and his pursuits and work are recognized and ministered to by some score, perhaps five score, 'critics' in our press.

It is really on the catholicity of taste and mental responsiveness of these latter that the public reception of works of cultivated talent depends. They form an indispensable bridge between the talent and the public at large, and on their measure of insight and sincerity it rests whether a man of original genius can fight his way through to favoring recognition. Such a journal as the *Manchester Guardian*, for example, with its long tradition of critical integrity and intellectual breadth, serves as a rallying ground for everybody in the North of England who has a living interest in the humanities and in spiritual values. One suspects indeed that if the *Manchester Guardian* were to lower its standard of taste and to pursue, to-morrow, a purely commercial policy, not one reader in ten would make an active protest. Therefore it is the proprietor's conscience, and the critical intelligence of a handful of men on the staff, that may be said to keep this intellectual beacon burning in the North. In many respects this Manchester paper is in advance of its public. It directs its taste. Thus the *Guardian's* dramatic criticism is the best in the country, and it is no mere coincidence that Manchester is the home of the Repertory Theatre, a movement which has challenged effectively, though it has not overthrown, the commercialism of the London stage.

II

To pass on to the inquiry into the state of American criticism, one notes the divergent views of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Owen Wister. Can they be reconciled? Mr. Howells, after wittily remarking that 'the production of bad fiction' became 'a germ disease which began to be epidemic shortly after the Spanish War and raged with an ever-increasing virulence,' declares that American criticism is not to blame, 'having shown a very notable fidelity to its duty.' Mr. Wister, on his part, asserts that as regards literary criticism, America is still in the provincial stage. He states pointedly, 'Until the genteel critic gathers heart not only to brand the bad but to celebrate the good, I doubt if there will exist any word too contemptuous for American criticism.'

A casual observer may adduce his impression that the staunch fortress-ess in America, where critics take their stand in defense of good literature, have the air of being beleaguered by the inhabitants and shut in by immense wastes of wild, uncultivated territory. One notes admirable criticism appearing here and there in the columns of weekly and monthly organs, but these voices seem confused and drowned in the thundering roar of the great flood tide of mediocrity sweeping past. And the attitude of the rank and file of reviewers in the daily press (with honorable exceptions) reminds one of the triumphant Ephraimites at the passages of Jordan. If an unorthodox artist or poet or novelist who would pass over with his work does not frame the four great shibboleths aright, he and his book are banned and cast in derision on the rocks. These four shibboleths, tests for literary righteousness, which, taken together, appear to exercise the tyranny of a great super-

stition over the modern American imagination, might perhaps be classified as (a) the commercial-success shibboleth; (b) the moral shibboleth; (c) the idealistic or sentimental shibboleth; (d) the optimistic shibboleth. I shall not touch on them separately but conjointly, while discussing the seeming incapacity of the American mind to recognize what the artistic force in literature *is*, and what it does achieve.

To glance for an instant, however, at the all-pervasive influence of (a) the commercial or market-place test,¹ one may suggest that it is time for American satirists to undermine its triumph by humor and ridicule. The spectacle of a great nation justly proud of its lavish resources of material refinement and secretly uneasy as to its spiritual taste and culture, might to-morrow inspire a great national humorist. And the critics who scan the horizon for the arrival of another Mark Twain may be reminded that he would probably have humble beginnings and hail from some obscure provincial district. Let me say here, before going further, that I believe firmly that American literature will count many great, original achievements within a couple of generations. All the pith and sap of a great literature are there, now inchoate in the social body, a ferment of spiritual force which sooner or later must burst into flower. The blend of buoyancy and gravity in the American temperament, of rare audacity and questioning conscientiousness, enriched by the foreign ingredients lavishly cast for generations

¹ 'Our civilization is still predominatingly commercial. We all dress, we all live, in competition with the well-to-do. . . . The American has no social tradition to sustain him. The social tradition is all the other way: he must be a commercial success, or he is a recognized failure. . . . It is a disgrace not to make one's works justify one's self by providing a living as good as one's neighbors.' — 'Current Comment.' *The Century Magazine*, June, 1915.

into the national melting-pot, will find expression by and by in multiple free-running springs of original genius, in works of conquering vigor and triumphant energy. But American critics, in their aim of hailing and supporting a native American literature, must make a continuous and sustained effort to penetrate the blank, rolling mist of conventional valuations, which ever threatens to veil and smother the works of original power and beauty.

Why is it that the American mind as represented by its literature is so prone to accept conventional, stereotyped valuations in place of first-hand, fearless analyses? The peculiar vice of commercialized civilization, and especially American civilization, lies in the association of what is useful and profitable materially with what is mean and ugly spiritually and æsthetically. The sin of ugliness is predominant in the cities. It is reflected in the mental atmosphere of the newspapers, with their unending stream of drab or sensationally colored reports of life's multitudinous happenings. The ordinary man who eagerly accepts his newspaper's superficial commentaries and its jumbled scrawls and transcripts of news, served up at lightning pressure by the pressmen on the trail, does not ask that these reports shall be palpably idealized, or moralized, or grossly conventionalized. But when the poet — Whitman yesterday, or Mr. Robert Frost to-day — shows us the essential beauty or force of life, working in the familiar scene, in the characteristic human impulse, the American reviewer applies instinctively his shibboleths: Is this piece of literature commercially profitable? Is it morally useful? Is it idealistically watertight? Is it happy in its ending?

This is the attitude of mind of people who will not face truth; and the artist in literature, it must be repeated, is known by the peculiar truthfulness of

his insight, as well as by the original manner, style, and atmosphere in which the forces of life and nature, men's passions and appetites, their characters and ideas, their impulses, motives, and actions are reflected back to us by the mirage of his art. Let us take, for simple demonstration, the direct description we first quoted, — 'The dead bodies of men in uniform were seen floating in the water,' — and reflect, how any lurid, sensational, sentimental, or rhetorical account, contributed by a vulgar mind, would cheapen the human appeal of the same, the appeal to our taste and feeling. But reflect further with what infinite variations artistic creative genius would stamp, in permanent lines and hues, the essential force and features of the tragedy in the minds of those relatives who waited and watched for the bringing to land of the bodies of those drowned men. The critic does not ask that the artist shall conceal anything significantly human in the scene. The latter selects, and emphasizes as he selects it, the characteristic and vital. That is what we mean when we speak of the peculiar truthfulness of the artist's insight: he illumines, he shows us the essential qualities of things, the character of life in meaning perspective.

We all know what a reporter would make of the situation described in Crane's *The Open Boat*, which is a masterpiece from the lightning-like vividness with which Crane flashes before us the tranquil indifference of nature to the struggles of four men shipwrecked on the coast of Florida. The American reader can enjoy this little classic because its tragic irony is shot through and through with a humorous zest. He is not enthusiastic over it, however, because the story is disconcerting to his pathetic belief that things must come right in the end. But let us suppose that a commonplace writer

were to compose (a) a pathetic story of the oiler's death, or (b) a sensational description of the landing of the bodies of the Lusitania victims. Let us suppose, also, that a creative artist of the rank of Crane or Maupassant, handling the latter theme, were to put the narrative in the mouth of a callous reporter, who, greedy after 'copy,' was inquisitively probing into a mother's anguish. An uncritical audience would be highly affected by tales (a) and (b), but the majority of reviewers would greet the tale (c) with a chorus of condemnation of the 'sordidness' or 'brutality' of its realism, not perceiving that its remorseless exposure of heartlessness would be a far more powerful appeal to an understanding of good and evil, and so to our sense of the beautiful, than would the rather sugary pathos of tales (a) and (b). The commonplace mind, disliking to face the truth, would style tale (c) 'repellent,' forgetting the Biblical tale of King David's evil dealings with Uriah the Hittite (II Samuel, 41). And had Maupassant given us a variant in his best manner, of the story of Amnon's rape of his sister Tamar, and of his murder by his brother Absalom (II Samuel, 13), the American press and public would indignantly protest that the subject was 'indecent' and was indeed altogether outside the pale of art! But nothing is outside the pale of art. And all such critics would be in the wrong did they fail to recognize that the remorseless tale of Amnon is great by its stern outlines, by the stern truthfulness with which it mirrors the destructive passions of the deceitful heart of man.

Observe that the common failure of the ordinary man to recognize great art when he sees it arises at root from his own weakness. When he sees a base act in life, the normal man reacts against it, and knows very well where to place evil in the scale of his human judg-

ments. Nay! he even becomes a good artist himself when he has known a terrible or brutal experience, and when he recounts to others a narrative such as tale (b). But the very same man who, reacting thus against the cruelty of living fact, would indignantly burst through the network of conventional shibboleths, did the critics try to close his mouth, will employ these shibboleths himself to close Maupassant's mouth! Why? It is owing to his own mental simplicity that the ordinary reader grows confused and unhappy when Tolstoi or Maupassant bids him watch in the mirror of art the nature of evil or the strands of cruelty in life. He is then made to realize acutely that cruelty and baseness are not merely incarnated *there* in the enemy's figure before him, but they are forces *here*, latent in his own heart and interwoven in the whole scheme of nature; and being now, not active in doing, but passive in receiving, he feels his faith disturbed and grows distressed. It is the artist's cunning force, the intensity of the Biblical artist's or of Tolstoi's unsparing analyses of the devious springs of men's impulses and actions, that attacks the reader's naïve wish to see merely the 'presentable' surface, the idealized exterior of life.

And, correspondingly, the parrot cry for conventional values that to-day dominates the popular mind in America is largely the fear of commercialized society lest it should be told unpleasant truths about itself; lest the unpleasant gulf between its own daily practice and its 'ideals' should be sounded by the artist. Similarly the puritan's confused fear of sensuous beauty, and his desperate shutting of the eyes to the interdependence of body and soul, of flesh and spirit, is a sign of his own weakness, of his lack of truthfulness. In such an atmosphere of make-believe, there is and can be neither real art nor

real beauty, dominated as it is by considerations of utility and material profit and 'ideals,' and divorced as it is from mental sincerity and the beauty of truth. The only art that is possible is the art of the parlor, with its polite appearances and polite conversations; and indeed the art of a typical 'best-seller' is one that goes with the best parlor, with its neat carpet and gilt-framed pictures and easy chairs and airless atmosphere. The people who thrive there have no conception of what art is, for they imagine that art should sustain them in their narrow ideas of 'good,' and their sugary sentimentalism and their restless gospel of 'getting on.'

This would not be worth emphasizing if for three generations the great majority of American critics had not sheltered themselves behind the fence of mild academicism and conventional verdicts. They have never associated art with the simple enjoyment of life as a spectacle, never hailed with understanding such pure pieces of art as Crane's *An Experiment in Misery*, where his description of a vagrant's misery in a grimy lodging-house infects one with all the artistic joyousness that is traditionally associated with Botticelli's Spring.

But it is unnecessary to adduce instances to drive home our contention, that if the artistic force in literature is that force which reproduces and transmits to us the artist's temperamental sensations of life or nature, any *partis pris* in the shape of conventional valuations, or of prejudices, social and moral, is, *ipso facto*, fatal to good criticism. All *a priori* valuations must be directly in conflict with critical catholicity of taste and a disinterested, intuitive response to the *original manner, quality, and atmosphere of the author's method*. The critic's duty is, first, to lend an attentive ear to what the new artist is

telling us, and how he is telling it, and then to determine his rank according to the original force and beauty of his achievement. That is all, but the critic knows well that it is precisely because the new creative vision, be it Poe's or Whitman's or Crane's, is so original, that it affects the contemporary mind as something strange and disturbing and excites the hostility of the commonplace person.

III

The commonplace person! — the secret is out. The failure of modern criticism generally and of American criticism in particular, is that it instinctively defers to and exalts the commonplace view. It has a taste for mediocrity. I take up a novel by Mr. W. D. Howells, and I see that the quality of his literary work is peculiar to himself and is unmistakable. No one ever wrote precisely like this, and no one ever will again. And so with the stories of, say, Crane and Frank Norris and O. Henry, or the works of Grace King and Robert Frost, *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard* and *North of Boston*; they have added by their quality of vision to the stock of artistic riches; they are sharply unique, with a particular subtlety of their own. But when I take up, say, *The Harbor* by Mr. Poole, *The Titan* by Mr. Dreiser, or *The Far Country* by Mr. Winston Churchill, if I perceive that their experience and sensations of life do not add this fresh beauty in quality of vision or style, I know where to place *them*. Where? In a different, a lower category. They deserve an honorable place. They are to be welcomed and prized, but — and this distinction is vital — their creative imagination only multiplies patterns of insight and feeling of masses or groups of cultivated minds round us. The works — showing indeed talented observation and insight — of this latter class of writers,

however much they diverge as individuals in experience and outlook, are not sufficiently rich in creative originality, and so they belong to the cultivated mass. That is their value and their limitation.

'But wait a little,' the kind reader may exclaim, — 'now you contradict yourself. You first asserted that the sentence "The dead bodies of men in uniform were seen floating on the water" was intuitively artistic. Well, is there anything "sharply unique" in the quality of that description? And does not *The Harbor* offer us many admirable descriptions on this broad level of "artistic" excellence?' To this the answer is that genuine artistic force is certainly in evidence in the planning and execution of *The Harbor*, and this has enabled Mr. Poole to give pleasure and instruction to scores of thousands of American readers, and to Mr. Howells himself; but that the artistic force diffused throughout the book nowhere bursts into the fire of genius. His art acts as a good steady illuminant of his theme, and is turned on like gas in a chandelier, nicely regulated by his skillful care and judgment; but his art is never fused by exquisite touches into the flame of inspiration. As art it is on the highest level of mediocrity. Observe we say the highest level; for could Mr. Poole take one step upwards, only one step, he would attain the rank which is denied to thousands of highly talented men.

And — to repeat a criticism that we have offered elsewhere — first let us consider his strength and weakness. A novel that is planned on symmetrical, powerful lines, that aims at picturing in just perspective the struggle between the shipping companies and the captains of industry, with Wall Street behind them, and the exploited mass of dockers, stokers, laborers, — a novel that has breadth of vision and atmos-

pheric actuality, — for this one ought indeed to be grateful. It may be owned frankly that the novel of large social vision, in which the life of modern types is shown as conditioned by mass movements and the pressure of economic forces, is rarely offered us. The Anglo-Saxon novelist, unlike the Latin, has little aptitude for generalization, is weak in the architectural sense, and departs from the individual, particular unit, achieving national significance or epical breadth by accident, as it were, as in *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair*. Indeed, in most of the exceptions to this rule, as Frank Norris's *The Pit* and Mr. Galsworthy's *The Man of Property*, one detects very quickly the influence of the French naturalists. No doubt Mr. Poole not only has a natural gift for viewing society in the large, but his philosophic sense has been stimulated and trained by the study of good models. His canvas, ambitious in size, is not grandiose; his central purpose, the delineation of the great Harbor as a tidal way of human energies, changing with the generations, focusing and radiating, receiving and giving forth new forces and forms of the nation's development, does not dwarf his characters. In fact, so far as clarity of design, structural skill, descriptive talent, and faithful observation can prevail, *The Harbor* is conscientious and spirited. It is a novel that holds one's attention by the interest and variety of its scenes, one that is instructive, one that rarely falls in execution beneath a certain level standard of excellence. What more do you want, then? the American critics may ask. It seems ungrateful to reply that *The Harbor* is lacking both in imaginative intensity and in artistic originality.

Mr. Poole's audience is not indeed affronted by a strange vision, by a style peculiar in quality, by characters, spiritual atmosphere, or æsthetic force in-

tense and self-centred. Any intelligent person can understand and appreciate *The Harbor*, which is, indeed, primarily a work of sound intelligence, and not one of artistic inspiration. The wiry, quick-witted young hero, Billy, who 'makes good' at college, and later as a magazine writer wins success, and marries a sweet and capable girl, Eleanore, has no individuality; neither has Eleanore, who is an amalgam of feminine virtues. His father, who typifies the out-of-date American ship-owner, with his belief in a big mercantile marine; and her father, Dillon, the masterful engineer, who concentrates on the economic problem of organizing the port and the traffic of the railways and the shipping lines on a scientific basis, are no doubt representative, but are almost devoid of personal features. Even Joe Kramer, the fiery Socialist, whose life work it is to champion the sweated worker against the forces of capitalism and commercialism, is at best a silhouette, living in his energetic gestures and fighting power, but never intimately portrayed in his idiosyncrasies. Joe's revolutionary activities in Russia and on European battlefields are as obviously imaginary as Billy's view of Paris is 'made in America.' The people are not distinguished one from another by those subtle inflections of manner and feeling by which character declares itself. So with their personal relations — they are generalized, not particularized. Thus, one knows nothing more of Billy's and Eleanore's married life than that they are affectionate with one another, that she is any good wife, and that he is any hard-working husband. Better, in its suggestive touch of surprise, is the sketch of the relations of Marsh, the strike-leader, with the disillusioned, bitter Mrs. Marsh. This shows more artistic cunning, precisely because it discloses the fresh gesture of a snapshot from life. If we are not

much interested by the fugitive episode of Joe Kramer's and Sue's love-affair, it is not because it is unconvincing, but because the author has not shown us in intimate detail how this man and woman affected one another. The general lines of their actions and behavior are there, but not the revealing minutiae.

Mr. Howells suggests that an analogy may be drawn between Mr. Poole's epical aim and that of his predecessor, Frank Norris. Between their aims, certainly. But turn to the first chapter of *The Octopus* and note the nervous, resourceful, and sure handling of the characters of Presley, Harran, Annixter, and Varamée. What suppleness, dexterity, and intimacy of touch! You know the men through and through, — their shaping circumstances and the laws of their being. You feel the impelling force of their temperaments in their gestures and voices, as they halt or go forward, constrained by their aims, and by the winds of their destiny. But there is nothing of this psychological force and nervous creative intensity in Mr. Poole's characterization. His people are impelled and controlled, so to say, each by a separate automatic switch, visible in the author's grip, which imparts to them each one set of motives, one manner of feeling, and one way of affecting the spectator. The photographer has posed them in one special attitude, and bade them look straight in front, while he takes the likeness. They do not change and fluctuate, and ripen before our eyes, like Norris's people. Again, note in *The Octopus* how the sense of personal contacts, of the shock and hurry of incident, of daily accident, of the coming and going and pressure and surge of life, all blend into the epic force of the drama, which moves in actual heat and energy before the spectators' gaze, there in the teeming Californian arena.

But Mr. Poole's drama, again, is largely static. The confusion and surprise of life are not conveyed in his studied, cinematographic arrangements which carry on his story, indeed, and us with it, from point to point. Only in his strike scenes do we gain an actual sense of movement, collision, interfusion, and intricacy.

But how ungrateful to draw this invidious comparison between *The Octopus* and *The Harbor*! Mr. Poole has never claimed that his work ranks with Norris's, and he would be the first to admit that in subtlety of touch, as well as in its richness of artistic illusion, it is inferior to that youthful master's. We should owe him an apology for, Procrustes-like, stretching his valuable, carefully wrought novel on the bed of a genius, did not the critics so constantly fail to draw the line between the novel of skillful talent and the novel of creative genius. It is with fiction as with that large majority of modern works of art in our galleries, works which, however excellent in design and technical skill, are deficient in temperamental originality. Talented as they are, they are, in fact, 'brain-spun.'

IV

When the critic turns to *The Titan*, he is faced with the old dilemma. Ought he to insist on the particular significance for society which a novel may possess as a document of life? or ought he rather to lay stress on its æsthetic shortcomings? This critic has observed elsewhere: 'To subject a piece of contemporary literature to high æsthetic literary standards is often simply to suppress its significance. As the majority of new works are but the age's ephemeral children, they can only make an appeal to their parent age; the critic's duty is therefore to fix, in the significant documents of the life of his

time, the *character* of his age; and to the majority of literary works he will do justice by treating them as revelations of the contemporary mind, knowing that though the inner individual spirit of these documents may be of little significance, its testimony to the overlordship of the age may be of very much.' And Mr. Dreiser is very significant! Very unrepresentative he is in his honest, set determination to tell his countrymen all those sinister, ugly truths concerning the national life, with which their newspapers teem, but for mirroring which in fiction the novelist is boycotted.

And yet how representative is Mr. Dreiser in his disregard for beauty, for beauty of form, for the fine shades of living subtlety! How is one to account for this curious contradiction in the author's attitude? One hazards the suggestion that Mr. Dreiser has been seduced by Balzac's example — Balzac who was defined as being 'a sociologist rather than a novelist.' If only our author had studied Horace instead! It is not a question of 'realism,' for Horace's descriptions of the daily life of the Roman citizen are quite as intimately 'realistic' as are Mr. Dreiser's descriptions of the life of his Chicago financiers. But while Horace selects the essential detail and rejects everything superfluous, Mr. Dreiser rejects nothing! Everything goes into his pot!

To quote here a former criticism, 'We see a bold American hand in the encomium blazoned on the book's wrapper — "The size of this man, Cowperwood, genius of finance, protagonist of great business combines, art patron, light o' love, and the scope of Mr. Dreiser's ability are united in this new book, totally unlike fiction as we have come to know it — a book big in matter and a long book too," and so forth. There you have it! the national conviction that size counts for more

than quality, that a big book or a big business must necessarily dwarf the appeal of books or businesses of lesser scope or compass. . . . We cannot concede the claim that the multiplicity of the titanic Mr. Cowperwood's love-affairs invests them with more interest than does the solitary infidelity of the little grocer in the back street round the corner. On the contrary the grocer's conjugal lapse is likely to mean more to him and his family. All Mr. Cowperwood's *amours* run much the same course, and as soon as we have grasped this we become comparatively uninterested in the identity of the next candidate for his affections or the fate that awaits her. Indeed, these ladies, Aileen, Rita, Stephanie, Claudia, and so forth, till we reach the last of the cluster, Berenice, are not much more interesting than are a set of chairs in a "parlor suite."

'So with the millionaire's lavish dealings as an "art patron." We are told that "in London he bought a portrait by Raeburn; in Paris a ploughing scene by Millet, a small Jan Steen, a battle-piece by Meissonier, and a romantic courtyard scene by Isabey"; and later on, that the fascinating American girl, Berenice, when she saw the Greek frieze in his splendid New York mansion, "knew that he and she had one God in common — Art; and that his mind was fixed on things beautiful as on a shrine." Gammon! The Titan's knowledge of art only reflected what his dealer and his check-book told him, and he would have purchased with lavish enthusiasm that vulgar series of Fragonards that have recently passed and repassed, at fabulous prices, into the possession of his fellow American millionaires. The real shrine at which Berenice and her magnate worship is the shrine of money-power, and that is why Mr. Dreiser's detailed exposition of his Chicago boss's career has nation-

al significance, although its value as art is intrinsically small.

'No, Mr. Dreiser's eulogistic wrapper hits the wrong nail on the head when it claims that "the book is totally unlike fiction as we have come to know it." On the contrary, its merit is that in its heavy, lumbering, conscientious way, *The Titan* presents, à la Balzac, a detailed picture of Mammon-worship in the States a generation back: a picture of the swamp of public corruption, of "graft" and "boodles" and private greed, in which the jungle of "financial interests" are enrooted. Frank Cowperwood, the financier, just released from a Philadelphia prison, makes a fresh start in the rising city, Chicago; and Mr. Dreiser traces with unrelenting, praiseworthy frankness the sordid maze of intrigue, bribery, and corruption which the Titan threads to gain his throne of money-power. It is the story of a human jungle and of financial beasts of prey stalking and striking down "a democracy groveling and wallowing, slowly, blindly trying to stagger to its feet." The author is to be congratulated on his exposure, not only of the intricate web of intrigue, financial and political, which the "masterful" Cowperwood spins in order to secure his "controlling interests" in the gas companies and street railways of Chicago, but of the atmosphere of hypocrisy which the wealthy citizens, the bank presidents, and directors of trusts and combines generate for their own purposes.

'Of course, there is nothing particularly new in the picture, but Mr. Dreiser is one of the very few American novelists who have dared to dispense with the idealistic veils under which, in fiction, the unpleasant truth gracefully hides its features. The pity is that, obsessed by the idea of bigness, the author insists, so to say, on dragging us up to every floor of his giant hotel, and

making us peep into all the offices and suites of apartments.

'Now this method is a clumsy one in art and defeats its purpose. Mr. Dreiser rarely introduces a character without giving a comprehensive sketch of his past and his social position, and we soon grow bored by the multiplicity of explanations and conversations, all of equal significance. There is no play of light and shade in the novel, but everything is exhibited in the hard, level glare, so to speak, of an enormous chamber lit from the ceiling. Crowds of people come and go, and one remembers little more of them than of a file of faces passing in an interminable procession. The artist, above all things, needs so to select and concentrate his details that his figures contrast and his scenes interest by dramatic surprise. But there is no surprise and no relief in Mr. Dreiser's human drama: everything sweeps past our eyes at the same level pace, as on a train journey. It is a pity, for at times one suspects that the scenes closely crowded together are like pictures in exhibitions, which kill one another by numbers and by mere proximity. But this is the logical effect of the worship of Bigness, whether in art or commerce or civilization; the charm of individuality is crushed down till it is lost in a mass of ponderous uniformity. The colossal ends in the insignificant.'

Whereas Mr. Poole's failure lay in lack of intensity of creative imagination, Mr. Dreiser fails in his inability to show his human drama in its true spiritual perspective, and to stamp it in in permanent lines and hues of beauty. In both cases the rich stuff of the teeming national life is before us, in both cases the treatment is ambitious and highly conscientious, but in neither case is there born anything unique in quality of vision or style. We may therefore repeat that the creative imagination of

each of our two authors only multiplies general patterns of insight and feeling of masses or groups of cultivated minds. And the critic, passing on, will search all the more eagerly for authors who, whether representative or not, stand out more clearly in vision and insight from the mass of cultivated minds. Such an author, it seems to me, is Miss Cather, whose delightful picture of the life of a family of Swedish immigrants in a Nebraskan homestead is no doubt known to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I shall not therefore offer here any appreciation of the freshness of its individual charm, or of the calm strength of her portraiture of the Bergsons, of Alexandra, the large-hearted heroine, of Frank and Marie Shabata, of Emil, Ivar, and Amédée. This work, *O Pioneers*, with its record, so typical, of a network of immigrant roots which are thrusting deep into American soil, and fructifying the national life with its ramifying human energies, belongs to a precious, if small, class of American novels which it is difficult to praise too highly.

Even higher, in its literary art, must we rank Grace King's *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard*, a story rare in its historical significance. This poignant lament for the South, at the close of the Civil War, rehearses a woman's lingering memories of the charm and grace of the New Orleans atmosphere, and of the poignant humiliation suffered by a ruined family. Will not its exquisite shades of feeling, delicate in vibrating sadness, give this novel a permanent place as an American literary classic?

V

To recapitulate: as regards fiction and poetry no subject or theme is outside the pale of art. The literary artist is known by the spirit of his treatment; and fresh beauties, fresh forces are gen-

erated in a greater or lesser degree by the work of creative spirits.

It is by this unique temperamental quality, something peculiar to himself as expressed in the fresh intensity, power, or charm of his imagination and insight, that we assess the rank of a literary artist.

It is from the perception of the significant relations of the living parts to the general scheme of nature and life that new pieces of art are continually being born.

Any conventional valuations, social or moral, as to what is 'good,' 'beautiful,' or 'useful,' or any stereotyped academic or æsthetic formulas are necessarily inimical to the powers of art.

In mediocre art the public sees its own face as in a glass, and loves to see mirrored back to it its own familiar features.

The critic may aim at showing what significant light a piece of indifferent or bad art may cast on the life of society, but his main object is, first to lend an attentive ear to what a literary artist is telling us, and then to make clear anything false, commonplace, or weak in his outlook or treatment, and to hail any elements of original power or beauty.

It is time to bring to a close this gossip on criticism, but before doing so the

writer would like to direct his readers' attention to the work of a novelist of rank, Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan — work which, we fancy, has curiously almost escaped the attention of Americans. This is probably due in great part to the fact that Mr. O'Sullivan has spent many years abroad. His last novel, *The Good Girl*, the story of the victimization of the American hero, Vendred, by an English family, the Dovers, who sponge and prey upon him, finding their weapon in his infatuation for the beautiful Mrs. Dover, is one of accomplished psychological skill. The portraiture of Mrs. Dover, a self-indulgent and sensuous nature, is a triumph of artistic veracity, and the relations of both husband and wife to their victim, relations which are veiled by a mask of sinister shadowiness, are painted with true subtlety. One could wish that the author had replaced some of the discursive episodes of his detailed narrative by a bolder and intenser dramatic handling of his main situation. One may add also that the analysis of the character of the weak hero, Vendred, is wanting in sharp precision. But whatever be its artistic flaws, *The Good Girl* is one of the most accomplished novels of its year, one that entitles its author to a place among the first twenty modern American novelists.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY SIDNEY MERRIMAN

I

GHOSTS everywhere!

At the entrance-door greeting,
In the passageway meeting,
Not with the joyous welcome once heard,
But silently, stealthily —
Without a word,
Although the glad looks are the same,
And lovely child-lips form my name.
'*Mother-dear,*' they seem to say
In the old familiar way;
'*Mother-dear! Mother-dear!*'
But never a sound I hear.

From upper regions where he used to play
On rainy afternoons, and have me stay
To help the game, down to the sunny street
Where he came in and out with eager feet,
The empty house echoes and throbs
With bygone boyish laughter turned to sobs.

Everywhere ghosts!

A call comes to me though I know not where
Or whence — '*Mother! Mother!*' —
Meant just for me and no other.
I hasten and upon the stair
Meet my own little lad, with tender eyes
And smiling mouth, who turns and flies
As I draw near.

I cry to him in anguish — '*Wait*
For me, O little son !'
It is too late:
The vision vanishes:
The child is gone.
And yet — that was his merry whistle heard
Just now, like bird-note from an unseen bird,
Above, below, coaxing, — drawing me on, —
Always escaping; for the child is gone.

II

Everywhere ghosts!
Through the dim silence of the rooms, waylaid
By an elusive presence that withdraws
At my approach and leaves me half afraid,
And most bereft, I pause
To watch a quiet girl who seems
Absorbed in her own pensive thoughts,
And uncommunicated dreams.

I hear faint music. A piano softly played
Draws me anon; and there I see her sitting,
Her figure by the sunny window framed
In that remembered poise as of one flitting;
The sensitive proud face half turned away;
Her hands on keyboard lingering,
Musing over the fingering,
As though she listened for some hour of fate
To strike, and set her spirit on the wing.

Rapt, I stand in the door and wait.
But from the mute piano comes no sound,
While all the house with silence aches
And every quivering memory wakes.
Slowly she turns around,

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Looking at me as though she saw me not:
Then — then — I know I am forgot.
She is not there, nor anywhere
In the warm circle my two arms can span,
But gone upon some quest that others share;
And left to me who wait only long days
Of memories that drag like years,
And lonesome nights of futile tears,
A prey to sorrow and her kin despair.
Ghosts everywhere!
Beleaguered in attic, in parlor, in hall!
Ghosts — ghosts!
And I — haunted — am mother of them all.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

DURING the last twenty or thirty years there has been an enormous increase in the United States of what may be called 'institutional' music. We have built opera houses, we have formed many new orchestras, and we have established the teaching of music in nearly all our public and private schools and colleges, so that a casual person observing all this, hearing from boastful lips how many millions per annum we spend on music, and adding up the various columns into one grand total, might arrive at the conclusion that we are really a musical people.

But one who looks beneath the surface — who reflects that the thing we believe, and the thing we love, that we

do — would have to do a sum in subtraction also; would have to ask what music there is in our own households. He would find that in our cities and towns only an infinitesimal percentage of the inhabitants sing together for the pleasure of doing so, and that the task of keeping choral societies together is as difficult as ever; that the music we take no part in but merely listen to, is the music that flourishes; that our operatic singers, the most highly paid in the world, come to us annually from abroad and sing to us in languages that we cannot understand; that, in short, while music flourishes, much of it is bought and little of it is home-made. The deduction is obvious. This institutional music is a sort of largess of our prosperity. We are rich enough to buy

the best the world affords. We institute music in our public schools and display our interest in it once a year — at graduation time. We see that our children take ‘music lessons’ and judge the result likewise by their capacity to play us occasionally a very nice little piece. Men, in particular, — all potential singers, and *very much needing to sing*, — look upon it as a slightly effeminate, or scarcely natural and manly thing to do. Music is, in short, too much our diversion, and too little our salvation.

And to form a correct estimate of the value of our musical activities we should need also to consider the quality of the music we hear; and this, in relation to the sums we have been doing, might make complete havoc of our figures, because it would change their basic significance. For if it is bad music, the more we hear of it the worse off we are. If a city spends thirty thousand dollars a year on bad public-school music it is a loser to the extent of some sixty thousand dollars. If your child is painfully acquiring a mechanical dexterity (or acquiring a painful mechanical dexterity) in pianoforte playing and is learning almost nothing about music, you lose twice what you pay and your child pays twice for her suffering. What is called ‘being musical’ cannot be passed on to some one else or to something else; you cannot be musical vicariously — through another person, through so many thousand dollars, through civic pride, through any other of the many means we employ. Being musical does not necessarily lie in performing music; it is rather a *state* of being which every individual who can hear is entitled by nature to attain to in a greater or less degree.

Such are the musical conditions confronting us, and such are the possibilities open to us. The purpose of this article and those which will follow it is

to suggest ways of improving this situation, and of realizing these possibilities; and, as a necessary basis for any such suggestions, to consider first the nature of music itself. Is it merely a titillation of the ear? Are Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert merely purveyors of sweetmeats? Does music consist in an astonishing dexterity in performance? Is it, as Whitman says, ‘What awakes in you when you are reminded by the instruments’? Or has it a life of its own, self-contained, self-expressive, and complete? These questions need to be asked — and answered — before we can formulate any method of improving our musical situation.

Any discussion of the art of music, — of its significance in relation to ourselves, of its æsthetic qualities, or of methods of teaching it, — to be comprehensive, must be based on a clear recognition of the one important quality which is inherent in it, which distinguishes it from the other arts and which gives it its peculiar power. Painting and sculpture are definitive. It is not possible to create a great work in either of these mediums without a subject taken from life; for, however imaginative the work may be, it must depict something. In painting, for example, the very soul of a religious belief may shine from the canvas, — as in the ‘Sistine Madonna,’ — but that belief cannot be there presented without physical embodiment. And when the physical embodiment is reduced to its simplest terms, as in some of Manet’s paintings, there is still the necessity of portrayal; Manet’s wonderful light and opalescent color must fall on an object. Turner paints a mystical landscape, a mythological vale, such as haunts the dreams of poets, but it is impossible for him to produce the illusion *by itself*; the vale is a vale, human beings are there. Sculpture, which makes its effects by the perfection of its rhythms around

an axis, and by its shadows, — effects of the most subtle and, at the same time, of the most elemental kind, — it, too, must portray; the emotion must take form and substance, and that form must be drawn from the outward, visible world.

In poetry the same limitations exist. It, too, must deal in human life with a certain definiteness. But the greatest poetry is continually struggling to slough off the garment of reality and free the soul from its trammels. It trembles on the verge of music, seeking to find words for what cannot be said, and attaining a great part of its meaning by a sublime euphony. The didactic is its grave.

Before I attempt to describe the peculiar quality which distinguishes music, it will be well to state quite clearly what it cannot do. This can best be understood by a comparison between it and poetry, which of all the arts is nearest to music, because it exists in the element of time, whereas painting and sculpture exist in space. Poetry is made up of words arranged in meaning and euphony. Each of these words signifies an object, idea, or feeling; the word *chair*, for example, has come to mean an object to sit upon. Now while notes in music are given certain alphabetical names indicating a pitch determined by sound waves, the use of these letters is arbitrary and has no connection with their original hieroglyphic and hieratic significance. The musical sound we call *a*, for example, means nothing as a sound, has no common or agreed-upon or archeological significance. Combine the note *a* with *c* and *e* in what is known as the common chord and you still have no meaning; combine *a* with other notes and form a melody from them, and you have perhaps beauty and coherence of form, — a pleasing sequence of sounds, — but still no meaning such as you get from the combination of let-

ters in a word like 'chair.' Combine *a* with a great many other notes into a symphony, and this coherence and beauty may become quite wonderful in effect, but it still remains untranslatable into other terms, and without such definite significance as is attained by combining words in poems. So we say that notes have no significance in themselves; that musical phrases have no meaning as have phrases in language; that melodies are not sentences, and symphonies not poems.

If we compare music with painting or sculpture we find much the same contrast. Just as music does not mean anything in the sense that words do, so it has no 'subject' in the sense that Turner's *The Fighting Temeraire* has, or Donatello's *David*. It does not deal with objects. It cannot portray a ship or a star. It may seem to float, it may flash for a moment, but it does not describe or set forth. Furthermore, it cannot, strictly speaking, give expression to ideas. It may be so serious, so ordered, so equable — as in Bach — that we say its composer was a philosopher, but no item of his philosophy appears. Above all it is unmoral,¹ and without belief or dogma. Too much stress can hardly be laid on this negative quality in music, for it is in this very disability that its greatest virtue lies. I shall refer later to the frequent tendency among listeners to avoid facing this problem by attaching meanings of their own to the music they hear. I need only note in passing that these so-called 'meanings' seldom agree, and that the habit is the result either of ignorance of the true office of music, or of mental lassitude toward it. 'It is not enough to enjoy yourself over a work of art,' says Joubert; 'you must enjoy it.'

¹ It may, of course, be used with words of definite meaning; but we are speaking of pure music.

Now the one distinguishing quality of music is this: it finds its perfection in itself without relation to other objects. It is what it is in itself alone. It is non-definitive; it does not use symbols of something else; it cannot be translated into other terms. The poet seeks always a complete union of the thing said and the method of saying it. Flaubert seeks patiently and persistently for the one word which shall not only be the exact symbol of his thought, but which shall fit his euphony. The painter so draws his objects, so distributes his colors, and so arranges his composition as to make of them plastic mediums for the expression of his thought, and the greatness of his picture depends first of all and inevitably on his power of fusing his subjects with his technique. In sculpture precisely the same process takes place. Neither of these arts actually copies nature; each 'arranges' it for its own purpose.

In music this much-sought union of matter and manner is complete; the thing said and the method of saying it are one and indivisible. It is, as Pater says, 'the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression.'

II

The primal element in music is vibration. Sound-waves in some ordered sequence — silent till they strike our ears — are formed by our ingenuity and sense of order into patterns of beauty. They exist in time, not in space. They are motion. And these vibrations are the very substance of all life; of stars in their courses, of the pulse-beats of the heart, of the mysterious communications from the nerves to the brain, of light, of heat, of color. The plastic arts are static. Painting has the power

to give
To one blest moment snatched from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

Sculpture is motion caught in a moment of perfection. Music is motion always in perfection. This rhythm exists also in literature and the other arts. Poe would be nothing without it; Whitman uses it in long swelling undulations which are sometimes almost indistinguishable; the composition in a great painting is a rhythm; the Apollo Belvedere is all rhythm. But in music rhythm is a physical, moving property; rhythm in being, not rhythm caught in a poise. The possibilities of rhythmic play in music far exceed those in poetry, for in the latter the sense or meaning would be clouded by too much rhythmic complication. It would be impossible to do in poetry, for example, what Beethoven does at the beginning of a movement in one of his string quartettes,¹ where the cello, entirely alone, repeats one note fifteen times in two rhythmic groups; there is no melody and no harmony — merely one reiterated rhythmic sound. It is also impossible for poetry to present three or four different rhythms simultaneously, as music often does; nor can poetic rhythms carry across a complete rhythmic disruption whose whole æsthetic sense lies in its relations to a permanent rhythm which it momentarily violates, as is the case in the first movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony. In short, rhythm in music has a diversity, a flexibility, and a physical vigor quite unparalleled in any other art.

Melody in music consists in a sequence of single sounds curved to some line of beauty. Whereas rhythm is conceivable without any intellectual quality, — as a purely physical manifestation, — melody implies some sense of design, since it progresses from one point in time to another, and without

¹ The Scherzo of opus 59, no. 1.

design would be merely a series of incoherent sounds. In this design rhythm plays a leading part, and the themes having the most perfect balance of rhythms are the most interesting. Examples of diverse but highly coördinated melodies may be found in the slow movement of Beethoven's pianoforte sonata, opus 13, and in Brahms's pianoforte quartette, opus 60, the synthetic quality of which is like that of a finely constructed sentence. Folk-song was the beginning of what we call 'melody,' and the best specimens of folk-songs are quite as perfect within their small range as are the greatest works of the masters. Their contour and rhythm are sometimes as delicately balanced as the mechanism of a fine instrument. And when we remember that these melodies were the spontaneous utterance of simple, untutored peoples who, in forming them, depended almost entirely on instinct, we realize how intimate a medium music is for the expression of feeling. People who could neither read nor write and who had little knowledge or experience of artistic objects could, nevertheless, create perfect works of beauty in the medium of sound.

We postpone, for a time, the consideration of the connections between music like this and ourselves. Our purpose here is merely to state briefly the properties and functions of the art, so that there may be a clear ground for that discussion.

Melody, being design, gives conscious evidence of the personality of its creator. Schubert, for example, is like Keats and represents the type of pure lyric utterance. Bach, on the contrary, is essentially a thinker, and his melodies are full of vigorous and diversified rhythms.

Harmony is an adjunct to the other two elements. It is in music something of what color is in painting. As con-

trasted with the long line of melody and the regular impulses in time of rhythm, harmony deals in masses. Melody carries the mind from one point to another; harmony strikes simultaneously and produces an immediate sensation. Its effect upon us is probably due to a subtle physical correspondence within ourselves to combinations of sounds that spring direct from nature. The whole history of music shows a gradual assimilation by human beings of new combinations of sounds, and it is probable that only the first chapters of that history have been written.

We have spoken of the synthetic quality of melody, and it is obvious that the larger the scope of music the more important this quality becomes. When a composer creates a sonata or symphony he must so dispose all his material — rhythms, melodies, and harmonies — as to give to the work perfect coherence. A work of art expressed in the element of time needs this synthesis more than one expressed in space. For although there is in music no 'subject,' yet beauty is being unfolded and the need of a cumulative and coördinated expression of it is quite as great as it would be were the music 'about' something. There are various ways of arranging musical material so as to attain this end. The chief principle of its synthesis is derived from the volatile nature of sound itself. It is this: that no one series of sounds formed into a melody can long survive the substitution of other series, unless there be given some restatement, or at least some reminder, of the first. The result of this is that in the early music there was an alternation of one phrase or one tune with another; and this in turn was followed by all sorts of experiments tending to bring about variety in unity. (These simple forms somewhat resemble what is known in poetry

as the triolet.) The most common form in music is threefold. It is found in folk-songs, marches, minuets, nocturnes, and so forth, and — expanded to huge proportions — in symphonic movements. In folk-songs this form consists in repeating a first phrase after a second contrasting one. In minuets, nocturnes, romances, and the like, each part is a complete melody in itself. In a symphonic movement the first part — save in such notable exceptions as the first movement of the 'Eroica' of Beethoven — contains all the thematic material, the second contains what is called the 'development' of the material stated in the first, and the third part restates the first with such changes as shall give it new significance.

It is in this synthetic quality that much of the greatness of symphonic music lies. No other quality, however fine in itself, can take its place. Schumann, for example, created interesting and beautiful themes in profusion, but his compositions in the larger forms lack a complete synthesis. Bach was the greatest master in this respect. So perfect is the ordering of his material that it gives that impression of inevitability which distinguishes all great art everywhere. It is obvious enough that parallels to this form will be found in literature, for it is a part of life and nature. It is youth, manhood, and old age; it is sunrise, noon, and sunset; it is spring, summer, and winter. So it must be; for art is only life in terms of beauty, and human life is only nature expressing itself in terms of man and woman. This then is the thing we call music: rhythm, melody, and harmony arranged into forms of beauty, existing in time. It is without meaning, it is without 'subject,' it is without idea. It creates a world of its own, fictitious, fabulous, and irrelevant — a world of sound, evanescent yet indestructible.

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III

Music deals first of all with feeling or emotion. But since emotion may be guided by the mind and transfused by the imagination, — since emotion is not a separate and isolated part of our being, — so music may be so ordered by the mind and so transfused by the imagination as to become intellectual and imaginative. It is true that the greater part of the music produced and performed deals only with emotion, but this is equally true of literature. The popular novel is nine tenths emotion, one tenth mind, and the rest imagination. So it is with music, though such illogical invention as one constantly finds in many popular novels would be intolerable in any music. Since there seems to be an incongruity between the statement that music has no definite meaning and the statement that it is intellectual, let us take a specific illustration and see if we cannot reconcile the apparent confliction.

We must first of all distinguish between the quality itself and the expression of the quality. A person may have a mind stored with wisdom and be completely what we call 'intellectual,' without ever expressing himself by a spoken or written word. His wisdom exists by itself and for itself, entirely separated from its expression. If he expresses himself, and with skill, we call that expression literature, but, in any case, it remains wisdom. And what is wisdom? It is what Mr. Eliot describes a liberal education to be — 'a state of mind'; it is the fusion of knowledge with experience, with feeling, and with imagination.

Now words are symbols which diminish in their efficacy as they try to compass feeling and imagination. If the wise man is cold, he can say, 'I am cold'; but if he wishes to tell you of his idea of God, he has no words adequate

for the purpose, because he is dealing with something which is not in the domain of knowledge alone — which he can feel, or perhaps imagine, but cannot define. The reason alone never even touches the far-away circle of that perfection which we believe to exist, and the subtle inner relations between man and the visible and invisible world refuse to be harnessed to language. For these he finds expression in some form of beauty. 'The beautiful,' says Goethe, 'is a manifestation of the secret laws of nature which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.'

So we say that in wisdom the qualities we call insight, feeling, and imagination must find for themselves some more plastic medium of expression than language. And when that plastic medium, though non-definitive, has those qualities of coherence, continuity, and form which are essential to all intellectual expression, we are justified in calling it 'intellectual.' Let us take for our specific illustration the first movement of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. It is impossible to imagine this as an expression of feeling only, untouched by thought or by imagination. The inevitable conclusion arrived at by any person who understands it is that the feeling is absolutely controlled by the mind, and that it is imagination that gives it its extraordinary effect. Compare it with the first movement of Tschaikovsky's 'Pathétique' symphony where emotion runs riot; the difference is as great as that between *Victory* and *The Deemster*. Compare it with a symphony by Mendelssohn, and the contrast is as vivid as that between a novel by Meredith and one by Miss Braddon. Beethoven's music contains, in the first place, themes whose import all completely receptive persons feel to be profound. (That these themes do not so impress others is due either to

atrophy of the musical faculty, to mental lassitude, or to lack of experience of great music.) These themes are presented in such design as not only to make the whole movement entirely coherent, but to give it a sense of rushing onward to an inevitable conclusion. So intensive is their treatment that almost the whole five hundred or more measures grow out of the original theme or thesis, some fifteen measures long. So imaginative is it that it seems to gather to itself all related things in heaven and earth and fuse them into one. In short, we must say that this music emanates from the mind of a great man, who has subjected emotion to the control of the will and who has exercised that highest function of the mind that we call imagination.

May we not say then that this is wisdom? Shall we deny it because it cannot be spelled out word by word? Shall we not rather say that music is a means of expressing the deepest wisdom, that which defies categorical expression? May we not accept Schopenhauer's saying: 'Music is an image of the will'? Are we not justified in stating that music is even an expression of the deepest relation with the visible and invisible world which the soul of man is capable of experiencing, and that these relations, inexpressible in more concrete manifestations, are expressible in music? The pathos and resignation and courage in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven are not his or yours or mine; they are the qualities themselves in this infinite being, more true, more noble, more pure than his or yours or mine. May we not, then, even go so far as to say that music tells us the deepest truths of human life; that 'it comes,' as Symonds says, 'speaking the highest wisdom in a language our reason does not understand because it is older and deeper and closer than reason'?

IV

I have already stated that the other arts have for their ideal that fusing of subject and expression which in music is complete, and I have further stated that the purpose or object of music is to present emotion ordered and guided by the mind and illumined by the imagination. In this latter respect all the arts are alike. It is in the very nature of their being that they seek to find the heart of the great secret. The purpose of painting and sculpture is not to present objects as objects, but to set them forth in such harmonious perfection of line and color and rhythm as will reveal their deepest significance. The greatest examples of the plastic arts cannot be understood through sense-perception of objects. Rembrandt is a greater painter than Bougereau, not only because he has superior technique, but because he has deeper insight. This is why the 'subject' in painting is comparatively unimportant.

It is the same with literature. In *Jane Eyre* the 'subject' is more tangible and vivid than in *Villette*, but the latter is the finer book, because the technical skill is greater, the insight deeper. 'There are no good subjects or bad subjects,' says Hugo; 'there are only good poets and bad poets.' Any subject is interesting when a master-mind presents it in full significance. A custom house is a prosaic thing, and one that has neither exports nor imports but only a few sleepy old pensioners dozing in the sun might be thought a dull subject for a writer; but Hawthorne's imagination and subtlety of literary expression clothe it with both beauty and significance. Even the noblest and most tragic deeds find their best justification in a sublime harmony of beauty. The Greeks knew this well. Euripides, in *The Trojan Women*, puts on the lips of Hecuba these words: —

'Had He not turned us in his hand, and thrust
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,
We had not been this splendor, and our wrong
An everlasting music for the song
Of earth and heaven!'

Deeds, monuments, cities, and civilizations fade into nothingness, but a few words, or a strain of music turned by an artist, will live on forever. Gettysburg will become merely a paragraph of history, the causes for which it was fought will be as nothing, but the words spoken by Lincoln will be preserved for all time, because they were not only wise, but wise and beautiful.

There is no escape from this condition. An occasional great writer has railed at beauty, only to prove finally that his own permanence depended on it. Carlyle, for example, was more caustic than usual when he discussed poetry. His comment on Browning's *The Ring and the Book* ran thus: 'A wonderful book, one of the most wonderful ever written. I reread it all through — all made out of an "Old Bailey" story that might have been told in ten lines, and only wants forgetting.' Yet the best part of *Sartor Resartus* is its beauty, and there are in *The French Revolution* many passages of quite perfect poetic imagery and characterization without which it would lose much of its value. What we call 'Carlyle' is no longer a man; nor is it a philosophy, or a history; it is nothing but a *style*, a manner of saying things — an individual, characteristic, and strange blend of hard and soft, of high and low, of rugged and tender, all struggling with a Puritanical conscience. So we say that beauty is the lodestone by which all life is tested. No game can be perfectly played unless the physical motions are timed in beauty; no machine will act save in perfect synthesis; no character is strong until it attains a harmony within itself. Beauty is the matrix in which life shall be finally moulded.

All forms of artistic expression, then, require that we shall see the object not as fact but as art. If it is fact — that is, merely an isolated object or event — it remains insignificant until some artist catches it up into the wider realm in which it belongs and sets it forth in some form of beauty. If we accept this conception of all the arts as seeking the inner sense of things, as portraying life in its essence rather than in its outward manifestations, we shall be able to understand the peculiar power of music. It becomes then, not merely a series of sounds arranged so as to be euphonious and pleasing to the ear, but a book of life which contains the ultimate expression of our instinct and of our wisdom. The Third Symphony of Beethoven, for example, gives us a more convincing presentment of heroic struggle than is to be found in the other arts or in literature, first, because it has the power to present it in the element of time, which is an essential part of any heroic deed; second, because it presents it as a quality disassociated from a particular heroism and therefore elevated into a type and made eternal; and third, because it presents it in conjunction with those other qualities without which there can be no heroism at all. (For no quality in life or element in nature exists for us save as the opposite or reverse of something else. What we call light is comprehensible only as the opposite of darkness; love is the opposite of hate, cold of heat, and so forth.)

Each of the other arts has one or two of these qualities; none has all of them. The novelist, for example, can use the first and last but not the second. Meredith's *Vittoria* is an ideal presentment of the struggle for Italian unity, but the heroism which constitutes the essence of the book has to find expression through actual persons. So the greatest virtue of music lies not alone in its peculiar unification of matter and man-

ner, its artistic perfection, but in the power which that gives it to create a world not based on the outward and the visible, but on that invisible realm of thought, feeling, and aspiration which is our real world. For if there is any one certain historical fact, it is that from the earliest times until now man has continually sought some escape from reality, some building up of a perfect world of ideal beauty which should still his eternal dissatisfaction with the imperfections and inconsistencies of his own life. It is in the very nature of his situation that he should seek some perfection somewhere. So he has tried to paint this perfection on canvas, idealizing life and nature into a satisfying form of beauty; or he has carved a physical perfection in marble to deify himself and give himself a place in nature; or he has built up for himself a world of magical words in which all his noblest dreams strive for expression. Everywhere and always he has had this dream, which has saved him when all else failed. And the noblest of his dreamers have been those whose imaginations have transcended the limitations of the actual and brought it into relation with the unknown.

Music, obeying the great laws that underlie all life and to which all the arts are subject, having for its means of expression the most plastic of all media, depending on intuitive perception of truth, not compelled to perpetuate objects, dealing with that larger part of man's being which lies hidden beneath both his acts and his thoughts, — that which Carlyle calls 'the deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious,' — music is the one perfect medium for this dream of humanity. In its expression of human emotions it enjoys the inestimable advantage of entire irrelevance. It does not have to develop a character or person, but only an attribute or quality. The 'Eroica' sym-

phony, for example, has all the force of a mythological epic in which the heroes are pure spirit-types of humanity, of no age or time — Gods, if you will, and above human limitations. This is the quality of music that makes it precious to us. It builds for us an *im-*

material world, not made of objects, or theories, or dogmas, or philosophies, but of pure spirit — a means of escape from the thralldom of every day.

[Mr. Surette's next paper will discuss 'Music and Children.'—THE EDITORS.]

CONSTRUCTIVE TEMPERANCE REFORM

BY JOHN KOREN

I

THE cupidity of liquor-dealers, the stupidity of legislation, and the misdirected zeal of reformers are responsible for the American saloon. Its evolution from the old-time tavern or inn in which drink-selling was an incidental if important function, to an institution having no other reason for being, proved swift. In the days when the Atlantic border marked the frontier, and until post-colonial times, neither the law-making nor the law-enforcing power seemed to be greatly disturbed over excesses by the innkeepers, who were, so to speak, the community hosts at the few places of public refreshment. No doubt there was room for complaint, but the innkeepers of that period were rarely local freebooters even in regard to illicit traffic in rum with the Indians.

The first great outcry against the drink evil which arose in the fore part of the last century did not expend its force in denouncing the sellers of intoxicants. As strong drink at that time was an article of pernicious daily household use, both on glad and sad occa-

sions, the problem as then viewed was one of influencing personal habits rather than of repressing the drink-seller. The driving force of the primitive temperance movement was a semi-religious enthusiasm for abstinence which could not indefinitely be maintained at fever heat. Gradually it began to cool, but the drink-selling institution remained, and before long it became the object of reform. This shift in the point of attack (one may date it from the early thirties of the last century) gave a direction to temperance activities that not only has persisted, but has become more and more accentuated in the course of time. Some of the unlovely traits commonly associated with drink-selling (other than that of intoxication) had surely cropped out; they became full-blown, however, only after the saloon had been declared a social outlaw.

It is fallacious to regard the saloon as a peculiar outgrowth of rough pioneer life, with its self-made code and ready forgiveness of debauchery. Perhaps the American tavern had deviated from its English prototype; but the real departure began when its extinction was declared to be the ultimate goal of re-

form. The frontier had not pushed far beyond the Alleghenies before the drink-seller was forced into a fight for legal existence which since has been incessantly waged in different parts of the country. He entered it primarily for defense; soon, however, he found it advantageous to attack, and thereby hangs the long unclean story of the saloon in politics over which good men so often have moralized. As drink-selling privileges were apportioned and supervised by local authorities, it was inevitable that the saloon-keeper should seek to make them his political creatures; and having obtained safety, his next step was to utilize the position for gain and non-interference. When fateful threats of prohibition impended, the saloon-keeper reached out into the wider field of politics. The point of vantage was often his, for the saloon offered a natural meeting-place to those who were troubled about local political destinies. The taste of power fed the cupidity which the saloon-keeper shares with most men.

The domination of the saloon in many places, its shameless perversion of local government, its open defiance of law and the rapacity accompanying it, are ugly chapters in our civic history; but let it be remembered that it was not the saloon at its worst against which the early reformers rose, for this is a growth of latter days; and one who wishes to understand its gradual deterioration must carefully inquire how far this resulted from the environment created for it by legislation and reform efforts. This statement involves neither an apology for the lawlessness and political chicanery laid to the saloon, nor a reflection on the motives of reformers. Of course, in many instances, a callous public permitted the inherently dangerous traffic to go on unfettered in spite of legal prescriptions, and with the usual bad results. But the

large view to be kept in mind is that the whole trend of temperance legislation has been repressive, with absolute prohibition as the final aim, on the assumption that general moderation throughout the land cannot be attained by any other means.

Yet is temperance so fragile a virtue that it will not thrive unless shielded by sumptuary legislation? Such is the working hypothesis of its strenuous advocates. They ignore the improvements that have taken place, not in consequence of repression or force, but through a complexity of influences that draw a community up to the higher levels. Therefore they heap contumely upon constructive efforts and hold out the strait-jacket as symbolizing the highest form of appeal, wholly suited to win a self-respecting nation. Failing its voluntary or compulsory acceptance, they recognize but one principle in liquor legislation, that of repression. Herein lies the reason for the disappointments of temperance reform as exemplified in the United States. This broad assertion requires some explanation in detail of the workings of our legal restrictions other than state-wide prohibition.

II

The finest fruit garnered from a multitude of experiments in curbing the liquor traffic is the right of local option. If not an original discovery, we have patent-righted it and furnished examples of its proper uses as well as of its abuse. The right of the local community to decide for itself whether the sale of liquor shall be licensed or not is no longer in dispute. The applicability of this right, however, is distinctly limited. In rural districts and smaller urban communities, local prohibition can be made a success and has vindicated itself in many instances, in response to the public sense that the saloon has no

place in villages and at country cross-roads, because it does not meet an irrepressible want. The utility of local prohibition in larger urban centres is generally conditioned by their proximity to some place under license which operates as a 'safety valve' to the purchasers of intoxicants who will not be denied; and upon easy access to drink very often depends the willingness to accept local prohibition.

But where repeated trials clearly show that no decided majority exists for local prohibition, and that there is a constant shift from it to license, the actual gain for temperance is infinitesimal. The laws themselves are at fault because they permit local prohibition to ensue from a mandate of a majority, no matter how small it is and how unrepresentative of public sentiment. That it is easy artificially to propagate votes in the name of morality is as common an experience as it is disheartening. If the adoption of this or that policy did not derive its value from the force of conviction back of it, the situation would be different.

In some states local-option elections occur annually, on the ground that they serve to keep alive the temperance interests. The grave circumstance that neither one policy nor the other can get a fair trial in the course of one year, and that the opportunity for frequent changes serves to perpetuate an element ready to embark in the liquor traffic by legal means when possible, or to some extent by illegal means during dry periods, is ignored.

Some local-option devices — for example, regulations as to petitions in pursuance of which elections are held — make it possible for adroit manipulators to lay dry a community against its will. An excuse for such a prostitution of the local-option principle is found in political expediency, since each victory is held to be a step toward state-wide

prohibition. County local option particularly lends itself to this purpose, on account of the legislative representation which may be secured.

If rightfully applied there can be no quarrel with the choice of the county as the unit in local-option elections, provided it is populated chiefly by rural inhabitants or by village folk. But when a county contains a municipality of considerable importance, and the extra-mural vote is utilized for the purpose of overcoming the known majority for license in the city, the very essence of the law, the right of choice, is violated. Then hateful transgressions of prohibition begin and persist until abated by a return to license. Meanwhile civic virtue generally, as well as ardor for temperance, is certain to have suffered. A counterpart of the folly of coercive prohibition enactments is the wanton campaigning for license in a community which is clearly opposed to the liquor traffic. On the other hand, liquor-dealers can hardly be censured for seeking to regain territory which has been won for local prohibition by devious means and contrary to the known wishes of its citizenship.

It belongs to the *credo* of the prohibition confession that all beverages with alcoholic properties are equally harmful. The suggestion that, if some distinction were made, greater continuity might be gained for a no-license policy will, therefore, be scorned as a subterfuge for undermining the very object of local prohibition. Scientists, to be sure, agree that beverages containing less than two or two and one fourth per cent of alcohol are non-injurious; and in countries whose progressive liquor legislation is largely shaped by teetotalers, beverages of this kind are exempted from taxation and declared non-intoxicating.

American laws forbid the use of certain liquors even if they are not in-

toxicating! Thus, in West Virginia, all malt-brewed drinks, 'whether intoxicating or not,' are prohibited. The State of Washington, in its new prohibition law, bars all liquors 'which contain any alcohol and which are capable of being used as a beverage.' North Dakota defines among the forbidden drinks, not only malt liquors of any description, but 'all so-called fruit "ades," imitation ciders, and beverages under whatever name or description,' and forbids them to 'be manufactured and sold to be used as a beverage or a substitute for intoxicating liquors.'

The same sort of legislation is made to apply to the dry areas of license states. For example, in Indiana it is not lawful to sell any malt liquor in local-option territory even if it is non-intoxicating. In Iowa long ago the courts upheld this view: 'A beverage containing alcohol is an intoxicant, regardless of whether the quantity of alcohol contained in it is or is not of itself intoxicating.' In Wisconsin the sale of malt liquor containing alcohol is made an offense in local prohibition districts, 'though the beverage is non-intoxicant.'

The assumption of the law is that there cannot be any proper substitute for intoxicating liquor, regardless of its percentage of alcohol, or even when it is minus any trace of alcohol, so long as it is labeled by the terrifying name of 'malt.' Presumably, the singular theory is that even harmless drinks must needs create an appetite for alcohol provided they suggest an affinity with the intoxicating kind. Current legislation thus systematically repudiates the lesson of experience, — namely, that by forbidding non-injurious fermented drinks one invites the use of the most dangerous intoxicants. Hence the disquieting rise in the production of distilled liquors during the years in which the most notable victories for state and local prohibition were won.

Like prohibition legislation, our efforts to develop effective systems of license control are vitiated through false concepts. Under favorable conditions two motives struggle for mastery in shaping license policies: one is the desire for as much revenue as the traffic will bear; the other, the desire to prevent intemperance. As the two motives are hostile, if not mutually exclusive, a poor compromise results.

We have steadfastly clung to the inherited conception of the liquor traffic as a singularly profitable business and therefore to be taxed heavily, altogether subordinating the consideration of taxation as a possible means of promoting temperance. The Federal government sets a bad example. In declaring every beverage containing more than one half per cent of alcohol subject to taxation, it confuses the definition of intoxicants and makes difficult the substitution of the lighter for the more alcoholic drinks. In levying taxes on the usual alcoholic drinks, the Federal government makes a distinction as to kind between distilled and fermented liquors, but solely for the purpose of revenue and based upon the amount that production will stand. The idea of employing the tax-levying power to discourage the use of distilled liquors as the real generators of alcoholism is foreign to our Federal legislation. The true reason why spirits escaped the latest war tax was the fear that an extra impost would curtail production! Furthermore, fermented liquors are taxed merely according to quantity, not according to kind. The least alcoholic and most wholesome beers are made to share the same burden as the heavy ales. Doubtless the Federal government would be severely put to it were it deprived of all income from the manufacture and sale of liquor; but must the good of society be wholly divorced from systems of laying taxes?

The fatuous pattern of Federal legislation is more or less reflected in state laws: the desire for revenue has been allowed to dominate. Self-evidently, the liquor interests fight for low taxes. Their natural opponents have proceeded on the theory that, since the traffic does so much harm, the greatest possible number of dollars should be extracted from it in reparation; and legislators generally are eager to grasp at an excuse for seeking additional revenue. To be sure, the system of high license has been evolved on the ground that a heavy fee would serve to weed out superfluous saloons, facilitate supervision, eliminate the less responsible and unsubstantial dealers, and thus elevate the whole tone of the trade. But experience has not vindicated this theory except in minor details.

A fundamental defect of the high-license system from the taxation point of view is that a uniform fee is exacted, and not one based upon the amount of alcohol sold. Another just as fatal defect is that high-license legislation fails to recognize the taxing power as a means of promoting temperance by encouraging the sale of the least alcoholic beverages. The suggestion that there could be any choice between alcoholic 'poisons' is extremely repugnant to extremists, who regard all liquors as equally typifying the 'demon alcohol,' and refuse to recognize a mid-road between prohibition and excess — moderation — to which a rational license system should lead.

That high license puts many saloons out of existence is not an inherent merit, for this can be done by statutory limitation of licenses such as exists in several states, and by a proper regard for reasonable public demands in granting selling privileges. Meanwhile, the resulting concentration of the emoluments from the traffic into fewer hands tends to unify an undesirable power.

As at present operated, the high-license system acts as an incentive to push sales in order to show profit, and, unhappily for temperance, under the usual method of classifying licenses the temptation is particularly to push the sale of distilled liquors. Indeed, saloons given over solely to fermented drinks lead a precarious existence in high-license places, for the big profit lies in selling whiskey. This neglect of elementary but far-reaching principles, which characterizes most of the license legislation, must be weighed against the largely illusory advantages supposed to be incident to high fees — the simplification of control, the close observance of rules on account of the cost of the privilege, the greater inducement for men of substance, and therefore of responsibility, to enter the trade, and so forth.

Of the endless variety of restrictive measures drafted upon license systems, it may be said in passing that a few are obviously useful, many trivial, some stupid, and still others merely irritating. Whatever makes for concealment invites circumvention of the law and should not be permitted; and no one can sensibly advocate relaxing restrictions against selling to minors and intoxicated persons, or those governing hours of sale, or regulations generally intended to hold the traffic in check. But laborious enactments prescribing whether drink may be consumed standing or sitting at a table, with or without food, and excluding the most harmless forms of diversion; and a multitude of others which aim, in brief, to make the saloon a drink-shop pure and simple, not only belong to the unessentials but directly hinder constructive effort. They are merely the expression of the extreme view that drink-selling is in itself an immoral occupation.

Some hold the crux of liquor legislation to be the choice of authorities

vested with power to grant and revoke selling privileges. A sense of this is reflected in the numerous experiments with different already existing or specifically created bodies to whom jurisdiction in licensing has been entrusted. From the diversity of legislation upon this subject as illustrated in different states, and from the experience it has led to, some general conclusions can be drawn.

Local political bodies such as city councils or county commissioners are often tempted beyond their strength when awarded control of liquor licenses, which in a peculiar way requires freedom from approach and a desire to set public good above self-preference. Locally appointed boards have been found to be too easily 'reached.' To give elective police officials the authority to confer privileges which they are set to watch over is merely an insidious invitation to graft. Licensing boards appointed by the governor of a state for specified localities have given a measure of success, of which perhaps Boston furnishes the most notable example. Of course this method appears to be a perversion of accepted principles of local self-government.

In some states the courts grant licenses notwithstanding the reasonable theoretical plea that executive functions should be absolutely divorced from the judicial. In practice, this plan is perhaps of unequal value; but where best developed, as in Pennsylvania, it has on the whole proved an efficient method of licensing, and it has been adopted in a few states. The hearing of applications for licenses as well as of remonstrances in open court is helpful, particularly when the law prescribes that in granting licenses the needs of the community shall be a primary consideration.

Probably no system of licensing authority can be devised that will wholly

satisfy grasping dealers and prohibition zealots. Dissatisfaction with the numerous experiments, except that involving the judiciary, — which had not been tried, — finally led the state of New York to adopt its present tax law which practically eliminates the judicial function in granting licenses. The weighty objection to it is, however, that it tends to over-emphasize the importance of the liquor traffic as a source of revenue. The more a state is made to realize the ease with which millions in tribute can be levied on drink-selling, the less it will be disposed to subordinate the desire for a low tax-rate to the application of measures whereby to conquer alcoholism.

III

This hasty review of some of the principal elements in our liquor legislation but inadequately portrays the chaotic conglomeration of statutory provisions which from year to year is accumulated in the name of temperance control — which is never really achieved, since it proceeds on outworn and mistaken principles. The crude output is a logical result of current methods, for the persons chosen to draft liquor laws seldom need qualify through general fitness or knowledge of many intricate questions. It is a hit-or-miss job amid the distracting bustle of a busy legislative session.

To complicate the situation there are always two outside elements to be reckoned with: First, those who reform for hire, abetted by well-meaning obstructionists whose wisdom in liquor legislation is bounded by a desire to harass the traffic which the law assumes to protect when it is legalized; secondly, the liquor interests, which fight obstinately, partly to hold their own, partly to ward off new financial burdens or irksome regulations.

It is highly significant that the outcome of legislative effort commonly is hailed as a victory for the 'drys' or the 'wets,' as the case may be, and that when new statutory regulations have been adopted we almost studiously refrain from searching out their effect. The inarticulate public, the long-suffering patient upon whom this or that legal nostrum is to be tried, usually remains dumb, from fear of incurring the enmity of either side, or from indifference, or because it does not see that, as between license legislation of proved incapacity to promote temperance, and prohibition, there is a third choice — the choice of tried experiments based upon a rational conception of the many elements that constitute the whole problem.

Progressive temperance reform demands that the patchwork of rusty principles underlying our present liquor legislation in part be discarded, in part rebuilt from the bottom up. The following paragraphs indicate summarily the objectives in law-making adapted to our needs.

1. In dealing with the liquor traffic, the desire for revenue must give way to the employment of the tax-laying power as a means of minimizing the drink evil. Since the 'curse of alcoholism' flows from spirits and not from beers and light wines, the heavy hand of the tax-gatherer should in the first instance be laid on distilled liquors to the point of their utter repression. So drastic a measure would defeat its own purpose unless legislation at the same time encouraged the substitution of fermented drinks in place of the distilled, through a system of carefully graduated taxes upon fermented liquors in proportion to their alcoholic strength.

Physiologically, there is a wide gulf between the possible injury from the ordinary use of pure light beers, and

the indubitable damage to the individual as well as to society through a habitual indulgence in distilled spirits. The recent Alcohol Commission of Norway says on this point: 'At the outset it must be conceded that the danger to society from alcoholic drinks differs utterly according as their alcoholic strength is large or small. Furthermore, it seems clear that while the strongest of them — that is, whiskey — must be subjected to particularly severe regulations, the opposite is true of the weakest drinks of this sort. Quite on the contrary, the latter should be subjected to lenient regulations, since an increasing extension of their use will serve to replace the stronger beverages, and therefore, in the opinion of the majority, represents an essential means in the warfare against the abuse of alcoholic beverages.'

This view has obtained recognition in the laws, not only of Norway but of Sweden and Denmark, where beers containing 2.25 weight (= 2.8 volume) per cent of alcohol are exempt from taxes. The result has been greatly to stimulate their production and gradual substitution for stronger alcoholic drinks. In Denmark at one time the manufacturers protested against this innovation as a ruinous experiment, declaring that wholesome beer of such a low percentage of alcohol could not be produced; but experience proved them wholly wrong. Their chief energy now appears to be directed to the manufacture of the tax-free grade of beers. In Norway, malt beverages for purposes of taxation are divided into three classes, the lightest being exempt from imposts and the others taxed in proportion to their alcoholic strength, with a limit of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, above which no beers may be manufactured.

It is interesting to observe that even the prohibitionists represented on the Norwegian Alcohol Commission con-

ceded the wisdom of freeing the lightest malt beverages from imposts, but would limit the exemption to those not exceeding two per cent in volume of alcohol. The consensus of opinion therefore is that certain malt drinks must be regarded as non-intoxicants and should be dealt with accordingly. Only persons whose vision is wholly blinded by prejudice or obscured by the cobwebs of ignorance are expected to enter a denial.

In any scheme of liquor-tax reform the Federal government must necessarily lead the way. Is that an insuperable circumstance? Congress has not shown itself impervious to a consideration of the moral aspects of the drink question, and may be persuaded to employ the one safe method of counteracting the use of the real intoxicants. The suggestion that the Federal government can best accomplish this by monopolizing the manufacture of distilled liquors seems perilous under our political conditions; but an expropriation of the distilled-liquor interests might be effected without a direct burden on the government, through an extra tax on beer, covering, however, a definite period of time.

The principle of taxing liquors with the object of promoting temperance must be carried into the liquor legislation of each state, particularly in respect to the classification of license privileges and the fees exacted. Locally, the makers of beer should not pay a uniform license fee, but one based upon the nature of their product, always exempting malt drinks under a specified strength. Selling-places should pay license fees in proportion to the amount and kind of liquor sold. The prevailing inelastic methods of imposts virtually make it impossible for the vender of fermented drinks alone to subsist. In a perverted enthusiasm for repression, we have thus actually put a pre-

mium on the sale of 'hard liquors,' since under high-license systems they are the really profitable articles of sale. As the constant object should be to discourage the use of distilled beverages, they must be placed under exceptional restrictions, and might conceivably be altogether forbidden as an article of consumption on the premises; or the number of places in which they could legally be sold might be restricted to the lowest limits consistent with the suppression of an illicit traffic.

Although we are not yet a wine-drinking nation, it is likely that a gradual suppression of the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors would lead to an increasing use of wines. Special regulative measures would have to be enacted governing the production and sale of vinous products. There is no reason in equity why wine production, including the so-called fruit wines, should not be subject to taxation after the manner of other fermented drinks. Governmental supervision is needed to prevent adulteration and the manufacture of spurious articles.

As wines enter the retail trade, they must be subject to restrictions placing the heaviest sorts in a class with distilled liquors. For the rest, taxes should be levied, as in the case of beers, according to alcoholic strength. The displacement of whiskey would fail of its purpose unless the substitution of noxious imitation wines is prevented.

2. The employment of the tax-laying power in the interests of temperance would be a vain endeavor under loose or inadequate apportionment and supervision of the privileges to sell intoxicants. The essential details of an ideal licensing system cannot be developed in a few sentences. The starting-point is the selection of licensing authorities. In general the choice seems to lie between the local judiciary and a state

agency. As between the two, in view of the extraordinary complications into which state machinery may be thrown through political manœuvres, it is likely that in most states the judiciary would render the better service. The system should, so far as possible, be uniform for the entire state. Local licensing bodies through their almost inevitable entanglements with politics respond poorly or not at all to their duties.

The control of the retail traffic by producers of liquor is directly harmful and makes for a tied-house system comparable to that of England. The retailer should not be the slave of a master whose one motto may be to push sales, but a free agent responsive to public influences. Besides, the temptation to use saloon control for political purposes must be eliminated in every way. That some producers insist upon decorum and strict obedience to law in the saloons owned or controlled by them does not in the least prove that proper observance of public welfare can best be obtained through their proprietorship. One notes with interest that brewers round about the country are beginning to realize the unsoundness of a policy which not only puts the odium of bad saloon conditions on their shoulders, but provides an incentive to antagonize efforts for betterment.

Aside from the few ancient methods of keeping drink-selling within legal bounds, mention must be made of a wholesome device of individual licensing which lately has come into use in Europe. Briefly, the plan consists in 'blacklisting' all persons known or found to be alcoholics, and strictly forbidding all sales of spirits to them; all others must present official credentials before being permitted to purchase distilled liquors in limited quantities. So far the plan has yielded highly promising results. That an inquisitorial pro-

cedure is necessary can hardly be more repugnant to the individualist than prohibition with its incessant 'Thou shalt not.' Whether this manner of individual licensing is practicable in connection with our present selling system, which leaves so many loopholes for law-evasion, is another question. Its institution under the company system of liquor-selling is comparatively simple.

3. The local-option privilege must be maintained, but the legislation that has grown up around it needs to be recast in important respects, so that in practice local option shall mean what the term implies, and not become a subterfuge for seeking political ascendancy or coercing the local community to adopt a given policy against its will.

Three things seem to be especially needful in order to make local prohibition successful. First, the vote should be taken at intervals of not less than three years, so that the plan decided upon may be thoroughly tested. Second, much more than a majority, perhaps a two-thirds vote, should be required to determine the issue. It is instructive to observe that the Norwegian Alcohol Commission in its recent report recommends that in all local-option elections those who abstain from voting shall be counted as against prohibition, on the theory that its advocates will be sure to appear at the polls, and in order to prevent a stampede against license contrary to the desires of most of the voters. Third, the units in local-option elections must be so defined that urban (not village) communities may get their preference respected. It is mere travesty of the local-option principle and a perverted use of power when, for instance, under the county-unit system, an important municipality within the county finds its wishes in licensing matters overridden

by the rural population from remote parts.

A fourth element might be recognized in legislation, — namely, giving the voters a choice between absolute local prohibition and the exclusion from sale of all alcoholic beverages above a specified strength. It means a logical extension of the principle upon which the taxation of liquors should be based, and would insure a continuity of the no-license policy now lacking in many places, besides offering a safeguard against the too common violations of prohibition. The suggestion naturally will be regarded as dealing a death-blow to local prohibition by those who conceive that all alcoholic liquors are equally of the devil, harmful to use and sinful to sell; and the commonplace but wholly unsubstantial objection will be raised that the slightest relaxing of prohibition conditions would soon destroy the whole structure.

4. One cardinal principle in liquor legislation unfortunately has not yet intrenched itself in our statutes, — that of permitting the local community to award a monopoly of drink-selling to a private organization or company which shall undertake it, not for private gain, but for the public good. It marks the one long forward step in drink-regulation of a century. Rudimentary experiments with this method of control have taken place, to be sure, in certain of our Southern states, but under imperfect regulations or practically under no law at all.

In Sweden and Norway and already on a considerable scale in England, as mentioned in a previous article, the company system has vindicated its usefulness in several fundamental respects. It has shown itself to be the only arrangement for selling under which the consumption of distilled spir-

its gradually diminishes and alcoholism to that extent is lessened. It places the responsibility for an inherently dangerous traffic on citizens of high standard and integrity, who by law are made disinterested in sales, and against whom not a breath of scandal or suspicion blows. The company system, instead of being inimical to progressive liquor legislation by serving to perpetuate an undesirable industry, step by step clears the way for restrictive measures of increasing intensity, without denying due personal liberty, and permits far-reaching experiments because it substitutes the public good for the motive of private profit.

To call the company system un-American and repugnant to our sentiment about drink-selling, and to say that good people could not be induced to direct it, is merely to beg the question. The bald truth came to the surface some years ago when a permissive act, which would have enabled experiments with the company system, came within one vote of passage by the Massachusetts legislature. A coalition of prohibitionists and liquor-dealers defeated it. Indeed, the prohibitionists can claim the credit, for they protested loudly and incessantly against the essential unmorality of doing aught to prevent alcoholism, so long as it included the perpetuation even under the severest restrictions of the sale of liquor of any kind and in any form. How rarely our theoretical squeamishness translates itself into practice, conditions in the prohibition states show.

To what extent the company system, or a modified adaptation of it to American conditions, is applicable to large centres of population cannot be decided offhand. But its desirability for smaller urban communities can no longer be doubted. At the outset we should be content with permissive laws enabling one community after another,

voting license, to award a private company a monopoly of all selling privileges. Once the system had vindicated its effectiveness on a modest scale, the demand for its wider application would become irresistible.

Opponents of the company system have argued that its logical sequence is the eventual nationalization of the drink traffic. The objection is fanciful; even in the home-lands of the system such an event seems very remote. For us, whose government is often strained to the breaking point by simpler affairs, it would be the rankest folly to seek national control of drink-selling. Other things aside, the difficulties of adjusting our dual form of government to the work would be almost insurmountable.

IV

The suggestions offered toward a programme of constructive temperance reform bear the hall-mark of experience gained through generations, and of respect for human nature even in its frailties. The general adoption of this programme — and so happy an event is conceivable — would not make the nation proof against alcoholism. There are no legal formulæ by which men can be made sober. The prohibition doctrine of coercion has failed because it postulates that the habits and appetites of mankind are amenable to regulation after the manner of some inanimate mechanism; and mistaken attempts at wholesale reform entail more social breakage than salvage.

Why should an almost infantile helplessness and despair about the liquor problem possess so many minds? We have learned that laws defective in design as well as in execution cannot cope with it. Truly constructive legislation

we lack. It remains therefore to adopt better ways, although they be not easy and will cost bitter struggle into which men are loth to enter. The extremists so easily make us cowards, by branding those who venture to disagree as dangerous to society or as henchmen of the liquor interests.

Measures for the effective control of the liquor traffic require collective effort and support. There is no excuse for delegating the whole question to the self-elected body of reformers who undertake to represent a public sentiment largely fictitious or of their own creation. On a closer view the real enemies of progressive liquor legislation are found to be a compact group of men who live not only for but by the advocacy of prohibition; who are given irresponsible control of sums so large that they must sow corruption; who are not oblivious of earthly ambitions in their solicitude for temperance; and whose own reason for being is unending: national prohibition would not terminate it, for that opens endless vistas of occupation in enforcing the law.

The public is alive to the claims of temperance, yet weary of the age-long strife over the means whereby it should be promoted. The idea of more repression fills thoughtful men with troublous forebodings, for they know that willingness to abide by unpopular laws is a frail human endowment. To many, temperance reform spells merely a frantic and unwholesome endeavor to gain the unattainable; but it takes on a new meaning when constructive effort lies at its base.

[Mr. Koren's final paper will deal with 'Liquor and Government.' — THE EDITORS.]

GIRLS, BOYS, AND STORY-TELLING

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

OUR own time, like every other, is quick to dogmatize upon the mind of man and of woman. We have assertion and denial — not always free from passion — of an important contrast in their thought and in the tone and temper of their feeling.

Although it should be admitted that we know far too little of so obscure a field, yet we have the beginnings of knowledge acquired by the scrutiny and report of many, here using cold instruments of precision, there gathering in other ways. And it is with the thought of dropping, like an ant, some awkward bit upon this common store, that one is tempted to offer what has come from a fresh burrowing into the hearts of boys and girls. Such a study may have the virtue of questioning human nature neither too early nor yet too late. For in the babe the difference of mind between boy and girl is much obscured; then is the dawn when — as at dusk — all things are gray; while at maturity, expectation and the moulding power of custom have produced or exaggerated a contrast, and we may hardly say how much really is of nature. Let us then hope for some narrow though right view of man's and woman's character in the making, before habit and social life have won the victory over all that is inborn.

I

If I may then at once relate some simple experiments, the children were first asked to write a story of their

own composing and of anything they pleased, that there might be the freest conspiring of genius and imagination, and boy and girl in fancy might wander as they willed.

The subjects chosen by the children sweep from centre to circumference of the world, — through football, bear-fights, haunted houses, automobile accidents, runaway cats, orphans in the snow; these and countless more swim before one's astonished gaze. But as our wits slowly gather, we find that some of the tales seem to describe without change an actual experience — a vacation journey, a home festival, or other like event. And in this uninventive art, the boys in larger number find a refuge.

Where signs appear of some creative power, there is of course much common ground chosen by the boys and girls; but there is also some partition of the territory. The boys' stories appear to move more easily toward situations that promise free roving and the neighborhood of wild beasts, as in the hunt, — although to soldiering and war the girls' taste seems not to be averse; and thoughts of travel strongly draw the boy. Or again, conflict may be softened into teasing or into argument. Harken to these lads, marshaling in the woodshed the rival ideals of ease and of labor and the undaunted will.

"Don't you hate to chop wood?" said Sam one day when he was in Tom's woodshed. "No, I rather like it," said Tom. "When I get a tough piece I say, you think I can't split you, but I will.

Then I get a firm hold on the axe and c-c-r-a-c-k goes the piece of wood." "Ha-Ha," laughed Sam. "Why I would rather be in a bank and have nothing to do but separate some money and things like that."

The girls look rather to activity that is less exposed and more domestic, as in play or quiet work. Almost as from some old canvas out of Flanders is this household scene, pictured by one of the littlest maids:—

'The baby stood looking at the clock not knowing when she would learn to tell time. I was sitting in a chair sewing. Mother was packing her things in her trunk. You know we are going to Asia in a week. Mother called me and said to put the baby to bed and to come and help her pack the trunk. And so I put the baby to bed and gave her her doll so when I went out she would n't cry. After we were through we went to bed.'

Or the situations, if not so peaceful, are those where life is affected passively,—persons are carried away by force, or led to fairyland, or are orphaned, aged, or infirm. What honeyed melancholy must have gathered at the heart of the little artist in the youngest class, from whom comes this dirge of 'the old old man' who had a 'sawor leg':—

'Once upon a time there was an old old house in the woods and a old old man lived in it and the old old lady and he had a sawor leg and he could not go out and so he sat at the window and thought how nice it would be if he could go out and play but think of the poor old old lady that had nothing to do and think of the old old lady and the old old man and how they had nothing to do. But sit at the window.'

Besides these different centres around which the imagination plays, there is a clear contrast in its scope and range. The girls have more characters on the stage, and these characters come with

more variety, being less confined to children; grown men and women are oftener than with the boys the central figures. The girls show an interest less bound by their present estate, show a hunger and a foretaste of what has not yet been experienced. And they, too, as we might expect, have a warmer place for sympathy,—for sympathy at least with human beings; the difference between boys and girls is far less clear when we look to pets. The boy makes larger use of hate and retaliation; and, as we have seen, there is felt by him the fascination, with its mingled dread and drawing, of fierce beasts. By this door fears enter his tale, as well as by the way of darkness and of wandering until lost. Yet in the girls' stories fear comes even oftener and in more varied forms: from storms, witchcraft, monsters, ghosts, besides all the things that cause the boys to shudder. And in the emotional issue of the tale, there is a difference in those stories whose subjects were freely chosen. The end in the boys' tales more often than with the girls is unhappy for some or all of the characters. This is perhaps but an aspect of the freer play of sympathy in the girl; the boy is readier to take pleasure in some disappointment even to his hero.

II

In the first experiment the child was given perfect freedom; in the second, shades of the prison-house began to close: he was asked to tell a story of a dog that broke his leg, and how this accident befell.

And now, since all our infant authors are dealing with a like subject, but with quite unlike results, let us view side by side two fair examples from among the best, by a boy and a girl of like age and grade of schooling, nor shall any pedant's hand smooth out the wrinkled places. And first by the boy.

'It has just been two weeks since I came to Camp Cone and to tell the truth Bliss, a little bull terrier, has been my best friend and companion.

'Just the day after I arrived Bliss and I went out hunting for squirrels. We only got one, and that with a sad story. We were just above the falls when I shot one on a branch above the creek.

'The squirrel fell into the creek and was floating toward the falls when Bliss leaped in to bring it ashore. But he was too late the squirrel had gone over the falls.

'Bliss was too near to turn back the current threw him out in mid air and he lit in the pool where the water was shallow and broke his right fore leg on a rock.

'Of course we got the squirrel but I must say that Bliss doesn't want to go with in a mile of the falls.

'When we got home greatest care was given to Bliss especially from Jimmy Blisse's master. Bliss is just recovering but can't do much yet.'

Though the lover of our established spelling well may wince, this is a good story for a boy, with a sound setting for his vacation; it presents in all seriousness the facts.

But now for the girl's free handling of fact and more, imaginatively heightening the experience of a college town's most choice society, gained in a home where (as I happen to know) there is entertainment of lions if not of mice.

'One day Spuds my little dog got his foot caught in a mousetrap. He was roaming about in the cellar when his eyes came upon a piece of cheese lying upon, which looked to him like a harmless piece of wood with a lot of unnecessary screws and hinges. He walked triumphantly over to it and put out his foot to hold it while he took out the cheese, when snap his foot was caught and Spuds was a prisoner. He ran around for some time and then flew up

the stairs. It happened that evening that my mother was having a dinner party. One of the guests was a highly magnified Duke. When the yelping was heard the Duke's eyes were as big as saucers, and he was shaking all over. Just as he was thinking what to do next the door flew open and in rushed Spuds. The Duke perceiving the dog one of things he disliked the most. His hair stood on end and he almost flew to the piano and climbed to the most lofty part and there he sat looking down upon poor Spuds through his monocle.

'My sister who idolized the dog soon came in to see what the trouble was. Her eyes fell upon poor Spuds with the trap on his foot and she set up a howl as loud as the dog's. She grabbed the yelping pup and ran out of the door to the room where the guests were and laid him down on the Duke's new coat. The next process was to take off the trap which was not so easy. But when it was done she tore off a piece of a lace handkerchief that she found on the bed. Then she wrapped the aching paw up and laid down beside him and fell asleep. In the meantime the Duke had not stirred from the spot but he now saw that his victim was gone and he got down very cautiously his patent leather shoes squeaking all the time. When the guests went up to put their things on you can imagine their surprise when they saw the sleeping butties. But the dog and the child were soon removed to their own beds. The guests went home laughing all but the Duke and he thought he had had enough for one night. Spud's foot was broken, but it soon got well and he was as gay as ever.'

Now if one can bring himself to look with knitted brow upon a number of joyous things like these, he will notice that the boys are in earnest about the dog. With the girls, we catch glimpses of the dog through a cloud of witnesses

and all the miserable impedimenta of human life. We are distracted from him by the highly magnified duke with a 'moocle' and patent-leather shoes. And how hard it is to remember what is our errand, when lace handkerchiefs can be picked up at the instant there is need of bandage or absorbent cotton! But with the boys, not so: there stands the dog four-square, with all eyes fixed upon him. We know his breed at once, — bull terrier, or just 'bull'; fox terrier, Scotch collie, or Newfoundland. At least as often as the girls do the boys thus look upon the dog with knowing eye. Yet the girls are readier to give to him a 'personal' name; to make him, as 'Bob' or 'Spuds,' or 'Judge,' or 'Wiggles,' an individual almost ready for the franchise, rather than a mere animal and generic breed. The boys see the very pain of the dog direct, noting his whine, his limp, his evident suffering. The girls, too, may see this, but they are more inclined than are the boys to make us aware of the dog's suffering indirectly also, by its reflection in others' conduct, — in the suffering of persons in sympathy with the dog; thus it becomes an occasion for depicting human feeling. But the absorption in the dog himself leads more than one boy-narrator into something like a full biography of the dog, in a train of events perhaps so loosely bound together and to the accident, that the story may trickle off into reminiscence of some other dog the boy has possessed, or that has possessed the boy. Yet it is absorption and knowledge not always softened to sympathy, for here again we find an unhappy ending. Only in the boys' tales, among those I have read, is the accident fatal to the dog: after the injury, in one, the dog is chloroformed; in another, he is 'barried in the backyard.' The writer feels it not as tragedy, but as fact, to be told with a gray and tearless pen.

The girls, as I have said, are your true humanists; for them the dog is often a mere 'property,' and the real actors are the men and women, the boys and girls. They understand less the animal's acts and more the acts of men. Wherefore it is characteristic of the boy's art that 'greatest care was given to Bliss especally from Jimy Blisse's master,' and that we never know in what that care consisted. With the boy-author the dog is carried home and possibly a 'veteran' is called in, and there's an end on't. But in the girls' stories the stricken animal is laid on the Duke's new coat; we know what costly gossamer binds his paw; and we see him as one of two 'sleeping buties' in the guest-room. Or, with less command of the comedy of high life, the dog is carried home in his mistress's arms, he is put to bed in the doll's cradle, and the sick-room is there before us. And when health and strength are returning, he is wheeled in the doll's carriage, and is given a brand-new collar. All of which lies beyond the boy's horizon.

It is but part of this elevation of what is human, that the girls more often than the boys have the dog suffer in a cause essentially human and heroic: the dog is hurt while fighting for his master; he saves the life of his mistress struggling in the water; he rushes into the street to rescue a babe endangered by a speeding 'Winton Six.' The girl's eye may be less single for the dog's true breed and nurture, but surely the muses and graces attend her storytelling.

III

In the third experiment limits again were set, but of another quality: the beginning — and of a different kind of story — was told, and the child was to bring it to any close that seemed inviting. If the suggested story of the dog

may perhaps have favored the boys, the subject now offered might be thought to give the girls some like advantage. Thus it began: —

‘Once upon a time there was a little princess who was very beautiful. And her father, the king, wished that she might never know of her beauty and become vain. So he commanded that no one should tell her how fair she was, and he even would have no mirror in all that part of the palace where she lived.

‘But there came a day when the king must go upon a long journey. And while he was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and —’

Here a few minds — wholly boys’ — stuck, and could or would do nothing. Rising up through the lower circles one comes at last to this, perhaps the best of the boys’ stories.

‘And while he was away a young prince came riding by the castle and, saw her. He at once fell in love with her, and, he came to visit her several times while her father was away.

‘One day the king came home, while the prince was there, then the prince asked her father for her hand. At first he did not know what to say, but after awhile he told the prince to come the next day and he would tell him. The prince went away and, thought whether he would get his love or not. The next day when he came everything was bright and gay at the castle. When he went in the father was there and gave him his consent.

‘They celebrated the wedding the next day in a great banqueting hall. The wedding lasted for a week. All the kingdoms for miles around were invited to the feast.

‘After the wedding was over they went to the prince’s kingdom and lived happily for a long time.’

Looking next at the girls’ tales, one finds among the youngest and least

schooled this dialogue which sets forth a wise yet ardent maiden’s creed. What spirit in the princess, and how she cross-examines her headlong wooer!

‘And while the king was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and he saw the princess out in the garden and thought her the most beautiful princess in the world. So he went up to her and said After you are a little bigger will you be my wife.

‘The princess said I cannot tell you that you must ask my father.

‘But I want to know why you want me to be your wife when this is the first time that you have seen me.

‘I think you are so beautiful

‘Yes, But how do you know I am a good house keeper

‘I don’t you are But you look like a good one.

‘But anyhow you won’t have to work in my castle

‘I won’t have a castle I want a little house and a boy & girl and my husband. You shall have what you want

‘But I want to know why you call me beautiful no one else has call me beautiful before But you

‘They think you are if they don’t say so

‘The princess said I have never seen myself so I don’t know if I am pretty or not.

‘But won’t you be my wife

‘I can’t my father has to tell you that

‘He has gone away and won’t be back till June 23. I will be your wife if he will let me. So you come back 23 of June if you want to

‘The princess said he would.

‘After that he went home.

‘At the 23 her father came home

‘And she told him what he said.

‘Her father said she could if she love Him

‘At the 23 the prince came back and got the princess and they were marry

and then taken to there house. [To no castle, mark you!]

'They had two dear dear children that were very beautiful

'They live very very happy all there lives and every boby love them.'

And who would not love a princess in a setting such as this — a whole chapter is needed for these gardens of the girls — and with this simple outcome of the tale, true to the child's present life!

'And while the king was gone a young prince came riding by the castle and saw the little princess smelling the fragrant violets and roses and all the pretty flowers, and picking some beautiful sweet-peas. The prince became in love with the princess, and thought he would like to meet her.

'One day the prince was taking a ride and he met the pretty princess in the end of the woods crying, near a pond and the prince went up to her and said, "what are you crying for little princess." and she said with a sob. "I have lost my ball in this pond and I can't get it. The said, "if you dont mind I will get it for you." and at the he dived in to the pond, in a few seconds he came up with the princess's ball and he gave it to her. and she said, "oh thank you." And she ran home to the castle and she lived happily ever after.'

With the older girls fancy clammers and blossoms and comes to such fruitage that there is no time even for its owner to gather it all.

'And while he was gone the young prince came riding by the castle and saw the lovely princess in her window. Imediately he fell desperately in love with her and wished to speak to her. This was difficult because the king had all suitors put to death.

'Being an active person, the prince managed to scramble over the stone wall of the castle garden. He hid in a

rose bush [thorny choice!] and waited. He waited for the head gardener who was working near, to go away. Then he quickly took a piece of scented note paper, which he had taken from a satin bag, that hung around his horse's kneck. He then took a jeweled pencil from his pocket and wrote a message to the little princess. He drew a small gold arrow from his quiver and tied the note to it, and shot it through the open window of the princess's room. Just at that time the princess left her room and did not read the note.

'Soon a maid came to clean the room and she saw the arrow. She read the message and wickedly thought that she would answer it. She took some of the princess's note paper and . . .'

For one of the girls, the meeting of the prince and princess does not occur until the prince — the princess at a distance sees him repulsed from the castle, and by letter suggests to him the ruse — disguises himself as a doctor and is called in when the princess feigns illness. Two girls, in these stories, hold in reserve the surprise that the prince is really the king's own son, the long-lost brother of the princess. Another girl has the marriage come before the king's return; and when he hears the news it is to him such a shock that he dies of 'heart failure.' But this seems not to have delayed the bridal journey — first, to the prince's home, then to China for two years, and finally 'they both took a year and a half of painting.' Yet in spite of this somewhat Bohemian existence, 'they were very happy together and for the rest of their lives they lived happily together.'

Yet the boys, too, are not without invention. For one of them also, the meeting of prince and princess is brought about by guile: the prince is disguised as a peddler. Another boy-author has the king, in his anger at the princess's pride, give her to a beggar;

with whom a three years' sojourn is so chastening that she now obediently weds the prince. But for cumulative surprise and hairbreadth 'scapes and final tragedy, I find nothing to exceed this web from a boy of nine, just able to scrawl big letters: —

'A young prince past the castle and told the princess of her beauty. He showed her a mirror in witch she saw herself. When the king came home he put the prince in prison. The princess got the keys from the guard and set the prince free. The they ran and got on horseback and road away to the princes castle. The princess father too many men for the prince father. So then the prince and the princess take a ship and sail away but the ship hits the rocks and sinks and the fish eat the prince and princess up.

'THE END'

Here is an infant Dumas, preparing to hold his own even in an art where women show such skill.

A lumbering awkwardness in many of the boys' tales gives them their own attraction. One cannot but take delight in a story where there is breathless proposal and acceptance at sight, and where the sole occasion of delay is that the princess must first pack her 'things,' whereupon she will 'be rite out.' And there is humor perhaps not wholly unconscious — the writer is a lad with a rich Irish name — in this story where the 'wash jap' gives a glint of Californian color: —

—'dismounting his horse he stepped into the castle.

'He at once saw the princess and said, "O maid you are so beautiful, that I am compelled by my father to carry you off."

'The princess would not believe this until she had looked at her image in his bright buckle.

'But she then put her chin high in

the air and with a "Get out," ordered him out of the castle. And then she walked up the stairs but did not notice a great tub of water which the wash jap had placed there, because her chin was so high in the air and she fell head-first in the tub of water.'

Yet if we can straighten our faces and summon judgment, we shall find the girls' tales — in spite of flashes from the boys — showing an imagination richer and more vivid, with a more delicate feeling of congruity. In the many stories read, but three of the girls' seemed wholly bare; while of the boys' full thrice this number bore these negative signs. More of the girls' tales seemed highly imaginative; and their stories, here as in the earlier experiments, have more of dialogue, with its sense of the speaking presence of the person. And if we note the characters beyond those given, we find that here again the girls give us the fuller stage: beside princess, prince, and king, there come trooping in from rear and wings the mother of the princess, the prince's mother and father, maids of honor, huntsmen, guards.

There is with them also an unthinking penetration into the secrets of emotion; a nicety, a sensitiveness, which is rarer in the boys. Your male child too often has his prince blare out his passion headlong from the road. But hearken to this cooing, this seemingly hesitation, from a maid of nine.

'A young prince came by the castle and stop. He rong the door bell and said let me come in. Why? said the princess. I am very tired. I wish to stay here this night. All right said the prince[ss] in a sweet voice, you my. Night came, in the middle of the night the King came home, the prince was waiting for hem to come. The princess said, in a sweet voice a prince is here. A prince, said the King? The next day the king died, and she said in a low

voice. Will you stay with me every day. I am feeling Blue. Yes said the prince do you love me said the princess in a sweet voice. Yes I love you. Oh? do you love me. The next day they were marry they rode on White horses to the castle.'

Nor do the girls show ignorance of the fiercer and less sympathetic emotions, like anger and revenge. Yet the thought of war as the fruit of the prince's boldness here came solely from the boys. And quite in keeping, they more often imagine the prince to obtain the princess by some violence to law and order — they alone have him elope with her or forcibly abduct her. With the boys, furthermore, and as we might expect, marriage plays a somewhat diminished part; the boys can more readily than the girls accept some other ending for their tale, — perhaps some comic retribution to the princess for her vanity, possibly the death of the prince and his betrothed before their wedding day. Yet with the girls, too, the tale may close not with marriage, but with the cure of the princess's vanity; not in farce, however, but by a means in keeping with a tale of chivalry — by her imprisonment. And in one of the girls' stories already given, we had an idyllic outcome: the princess plays in the wood, and the prince recovers her lost ball, there by the quiet pool. But beyond romantic love and marriage, the love of little children is deeper in the woman-child; for to many a little girl, but not to a boy, the tale is unfinished until the babes have come.

If there is still a moment before we weary, the contrast in the ways of the imagination can perhaps be further shown almost as by touchstones; and first by the incident of the mirror. Until the princess stands before a glass, after the prince's coming, it will be remembered that she had never seen herself or any face or object thus reflected.

Now with any approach to life and understanding, the situation here is conceived by but few of the children, and these are always girls. In several of their stories, but in none of the boys', the princess fails at first to recognize the face seen in the glass, — fails to recognize it even as a reflection. She sees it as a *picture*, a strange and beautiful picture, and nothing more.

And beyond, though close upon this incident, comes a triple test. There is at the very opening of the story a suggestion of three events to come: the princess's discovery of her beauty; some consequence of this discovery — perhaps vanity in her, or a simple and unchanged mind; and the return of the king. It is uncommon for the story to be carried to such completion that all three of the motives come to their fruition. But among those who do thus round out the tale, the girls are in greater number. They more often seem to feel the still-unsatisfied interests in the narrative, are aware of its interlacing parts; consequently they may be said to be more sensitive to an important element of form.

IV

And now as we turn homeward on our lingering way, which — if we have looked only to the children — has been as through some bee's meadow where flowers still are dewy, would it not be well to part without contention? 'Have we not brought with us some shadow of proof that woman's mind, before it is touched by custom, is readier and richer than man's?' some member of our company may say. And another might answer, 'Proof, rather, that she is swayed by feeling, and cannot reason.' But quieting these restless ones, let us defer to the later afternoon — or to another day — all questioning. For the wider judgment calls for a wider

survey. And even of the imagination in the realm of story, it must not be thought that we have seen what comes of the flight of the one rare bird in a myriad; for we have been looking, not at genius, but at the general, and what is met on any morning stroll.

Yet we have seen that near life's opening there is a clear contrast in one aspect of the mind. In imagination directed to form a story the plain and common girl excels the boy. But, it will be asked, is not even this due to externals? In part, perhaps, but hardly altogether. For while there are

outer influences to make the boy and girl unlike in taste for color and dress and in their games and in fortitude, yet we commonly find little or no pressure from elders nor any canon framed and honored by the children themselves that aside from their own endowment and impulse would cause them early to differ in so secret a possession as the power to weave a tale. Minor influences from without there doubtless are; but in the main I believe we have here an important and a natural contrast in the minds that later are to belong to women and to men.

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS

BY E. NELSON FELL

THE scene of the tale which follows is laid in the Kirghiz Steppes, part of the Central Asiatic plateau which is the ultimate birthplace of all our Western modes of thought and culture and religion. Here the writer was engaged for several years in directing the operations of a large mining company. This sparsely settled territory came under the sway of the Russian Empire about fifty years ago. Villages are scattered through it at rare intervals, some settled by Russian peasants, others by Cossacks (Kirghiz); the two classes are not mixed.

The Cossacks are a nomadic people, more nearly self-governing and independent than the peasants, and proportionately better off. Their system of land-tenure is interwoven with the privileges and the obligations of caste, which are passed down from father to

son with care and pride. In the brief summer the Cossacks lead a life of enchantment. All winter they live in filthy, ill-ventilated, subterranean one-room hovels; yet, strange to say, they are scrupulously clean about their persons, never eat without washing the hands first, and always remove their outer boots on entering a tent or house.

The peasant is in a class rigidly defined by law. Once a peasant always a peasant. He is one of a community whose members own their land in common. Each man has the use of a certain plot of land for a few years and then exchanges it with some one else. Under this deadening system the land is doomed to inevitable impoverishment. In spite of the fatherly solicitude with which the peasant is treated by the Imperial government, his lot is not likely to improve.

The Russian women are a thing apart from the men. At table they prefer to sit together at one end while the men cluster at the other. There is no sustained conversation at the women's end, but among the men there is a continual stream of talk. The woman's function is primarily to be the mother of children and secondarily to care for the house, which means the kitchen, as the rest of the house is seldom cared for.

Here, as elsewhere in Russia, rank is inevitably insisted upon; but this is part of the machinery of law and order. Humanly each man feels himself on an equality with the next. You are Ivan Ivanovitch (John, son of John) alike to the commonest workman, to your personal friend, and to the Governor General; and so are they to you.

There is no beauty to the eye in this strange, flat land, diversified by rocky areas and forests, and to the south by rough hills, but there is a beauty which can be felt and to which one cannot remain indifferent. In speaking of the country I usually call it 'the desert,' for though it is not the desert of shifting sands that we all know, I think the word describes it better than any other.

With these few words of introduction I pass on to one of my clear recollections.

I

It had been a long, tedious winter. All winters are tedious when they are seven months long. The first dash of the frost giants over the hills in the autumn is inspiring, and the first jangle of sleigh-bells over fresh snow makes the blood tingle, but before the first of May has come, the fierce winds have swept bare the level places, and where the snow lies it is driven into ice-drifts and glazed and polished by the blasts of the ceaseless storms. The landscape looks tired and is tired, and so are you. Your fur coat and felt overshoes are

hateful burdens; the storm doors and windows oppress your house with an airless grasp; each year it seems as though spring were delayed and would never come.

It was toward the end of April, 1906, that Henry Fordham and I were sitting in the company's office, lamenting the slow progress of the seasons, and wondering whether the weather was showing any signs of change. The old Kirghiz, Baijan, was making up the stoves for the night; in the next room could be heard the ceaseless click of the counting boards, as the clerks added the interminable pay-rolls.

Outside, a camel transport train had just arrived from the mines, — heavy two-humped beasts, with their long fur knickerbockers, and humps lying flabby on their backs; the only living animal that can look an icy blizzard in the face without quailing; each camel lashed to a small pair of runners to which was fastened a basket, in which was piled about seven hundred pounds of rich copper ore. Inside the carrier's office, the Kirghiz drivers were thawing out and chattering in shrill voices: 'Aksha kerek, aksha kerek, Bai!' [Give us our money, boss.] And we could hear the invariable answer of our transportation clerk: 'Aksha ajok, aida!' [There is no money; go away.] But this did not satisfy them at all, and the hubbub rose and fell till Fordham yawned and murmured something about sending the cashier to Akmolinsk for cash, and then, rousing himself, called in a loud tone, 'Ivan, O Ivan!' and the felt-lined door opened and Ivan Korde came in, a large Esthonian, of the Guild of Accountants of St. Petersburg, bonded to the company by his guild.

'Ivan, can you go to Akmolinsk tomorrow?'

'Yes, I can.'

'How much money do we need?'

'Twenty thousand roubles.'

'Well, make out a check on the Imperial Bank, and get ready to go; we need the money for pay-day next week; and — O Ivan — send Tokai for the stables foreman.'

And in due time the *starosta*, or stables foreman, appeared.

'What are your orders?' said the *starosta*.

'I want the cashier to leave to-morrow morning at four o'clock for Akmolinsk. Send the chestnut horses forward at once to the Noura River for a relay, and the bays to Badpak, and let him start with the piebalds: he can hire horses at Beresovski for the last stretch to Akmolinsk,' said Fordham.

'Your honor knows,' replied the *starosta*; 'but I have lived in this country many years and know the signs, and if the cashier leaves to-morrow for Akmolinsk, he will not return for at least three weeks: the thaw is beginning and the rivers will soon be in flood; he may reach Akmolinsk, but he will have time to drink much vodka before he can return.'

'But the money, the money!' said Fordham; 'we must have the money; he *must* go to Akmolinsk.'

'Your honor knows about the money,' cooed the *starosta*, 'but I know that if Ivan leaves for Akmolinsk to-morrow, he will not return for many weeks.'

Fordham's face was troubled; we had of late frequently disappointed the workmen through lack of cash, and we dreaded to think of another payless pay-day. But the *starosta* was right, and already, as we left the office, the air had a tender feeling. The next morning, there was no doubt; a warm wind was blowing, the ground was soft, little rivulets were trickling down the gullies; the *starosta* was right, spring had come. But, in spite of spring, there was no joy in Fordham's face when we met.

'What can we do?' he said. 'We cannot face our men again when pay-day comes, if we have no money; it will be a scandal.'

And the situation was serious; we were absolutely cut off from the world, without apparently any possibility of securing cash for at least a month. We inquired here, there, and everywhere; we could not scrape together a thousand roubles from all sources. And then the Kirghiz Kusain appeared and said, —

'Your honor needs money?'

I was provoked and answered hastily, 'Of course I need money; every one needs money; you need it too.'

'Ah, but your honor needs it worse than I do.'

'And if I do, can you supply it?'

'No, your honor, I am a poor man; but there are Kirghiz who are rich, very rich; who keep their money in rouble bills, locked in their tin-bound trunks; there is Adam Bai, brother of Djingir, whose herd of mares you saw when we crossed the Noura together the other day: Djingir is rich, very rich, but he has not much money; Adam Bai is rich too, and he keeps his riches in money; perhaps he may lend you some of it, but he will charge a great deal. Oh, he is rich, he is very rich!'

'Kusain, we will go and see him — where is he now?'

'He is now in his tents on the Ilinski River behind the Kisil Tav mountains, thirty miles from here.'

'We will leave to-morrow and go and see him.'

'You cannot leave to-morrow to see Adam Bai. Your honor is a great lord and Adam Bai is a great lord; to-morrow I will send two messengers on horses, who will tell Adam Bai that you are coming, and the next day you can go yourself and Adam Bai will be ready to receive you.'

So on the third day, arrayed in our

most beautiful clothes, with our best teams harnessed three horses abreast, each with his attendant interpreter, and with numerous mounted guides and escorts, we dashed off at full gallop through our little village, out on to the rolling steppes. Three days of spring had worked a miracle. The air was balmy and moist, and a mat of flowers chased the snow as it fled up the hills. Spring on the steppe is an ecstasy of nascent life; flowers, birds, animals, all know that their day at last has come.

As we came near to Adam Bai's encampment, an escort of horsemen rode out to meet us and led us to the tent which had been prepared for us. It was a beautiful *yurta* or circular tent, about twenty-five feet in diameter, with an outside covering of snowy white felt supported on a light wooden trellis with dome-shaped roof. As there are no poles inside, the whole floor space is clear. The floor was covered with gorgeous rugs and the walls were hung with silk mats. We took off our shoes and entered. The *tunduk* or cover was partly thrown back, and the setting sun filled the tent with red light. Around our tent were those of Adam Bai and his followers. They were arriving from all sides, driving in the herds before them: great herds of camels and sheep and goats and some cattle, which sorted themselves without confusion, the sheep lying down by themselves, the camels by themselves, the goats by themselves, and the cattle by themselves. Nature is so harmonious when she is undisturbed. They lay together and waited patiently for the rest which comes with darkness. The old men were gathered by the doors of their tents. Rachel was drawing water from the well; so they had been doing for forty centuries and more. The cradle of our race had been rocked under these stars; here had our childhood been spent.

Adam Bai came in with his sons and his friends, his secretary and his bard, Izat by name. We sat in a circle on the rugs, and the huge skin of *koumiss* was brought in, which was ladled out to us in painted wooden bowls. A colt was led in and Adam Bai explained that he was about to slaughter it for us; but to his chagrin, we begged him to substitute a sheep. After the *koumiss* was finished, the *samovar* was brought in, and tea and sweets were served, with rock-like cheese and *bursaks*, little pellets of bread fried in tallow, the only food these people eat which is not either meat or milk.

The evening wore away in unceasing chatter, and I frequently asked Kusain whether the propitious moment for a business talk had arrived, and the answer was always 'No.' Finally, when our enfeebled western natures could absorb no more sour milk, several huge platters of boiled sheep were brought in; a young Kirghiz brought round to each person a copper kettle and bowl and poured water over our hands, and the real business of the day began. I never felt my inferiority so keenly before. Full to the high-water mark with tea and sour milk and sour cheese, I dipped my hand in my dish and made bold passes at the hateful meat; but all my ruses were detected and Adam Bai reproved my restraint, and, picking out with his fingers the eye of the sheep, which was lying lustreless in the sodden mass, he thrust it into my mouth—a compliment of peculiar meaning. Never have I felt so helpless! The power of swallowing seemed lost to me forever. It seemed to be hours that I turned that horrible eye round in my mouth. Somehow the merciful end came at last, and Adam Bai seized a huge lump of tallow and crammed it into the eager mouth of Kusain. What a delicious morsel to chew during the silent night!

Next morning we prepared to go, and I was growing alarmed lest the overwhelming hospitality of our host should thwart the business on which we came and which was so urgent; but at the last moment Kusain and the secretary had some conversation, and it was explained to me that Adam Bai, considering the watchful care which we had always taken of the poor unfortunate Kirghiz who were compelled to work for money, would lend us the sum of twenty thousand roubles, provided we would repay him twenty-two thousand roubles within one month. Visions of the successful trades which Jacob had made on these very hills flitted before our minds, and, bowing with profound respect to such historic precedents reenacted for our benefit, we invited this successful son of the desert to visit us at our office one week from that day and bring with him his treasure. But there was not one word from Adam Bai himself. He sat stolid and unmoved. Not tall, but very fat, as all rich Kirghiz must be, — a mass of wadded and embroidered clothes, squatted cross-legged on the floor, his small well-kept hands folded in front of him, his face without the shadow of any expression. And he said 'Kosh' [good-bye], and we said 'Kosh,' and so we rolled away in our carriages, determined to take at least a correspondence-school course of desert training, before again attempting to enter the paths of high finance.

II

The days passed and pay-day was drawing near. The memory of the horrible meal we had made haunted us, and still more, the dread lest Adam Bai should fail us. As the workmen passed us they would ask, 'Will the money come?' and we set our teeth and replied, 'The money will come'; and with 'Glory be to God' on their lips they

passed on. But one fine day the word reached us that to-morrow Adam Bai would come, and we killed the sheep and prepared to receive the wily financier. And the next morning he came with a rush; with a cloud of outriders, tearing at full gallop through the street, the drivers shouting and lashing their horses. In a disreputable-looking carriage, with impossible harness, Adam Bai was sitting like a Chinese idol with his poet by his side. And after he had divested himself of numerous fur coats, we escorted him to his seat of honor, in which he sat and grunted loudly, for it was a chair and he detested chairs, for they made his fat old body ache. But we felt a malicious delight in making him sit on our chairs, as the stork felt when he fed the fox from a long-necked bottle in return for the hospitality of the fox, which had fed him soup from a shallow platter.

Tea was brought in and conversation went on for an hour or more; and in the first pause, I said to Kusain, 'Ask him if he has brought the money.'

'Hush,' said Kusain, 'he might hear you.'

Then the poet sang: —

'Life is like a road; if you lose your way,
It is not your enemies who will show you the
path,
But your friends.

'The true friend is like the oaken stick upon
which you lean and rest,
But the false friend is like the reed upon which
you lean and it breaks and the splinters
pierce your hand.'

I ask Kusain, 'Is Adam Bai the oak or the reed? Has he brought the money?'

And Kusain replies again, 'Hush, he might hear you!'

After the poet has finished, dinner is served, and several sheep rapidly disappear; but the only expression which Adam Bai's face betrays is anger with his hateful chair. He is fed by his at-

tendants and consumes many dried cherries, the stones of which he emits with great force and explosive sounds, and those which do not fall on our plates fall on the table-cloth around us. And the day wears on and we are growing convinced that the chances of money are vanishing, when the secretary begins to talk Russian and Adam Bai sinks lower and lower in his chair. And we send for the notary, and the local policeman, and the judge; and the Russian manager, and the attorney, and all the other officers of the works arrive, and Baijan the stove-tender, and all our servants, and the room is filled to suffocation. It is the most solemn and important transaction which has ever taken place at the works. Ink is brought, and green sand and long pens and sealing-wax and seals, and everybody begins to write, and nearly everybody to sign, while the policeman threads the papers on red tape and seals them. Only Adam Bai is motionless; he is almost lying in his chair now.

I say to Kusain: 'Everything is nearly ready now; ask where the money is.'

'Hush,' says Kusain, 'you must sign these papers.'

'But I won't hush; tell Adam Bai to make his servants bring the money.'

But nobody seems to care about the money except myself, so interested are they all in the legal formalities; and the notary ties up his bag, and the policeman buckles on his sword, and the whole ceremony seems to be over.

But I begin to lose my patience, and I tell Kusain that something else must happen pretty soon, and Kusain whispers to the secretary and the secretary whispers into the wadded clothes, and the wadded clothes grunt. And then a most extraordinary scene begins. The old man is lying in the chair swaddled in countless layers of wadded cotton coats, his fat arms dangling over the

arms of the chair. Two of his men rush at him, one from each side; they plunge their hands into the recesses of his clothing, and grope and pull; and now one pulls out a bundle of notes and now another, and Adam Bai lies grunting, and as each bundle of notes is dragged from its hiding-place, he emits a groan of despair; and the last bundle is a particularly big bundle, and his groan is the most pitiful of all, and he sinks down in utter collapse.

So much money on the table fascinates the spectators who stand speechless with awe. The policeman takes charge of the situation and assigns the different bundles to different persons to count. The abacus is brought in and the little balls begin to click.

Adam Bai begins to stir in his chair; his attendants begin to search for their coats and caps.

'Nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven roubles,' said the policeman to me.

Everybody was putting on his coat.

'Kusain,' I said, 'there is a shortage of three roubles.'

Kusain apparently did not hear and began a search for my hat.

'Kusain,' I said, 'tell the secretary we are three roubles short.'

'Tut, tut!' said the secretary. 'I must help Adam Bai; the business is concluded; he wants to go.'

'Kusain,' I shouted, 'tell the secretary to tell Adam Bai that he has given us three roubles too little.'

The secretary turned to Adam Bai, who sat up in his chair and motioned for his boots. Nobody was paying any attention to me.

'Three roubles,' I shouted. 'Three roubles short!'

'Impossible,' said Adam Bai; and he seemed to have waked up; 'it must be under the blotter, or it may have fallen under the table.'

'No,' said I, 'it is not under the blot-

ter nor under the table; it is short, and I must have it to make our bargain good.'

At this, the secretary began to look under papers, and Adam Bai assumed great interest in all the out-of-the-way corners where a stray three-rouble bill might lie, and they all looked at me in an injured way with their mild innocent eyes, till I felt ashamed of my insistence. But I waited while they hunted and every one hunted, until we were stopped by a cry from Adam Bai. 'See here,' he said (he was looking into his

sleeve), 'is it not strange, I have found a three-rouble bill up my sleeve; perhaps this is the one which was lost; I wonder how it got up my sleeve.'

O Adam Bai! Well art thou named Adam. Thou hast carried down to this generation the glorious tradition of original sin untarnished. Go in peace. Jacob's secrets are safe in thy hands.

And a deep silence fell on the room, and Adam Bai gathered up his clothes and left. And during the years which followed, he never forgave me our three roubles.

THE POET

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

ONCE in my garret, — you being far away,
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied, — brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and gray
Dapple my desk, too tired to labor more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

OUR DIVIDED COUNTRY

BY HENRY J. FLETCHER

I

DURING the first century and a third of our existence as a nation, it was the policy of the United States to encourage the settlement of our vast public domain as rapidly as possible, and we urgently invited immigration from every European country. In order to hasten the Americanization of the millions accepting our invitation we invented the theory, then perhaps new in the world, that every man has a natural right to throw off his old allegiance upon emigrating from his native land, and to accept citizenship in any country he may please to choose for his domicile. Every enterprising politician understood the advantage of bidding for the support of the new citizens by being most warm in welcome, most active in conferring the rights of citizenship upon them, and most eloquent in explaining how the European peasant, who never enjoyed the slightest participation in the government of his native country and was therefore utterly inexperienced and as ignorant as a child of the principles of civil government, was nevertheless abundantly qualified to exercise all the prerogatives of popular sovereignty. Now that we have a population of a hundred millions, so dense that migration to Canada on a large scale has been going on for years, so dense that Iowa in the last decennial census period lost so much population as to cut down her representation in Congress, the question of immigration and naturalization takes on a differ-

ent aspect; especially so when we turn from an anxious study of a world at war to consider the resources upon which we can rely for defense, in the event that the conflagration should ultimately reach us.

It is becoming every day more and more clear that, in time of war, that state is relatively strongest which has the most homogeneous population, and that state is weakest whose population is most heterogeneous. When it comes to marshaling the energies of a country for attack or defense, the spiritual forces to be mobilized are at least as important as the material, perhaps more so; and whatever influences are at work to disintegrate the unity of the state must be taken into account in making an inventory of its available strength. Few nations suffer so much from divisive influences as the United States. Its citizenry is a mixture of all the races of the earth; and there is increasing evidence that, as respects many of the elements which compose the mass, they are imperfectly assimilated, and as respects many others, they have not undergone the slightest change in being transported to our shores. Allegiance to one's country is not a matter of words or declarations. It cannot be put on and off at will. If a Mongolian were permitted to be naturalized in the United States, he would be as much a Mongolian after naturalization as before; and he would continue to be a Mongolian in his sympathies, his instincts, his political and social conceptions, until he had lived here through

generations enough to take the Mongolian character out of him and his descendants. His declaration on oath that he was attached to the principles of the Constitution, and that he renounced allegiance to any other prince, potentate, or sovereignty, and particularly to the Republic of China, would have only the slightest effect upon him when his adopted country came into conflict with the land of his nativity. The United States is unquestionably wise in refusing naturalization to Oriental races, whose allegiance in the nature of things could only be skin deep. Naturalization should be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual transformation — not merely a vaccination-mark to be carried by the wearer as a proof of his immunity from foreign military service.

There are not enough citizens of Mongolian descent in the United States to make the question from their standpoint interesting; but if there are nine millions of German birth or descent, three millions of Scandinavian, one and a half of French, more than two of Italian, ten of English, the extent to which their presence weakens the country becomes a matter of the first magnitude. The strength of the tie of allegiance to the United States as against the country of their origin, in case of life-and-death struggle between the two, is something which the individuals themselves are wholly incapable of estimating in advance. It depends upon the extent to which the old ties have been weakened and new ties formed here. It depends upon the extent to which the German, French, Russian, Italian, English characters have been erased and American traits developed in their place. It is measured by their unconscious recognition of the claims of family relations in the old country, the claims of the church which for centuries has exercised do-

minion over them and their ancestors, and the claims of the government of the country which still asserts its sovereignty over its subjects in whatever part of the world they may have their domicile. Allegiance is a matter of psychology, quite as much as of law. In short, it is simply a question of the thoroughness with which the melting-pot has done its work. Until the nationality of the immigrant and his descendants has been melted and recast, he is still at heart a foreigner; he is an element of weakness and disunion, and to that extent he will be a traitor to his adopted country whenever that country comes to death-grips with the land of his birth. The instinct of nationality, which it has taken centuries of suffering and sacrifice for his native land to breed into him, cannot be obliterated by a superficial ceremony of naturalization and a few years' residence here. The only patriotism that is worth anything, or that can be relied on to give its life to save the life of the state, is one that has been mellowed by time and wrought into the spiritual fibre.

Just now the German-American part of our population is glorying in its Germanism, and is organizing itself in all sorts of ways to resist as stubbornly as possible the process of Americanization and to preserve as perfectly as possible its national characteristics. This is not mentioned as a fault, but merely as a fact. It is the more interesting because it is not true of any other section of our naturalized citizenship to the same degree. There are organizations of Danish, Bohemian, Welsh, and other nationalities, the purpose of each of which is to keep alive among its members and their children the memory of their native land, its history, language, art, and literature, and a just pride in their ancestry; but it is among the German-Americans preëminently that societies are being formed to promote in

this country the interests of their fatherland, and to intensify and perpetuate the sense of an undying fidelity to it. The invincibility of the German instinct is one of the chief proofs of the depth and strength of the German character. But the feeling is strong in varying degrees among our naturalized citizens of many European nationalities.

The intensity of this feeling among their subjects at home is the mightiest factor in the strength of most of the states now at war; it is the source of that indomitable fortitude which places every drop of blood and every dollar at the disposal of the state. But it is precisely this sense of indelible allegiance among our citizens of foreign birth, this recognition of an allegiance which survives naturalization, that is one of the most alarming sources of weakness in our own country.

II

A state's claim to the obedience of its subjects after their naturalization in a foreign country goes only one step beyond the claim, made by nearly all countries, of criminal jurisdiction over their subjects wherever in the world they may happen to be. The United States, almost alone among the nations, disclaims any right to punish American citizens for crimes committed within the dominions of other independent states. This right of a state, in the exercise of its sovereignty, to take jurisdiction of crimes of its subjects committed in foreign countries, and to inflict such punishment as it may think fit, is quite generally recognized; some states even go to the length, in certain cases, of asserting the right to punish the subjects of other countries for crimes committed abroad against its own subjects. This is an assertion of criminal jurisdiction by a state, not only within its own ter-

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ritorial boundaries and upon the high seas and in uncivilized places where there is no law adequate to punishment of crime; it is an assertion of criminal jurisdiction within the boundaries of other independent sovereignties. Speaking broadly, this pretension is denied in the United States, and all right to so extensive a jurisdiction is denied here.

The position of the United States is briefly stated: the penal laws of a country have no extra-territorial effect. Jurisdiction is founded upon the idea that every state is supreme within its territorial boundaries, and the correlative doctrine that beyond those boundaries its penal laws have no force. Hence, if an American citizen should murder another American citizen while traveling in Europe, he could be punished by the government of the country where the crime was committed; but if it should for any reason neglect to proceed against him, he could not be punished upon his return home. Porter Charlton, who has been convicted in the Italian courts of murdering his wife, returned to America after the crime and was sent back to Italy upon request of the Italian government, notwithstanding the fact that that government would not have surrendered an Italian subject upon the request of the United States in a similar case. But if Italy had not demanded him, or if the government of the United States had refused to extradite him, there is no law in the United States under which he could be tried here.

This disclaimer by the United States of extra-territorial jurisdiction over its citizens is not an element of weakness, because comparatively few Americans permanently emigrate to foreign countries, and fewer still become naturalized there. But the steadfast assertion of such jurisdiction by foreign governments over their subjects domiciled

here has a very marked effect in delaying the process of Americanization, and in weakening the sense of American citizenship even after naturalization here. If an Austrian knows that, while residing in Ohio, he may, by working in a factory, commit a crime against the laws of Austria for which he may be executed if he should ever return to his native land, or for which his inheritance there will be forfeited even if he never returns, he is made to realize very vividly the ties that bind him to the fatherland. The act may be perfectly innocent in the United States, but treasonable in the eyes of Austrian law. After committing such a crime, should he go through the solemn rite of naturalization, and thereby become theoretically entitled to the protection of his adopted country, the knowledge that the United States neither can nor will try to protect him must sadly weaken the force of his new allegiance.

The newspapers on September 26 printed an account of the proceedings at Youngstown, Ohio, in which one Cielowski, an Austrian subject, was brought into a court to answer questions propounded to him at the instance of the Austrian government, regarding alleged treasonable utterances here. It was stated that he refused to answer the questions, and proposed to resist any attempt to extradite him to Austria, and that the depositions taken were to be forwarded to the Austrian consul at Cleveland. The Dumba incident clearly showed the purpose of the Austrian government to notify its subjects working in American munitions factories that such acts would be considered as treason, and would render them liable to prosecution in Austria. Whether that government would try them in their absence, find them guilty, confiscate any property of theirs which could be found, for-

feit their rights of inheritance, persecute their relatives, — or exactly what steps it would take to punish them, — is not disclosed. Once guilty of such a crime, it is clear that no subsequent naturalization in this country could save them from the appropriate penalties.

The following advertisement is said to have been published in many Austro-Hungarian newspapers in the United States: 'The Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Embassy, acting under orders from the home government, gives notice by this announcement to all Austrian and Hungarian citizens, including the men from Bosnia and Herzegovina, in conformity with Paragraph 327 of the Austrian Military Criminal Law, that all workmen who are employed in factories in this country which are making either arms or ammunition for the enemies of your country are guilty of a crime against the military safety of your fatherland. This crime is punishable by from ten to twenty years' imprisonment and, in especially aggravating circumstances, by the penalty of death. Against those who violate this order, the whole force of the law will be invoked in the event of their return hereafter to their own country.'

In the case of the more ignorant foreigners, imbued with a deep sense of the ability and willingness of their native country to punish relentlessly any violation of its laws, even when committed in this country, it is not likely that the ceremony of naturalization, whose significance is but feebly grasped and whose legal effect is at the best obscure and doubtful, can emancipate them from the dominion of a sovereignty which claims the right to follow them to the ends of the earth.

Lately a number of applicants for citizenship in the courts at Minneapolis were examined by an officer of the

United States Naturalization Bureau. He put to each of them this question: 'I have been told that Germany and some of the other nations of Europe have passed laws permitting their native-born to enlist in their armies and enjoy all the privileges of full citizenship even though such native-born may be naturalized citizens of the United States. I have also been told that there are laws in those countries aiming to affect the actions of the native-born even while they are in the United States, and aiming also to hold them to observance of the laws of the European countries. Now I want to know, if such laws exist, whether you intend to obey them or be governed by them in any way?' The applicants are said to have answered that they would pay no attention to any such laws, and all said that they did not know that the laws had been passed.

They were also asked: 'You may some time be called upon to pass the supreme test of citizenship and loyalty; you may be asked to bear arms against the land of your birth. Will you do it if you are called?' And they answered that they would take up arms against their native land if called.

Those promises may or may not have been sincere; the questions may or may not have been clearly understood. The applicants may believe to-day that they would fight against their native land if called upon; but when the crucial time comes, and the summons of his adopted country sounds in his ears while the call of his ancestral country rings in his heart, nobody knows which call the German-American will answer.

This assertion by European states of jurisdiction to punish crimes committed by their subjects abroad, though recently brought home to us and having a sound of novelty, is not new. The English courts have repeatedly tried,

convicted, and executed men for murders committed in foreign countries — in Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere. There is nothing surprising in a state's assertion of the right to punish its own subjects for treason or other crimes striking directly at the safety of the state, though committed within the jurisdiction of a foreign power. Nearly every country punishes such crimes if the offender can be caught, no matter where they were committed.

In a few countries the right is claimed to punish the subjects of foreign states for ordinary crimes committed abroad, if the victims are the subjects of the punishing state; but most European countries disclaim so extensive a jurisdiction. No self-respecting government could tolerate the prosecution of its own citizens in the courts of a foreign country for a crime alleged to have been committed at home. It would amount to an invasion of the territorial sovereignty, and very few countries would at the present day venture upon so offensive a course unless prepared to affront the country whose citizens were endangered by it. There are such laws in Russia and Greece, and such jurisdiction is provided for to a limited extent in Norway, Sweden, Austria, and Italy; but cases involving the question must be of very rare occurrence. But many foreign nations would punish American citizens for acts injurious to the safety of the foreign state, though they were committed here and the citizens were innocent under our laws; and it is very certain that they would punish their own subjects, though naturalized in the United States, for such offenses committed before naturalization; that is, they would not admit that naturalization could purge the crime, any more than it could relieve the immigrant of the obligation to perform military service to which he became liable before he left his na-

tive country. Their definition of acts against the safety of the state would be whatever they chose to make it. Working in munitions factories, failure to return to the army upon call, persuading another not to return, and many other acts or omissions might easily come within a carefully worded definition.

The right of a state to punish its citizens for crimes committed in foreign countries is well recognized by the authorities in international law, and is a right with the exercise of which, in strictness, other states have nothing to do. It is founded in the right of sovereignty, which in many countries has a personal as well as territorial character. Continental Europe not only asserts exclusive jurisdiction within its own territory, but also claims a right to hold its subject within the grip of its laws wherever he may go, and to enforce them against him when he returns. This doctrine is not peculiar to the states whose system is founded upon the Roman law. The doctrine of exclusive territorial jurisdiction and the corresponding doctrine that the penal laws of a state have no extra-territorial force, must therefore be taken with this important qualification. The personal jurisdiction of a state over its subjects may follow them abroad and expose them to the possibility of being doubly punished for the same offence, or to the risk of being punished when they return home for an act which was innocent where it was performed; and if the laws of their native country provide for trials *in absentia*, their estates there may be confiscated and their rights of inheritance forfeited in any manner the sovereign pleases.

Even the United States recognizes the possibility of crimes being committed by its citizens in foreign countries and punishable in our courts. According to section 5335 of the Revised Statutes, 'Every citizen of the United

States, whether actually resident or abiding within the same, or in any foreign country, who without the permission or authority of the government directly or indirectly commences or carries on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof, with intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the government of the United States,' and so forth, shall be fined not more than \$5000 and imprisoned. Section 1750 provides for the punishment of the crime of perjury when committed by a person making a false oath, affidavit, or deposition in a foreign country before a secretary of legation or consul of the United States residing there; the person is to be tried, convicted, and punished in the United States courts in the same manner as if the act were committed here. Both of these statutes, however, concern the functions of United States diplomatic and consular officers, and are designed to protect those functionaries and the government against any acts which might impair their efficiency. They strengthen the fiction of ex-territoriality, according to which persons in the diplomatic service of their country carry its territory with them.

That the claim of European nations to control the actions of their subjects while residing in foreign countries is not a mere theory, is illustrated by the action of the German government in enacting a law on October 21, 1915, by which every German subject owning or having a share in any merchant vessel was forbidden to sell or in any way dispose of his interest, this law applying to German subjects residing in foreign countries. The principle is not different from that under which Germany

and Austria hold their subjects, working in American munitions factories, to be criminals or even traitors. In view of the fact that any person violating such a law will never dare go back to his native land, it would be a waste of breath to explain to him that the penal laws of a country have no extra-territorial effect.

Thus the United States is in the unfortunate position of having conferred all the privileges and immunities of citizenship upon multitudes of persons who, in spite of a perfunctory and often farcical renunciation of their foreign allegiance, are bound to their home land by ties of blood, of language, of religion, of law, of sentiment, all woven together into character and rooted in the deepest facts of human nature. And we face the possibility of confronting a nation whose perfect unity has been cemented by the blood of a hundred battles, while our own citizenship is diluted with millions whose allegiance is a legal fiction. Had they not been clothed with citizenship, we could in the hour of need expel them or confine them in concentration camps; but as citizens, until they commit some overt act of treason they are entitled to all the rights of the native-born.

It is most unlikely that any considerable part of our naturalized population would in the event of war take up arms for our enemies; beyond a doubt the vast majority to-day think that in such an event they would fight for their adopted country; but in a state governed by public opinion there are a thousand ways in which the arm of the state may be paralyzed without the use of actual force. It is reported in the papers that the Russian government has caused the execution of two hundred German officers in the Russian army, whose presence there, while they were nominally fighting for Russia, was an element of weakness rather

than of strength. The fact that Austria has been obliged to mix Bohemian and other partially disaffected troops in her armies with those of Hungarian and German blood, is doubtless one of the reasons for the poor showing Austria has made in this war.

It would be interesting to speculate on the influence which would be exerted on the conduct of the war if there were in Germany millions of naturalized men and women of English birth, owning their fair share of the wealth, holding many of the most important posts in church and state, in schools and universities, constantly preaching the superiority of everything British over everything German, denouncing the government, prophesying disaster, dissuading men from enlistment, maintaining secret correspondence with the enemy, doing their best to infect the army with locomotor ataxia and neurasthenia. But (one hastens to add) it is unthinkable that Germany would ever be guilty of the imbecility of allowing so dangerous an element to intrench itself so near the sources of power and authority. Our danger is the natural concomitant of a loose democracy, of a political philosophy which refuses to take thought for the morrow, and of an unheard-of prosperity, so widespread and long-continued as to breed an individualism utterly blind to the deeper interests of society as a whole.

III

The weakness of the United States as compared with other countries in the mobilizing of its spiritual forces, is further shown by the different views taken here and abroad of the right of voluntary expatriation. The attitude of the American government, at least of the legislative department, was expressed in the Act of Congress in 1868 declaring it 'an inherent right of all people,'

and declaring that any 'declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision of any officer of this government which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions the right of expatriation' is 'inconsistent with the fundamental principles of this government'; and that all naturalized citizens should, while abroad, be entitled to receive from the United States the same protection of person and property that is accorded to native-born citizens in like circumstances and conditions.

This idea of the inherent right of expatriation, however, is not generally recognized, and it requires something more than an act of Congress to give a subject of a European state the right to divest himself of his native allegiance on becoming an American citizen. The government of the United States has not, as a matter of fact, attempted to extend its full protection to naturalized citizens who have gone back to their native countries and have there been seized and compelled to perform military service. The completeness of the exemption from foreign allegiance depends entirely upon the consent of the foreign government to the expatriation of its subjects, and European governments have generally not consented to the emancipation of their subjects from obligations incurred before emigration. The extent to which these obligations still hang over the naturalized American is vague and difficult to state in anything like intelligible form; and even highly educated and intelligent naturalized citizens have often been caught in the meshes of European military rules on their return to their native land. It is altogether probable that over the vast majority of the uneducated the old allegiance hangs like a huge shadow, incapable of statement in definite rules, portentous by reason of its very indefiniteness, and exercising a dominion over the imagination

from which no process of naturalization can absolve them. Our government in actual practice recognizes the possibility that a naturalized American may owe military duties to his native state whose fulfillment it is very likely to demand in case of his return; and it has repeatedly endeavored in vain to extricate such citizens from the clutches of their former governments.

A naturalized citizen who realizes that his adopted country cannot and will not protect him against the claims of his native government, and whose heart still yearns for the land of his birth, is only half a citizen; he is as useless to his country in its hour of need as a sword with a steel blade and a hilt of clay.

Our country furnishes many examples of that curious phenomenon, double allegiance. All persons born within the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are declared by the Constitution to be citizens. This is true of the children of non-naturalized aliens domiciled here. But the children of aliens have the same nationality as their parents, according to the laws of nearly all foreign countries, and such children are therefore subject to a double allegiance. In this way, if a German living in this country chooses not to accept the citizenship which we so generously urge upon him, his children born here may, when they grow up, disclaim their American citizenship. A young man born here of alien parents may, if he goes to Europe for study, be forced into the army, and the United States will be powerless to protect him, even though he intends to return and reside here. Even if the alien father be naturalized here, the minor son born here before the father's naturalization, if he returns to his father's native country, is liable to be seized and compelled to perform military service, and his American citizenship will prove to be a mere

fiction. If a German domiciled here is so attached to the memories of the fatherland as to refuse the proffer of American citizenship, and his children while growing up are diligently nurtured in the same sentiments of loyalty, they cannot be relied on by the United States in time of war as Germany and France are now relying on their subjects at home. If in addition to this consciousness of divided allegiance, there are family ties and expectations of inheritance in the old country, it is clear that the Americanism of such persons, considered as an asset in time of war with Germany, must be charged off as worthless, if it be not an actual liability.

IV

Heretofore, most of the questions arising under the naturalization laws have had reference to the duty of the United States to extricate its newly made citizens from difficulties into which they get themselves upon returning to their native land, or in other countries; but the great European war is forcing us to look with some anxiety upon the millions whom we have thus invested with the privileges of citizenship, to see whether their duties and their privileges are reciprocal. We find that many of them seem to think they have conferred a favor upon the United States by accepting its citizenship, with little or no conception of its obligations. They have now two countries instead of one, and are at liberty to evade the burdens of one by seeking shelter under the wing of the other, or to respond to that call which on the whole is most appealing. Germany and France are not fighting this war with soldiers of that kind. Their armies are filled with men whose patriotism is at white heat. So long as all is peaceful the quality of patriotism is not strained;

but when the cannon's roar calls every man to his duty, no man can love two countries: for either he will love the one and hate the other, or else he will cleave to the one and despise the other. A country that will not protect its citizens abroad and on the high seas is certain to be despised. A man may have two citizenships in law, but not in his heart of hearts.

Roman citizenship commanded respect wherever in the world it was asserted; American citizenship seems to mean little either to the great Republic which lightly bestows it or to him who casually accepts it. When St. Paul declared himself a Roman citizen and appealed to Cæsar, it created something of a sensation among his persecutors. When the American flag was displayed during the shelling of the Ancona, to inform the Austrians that there were American citizens on board entitled to protection, it was quite naturally disregarded.

Aside from that large number of naturalized citizens who have taken the oath of allegiance honestly, and who fully believe they have cast off the old ties, there is evidently a considerable number who treat their naturalization as a mere convenience, glory in their loyalty to some foreign country, and would embrace the first opportunity to betray us. Warmed at our hearth, accorded all the privileges and opportunities of a free and too generous republic, they would rejoice at a chance to sting us. We trust they are few in number, but we have no means of knowing. We have conferred the boon of citizenship with such indiscriminating recklessness, we have so neglected the culture of the spirit of patriotism, we have so dulled the sense of duty to the state, that the number of those ready to betray us may be larger than we think.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota, as late as 1909, held a man fit for citizen-

ship who, though forty-six years of age, did not know whether the President of the United States was George Washington or Theodore Roosevelt, but thought it was Washington; did not know where the capital of the state was located, but thought it was probably Minneapolis or Duluth; did not know who was governor of Minnesota, the state in which he had lived for twenty-four years, or where the laws of Minnesota are made, or who makes them, but guessed it was the governor; did not know what it means to take the oath of allegiance to this country; did not know anything whatever about the Constitution, although he had heard of it; admitted that if he took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States he would not know what it meant. The court, with these facts in mind, considered that this man was 'attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States.' With courts of last resort holding such views respecting the sacredness of citizenship; with presidents vetoing every proposal of Congress to adopt a literacy test for immigration; with every corrupt political machine eager to increase the mass of stupid, ignorant, purchasable, criminal, and generally indigestible electors, it is high time we began to look at the matter with a different eye.

In some countries, patriotism has become almost a disease; in the United States, since the inflated Fourth-of-July oration went out of fashion, love of country has become almost a jest: any one who uses the phrase is suspected of spouting. There, its abnormal growth has made it the instrument of a monstrous militarism; here, its neglect has exposed us naked to the depredations of any nation which makes war the supreme science.

It is the spiritual resources of a nation that give value to its material resources; of the two, the spiritual are

the more important. There never was a moment during our Revolution when England could not have crushed the Colonies had she been united and determined; what made the outcome of our Civil War dubious was the presence in the North of a vast number of Southern sympathizers, pouring cold water on the national enthusiasm and declaring the war a failure. Success in our next war may be jeopardized by the presence of a large foreign unassimilated element, which, though finding freedom and prosperity among us, is anything but American.

Two lessons seem very plain. The first is that we must reverse our policy in regard to naturalization. Instead of thrusting it upon reluctant immigrants before they have shown any appreciation of its meaning or any desire to become genuine Americans, we should withhold it from the unfit, and when it is mistakenly granted, we should cancel it as having been fraudulently obtained. In the era that may be approaching, we dare not leave the keys to our house in the hands of persons who, while taking advantage of our hospitality, are meditating how to let in the enemy. We must begin to treat American citizenship as a boon, to be conferred only upon those fit to receive it, capable of appreciating it, and willing to assume the sacred obligations that attend it. Hitherto we have degraded it and rendered it contemptible by bestowing it upon multitudes who had no conception of its meaning; and we have made it seem cheap and worthless by hesitating to afford protection to those entitled to claim its shelter. Having bestowed it as a precious thing upon the deserving, instead of timorously and penuriously shirking its national obligations, and counting the cost of making good its promises, we must make it respectable in the eyes of the whole world.

The second great lesson is that the government, state and national, and every person connected in any way with education, should strive by every means to mould the youth of foreign ancestry into true Americans as fast as possible; to stimulate in them the spirit

of nationality, to inspire them with intelligent pride in our history and political institutions; above all, to implant in their deepest consciousness the truth that their country may justly demand of them the supreme sacrifice, and that patriotism is the noblest of the virtues.

CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE HUNDRED DAYS

BY E. BRUCE MITFORD

WHILE the nations of the West have been raging furiously together, for all the world like the Psalmist's heathen, the East has had an affair of its own, — a by-product, as it were, of Armageddon. To the long list of their differences, dating far back into the past, China and Japan have added one more. Unlike all that went before, however, this quarrel, originating in the action of an Occidental power, has stirred the West almost as profoundly as the East. So close has become the interdependence between those who — the poets have assured us — can never meet.

Peking, headquarters of Orientalism of the age-old type, was the theatre of strife. Ever the home of intrigue, the Chinese capital, on this occasion, excelled itself. Never was such a maze of contradictions, recriminations, imputations, and hard swearing. Men are still asking where lay the rights and wrongs of the matter. What, in truth, was China's attitude? Which of the European powers pulled the strings? As for the aims of Japan toward her vast, lethargic neighbor, must they be written down as selfish and sinister, or altruistic and benign?

The trouble was not of yesterday. In the late nineties, Germany, established in Shantung, menaced the Middle Kingdom from the south; Russia, with a trans-continental railway behind her, was coming down from the north. Clearly a danger to China, this 'forward policy' was also a challenge to Japan. The Western powers aimed at the political and commercial domination of the Middle Kingdom. Like a lion in their path lay the Island power, which had just won its naval and military spurs. So with a cry of 'Hands off!' Japan was hustled out of her fairly won position in Liaotung. But 'the little people' (as the globe-trotter loves to call them), undaunted by the odds, rose to the crisis of their history. To insure the keeping of the ring, they allied themselves with Britain — never more truly great than when she extended the right hand of fellowship to the yellow man. Then, with a sublime audacity, they measured themselves with the colossus, and, at an all but ruinous cost, stayed the Muscovite advance. That was in 1905. The danger from the north headed off, there still remained the reckoning with Germany

— the power which, posing as the Heaven-sent champion of Christendom, sought the ostracism of the Japanese as 'yellow barbarians,' enemies of civilization. The opportunity came last year, when the invitation to retrocede Kiao-Chao, conveyed, with such delicate irony, to Berlin, was sullenly ignored. As the result of naval and military operations, conducted with the skill and thoroughness which have become proverbial of Japan's war-work, the Far-Eastern outpost of Germanism, beloved of the Kaiser, is no more. The signatories of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, posted at Wei Hai Wei and Port Arthur respectively, remain the deliverers of China and the joint guardians of her integrity.

Thus, for the second time in a single decade, China had been laid under a great obligation to her neighbor. What was Japan's reward? Glory, a 'special position' in Manchuria, and — from those whom she had succored — the winter's wind of ingratitude. It was little enough to show for an outlay of a billion dollars and half a million lives. When, therefore, by their third war in twenty years, they had rid Shantung of the incubus of Germanism, it seemed to the statesmen at Tokyo that, with the ex-German lease on their hands, the time was ripe for a general settlement of outstanding questions. Such a settlement, it was hoped, while satisfying claims old and new, would remove all future cause of friction and set the peace of the Far East upon a permanent basis.

Let us try to realize the Japanese point of view. By virtue of their military achievements, the Island people have attained to the status of a great power; but in material resources they are far behind. To the commercial eye — however it may delight the æsthetic — Japan is no land of promise: only the eighth of it has been, or can be, redeemed from the unprofitable hills. In

no other way can a national competence be acquired than by a large development of oversea trade. Near at hand lies China, with well-nigh illimitable possibilities from this very point of view. Japanese commercial circles believe that, in open competition with the West, — thanks to their twin advantages of position and cheap production, — they can hold their own, or more, in that vast field of activity. Thus, they believe, can be remedied the chief weakness of their national economy. But, with all this, there is no idea of 'peaceful penetration,' absorption, or territorial expansion of any sort. Japan recognizes that China is not only the greatest, but the freest, of the world's markets; that practically every Western nation has a stake therein; and that, were she fired with the insensate ambition of acquiring the whole for herself, she would speedily lose that general good-will which she prizes and has long sought to win. Nay more, she would find against her a world in arms.

Commerce without amity soon runs dry. This industrial expansion in China which the Japanese consider of such vital importance to themselves could never be achieved in the teeth of Chinese ill-will — and they know it. So, conquest being out of the question, coöperation must take its place. The concessions for which Japan asked in February of this year were expressly designed to meet this end. They may be said to fall under three heads: (1) the encouragement of commercial intercourse in general; (2) the introduction of the principle of joint Chino-Japanese enterprise; (3) the prevention of future causes of dispute.

The demands were arranged in five groups, officially designated 'articles.' The first four related, in order, to Shantung, South Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, and the Han-Yeh-Ping

Company — an important railway and mining concern largely supported by Japanese capital. They had for their objects, respectively, the adjustment of the new conditions arising out of the expulsion of Germany from Kiaochao; the extension of the leasehold privileges already enjoyed by Japan in her specially recognized sphere; trading and other facilities requisite for the opening of Eastern Inner Mongolia; and the confirmation of the joint status already in existence at Han-Yeh-Ping. Next followed a proviso that China should not 'cede or lease to any foreign country any harbor, bay, or island' on her sea-coast — a stipulation clearly suggested, and rendered expedient, by the events of recent years. The fifth group, or article, — to which the strongest exception has been taken, — embraced all the three principles enumerated above. Concessions for railway construction were asked for in Southern China, subject to the assent of other powers; China was urged to agree to the establishment of a joint Chino-Japanese arsenal, to the propagation of religion by Japanese missionaries, and to the formation of a joint Chino-Japanese police force; and, finally, the Peking Government was requested (a) to engage Japanese advisers 'in case of need' (I quote from the revised text); (b) to pledge itself not to permit the establishment of a naval or military base on the coast of Fukien, opposite the Japanese island of Formosa. Far-reaching though these demands were, they must be viewed in the light of history and of the unique conditions prevailing in the Far East. China's weakness has led to so much trouble that that very weakness is, in large measure, their justification. Nor is there anything in them incompatible with a sincere desire to set China on her feet in a world where she is still a stranger — to the advantage, not only of the two

neighboring peoples but, ultimately, of the West.

Confronted with this new situation, what was China's attitude? She resorted to the policy which has so often stood her in good stead — that of playing off one power against another, in the hope, Micawber-like, that something would turn up. Thus predisposed, she fell among evil counselors, only too ready to work upon her prejudices — the German intriguers at Peking and the representatives of the foreign commercial interests in general. Among the latter, anti-Japanese sentiment is perennial. The Japanese are their most dreaded rivals, and any and every extension of Japanese influence, commercial or political, is opposed to them as a matter of course. In the German minister at Peking, Von Heincke, they found an able coadjutor. Skillfully utilizing the favorable circumstances, German agents, under the direction of their minister, caused the dismissal of the editor of the only paper published in English at Peking, — for no other reason than that he was English, — and, by substituting for him a pro-German Chinese, secured control of its policy. A similar manoeuvre in Japan, carried through with the aid of German residents there, was promptly countered by the Japanese authorities — the paper was suppressed and the entire staff deported; but the Peking journal was permitted to pursue its mischievous work unchecked. Here, as elsewhere, German gold was freely used for German ends. Circulars, *printed in Chinese*, were sent *gratis* to all parts of the country, containing accounts, on the one hand, of dazzling German victories, and, on the other, of such disasters to the Allied cause as the total destruction of the British fleet. Exaggerated and distorted versions of Japan's demands were spread broadcast. With Machiavellian

cunning it was made to appear that these demands were specially aimed against Britain and America. Thus, British advisers throughout China were to be dismissed and replaced by Japanese; while a sort of Monroe Doctrine was to be set up by Japan with regard to China, as a check to American enterprise in the Pacific area. It was useless for Sir Edward Grey, on the one hand, to declare that Japan was keeping well within the letter of the law, and for Mr. Bryan, on the other, to aver that 'neither Japan nor China' had suggested anything which could involve the surrender of American treaty-rights. The stream of misrepresentation continued to flow, and, merely because of its provenance, held the field. Even journals of repute were found complaining, with touching *naïveté*, that the versions of the situation cabled from *Peking* did not tally with those officially communicated by Japan to the governments concerned!

The results of the German-inspired anti-Japanese campaign exceeded the wildest hopes of its propagators. The humane onlooker is wont to side with the weaker combatant, irrespective of the merits of the case. So the assumption became general that the Japanese were taking advantage of the preoccupation of the powers to set up what amounted to a hegemony of the Chinese Republic. As a matter of fact, moderation in the conduct of the negotiations was all on the Japanese side. After the accepted Oriental manner, they had begun by asking more than they expected; but concession after concession on their side brought no response from the other. Among other modifications, the proposals for the propagation of religion and for the formation of a joint police force were withdrawn. Twice the entire list of the demands was revised in accordance with the wishes of the Chinese; but

when presented afresh, they were pronounced as unacceptable as ever. Even the Tokyo government's offer of the voluntary retrocession of Kiao-Chao was met by Peking with a counter-demand that Japan should pay for all damage suffered by the Chinese in the operations undertaken for its capture.

It at last became evident that the Chinese had no intention of coming to terms of any sort. And the explanation of this extraordinary attitude is not far to seek. So successfully had the German agents at Peking done their work that the final victory of the Teutonic powers in the Great War was believed, by the Chinese, to be assured. In that event, of course, Kiao-Chao would revert to German hands, and there would be nothing for China to disburse. Japan, indeed, would have to look to herself. So, they argued, it was obviously unwise to make concessions — whether for the purpose of gaining Japanese good-will or not — over an issue not yet decided. Pro-German Chinese went so far as to suggest that the Japanese, well aware of this, were merely making haste to secure in advance what they might be unable to get if they waited till the war was over.

Thus a matter for the adjustment of which a few weeks should have sufficed, was dragged on into months. No less than twenty-five meetings of the plenipotentiaries took place, with no practical result. Others arranged for had to be postponed through the illness of one or another of the Chinese officials. Popular opinion in Tokyo, well accustomed to Chinese dilatoriness, rose against this unprecedented and unmistakable delay. The staff of the Foreign Office, remembering the assassination of Mr. Abé, not many months ago, for alleged weak handling of Chinese affairs, went in fear of their lives. In these circumstances, the Cabinet called to its aid the Supreme Council of the *Genro*, or

Elder Statesmen, — a measure resorted to only in times of grave national crisis; and it was decided — though not without the greatest reluctance — to use the final argument.

At the eleventh hour Chinese opinion showed a cleavage. Some, foreseeing the next Japanese step, were in favor of yielding before an ultimatum could be sent. Others were for yielding to the threat of force, and to that alone. This, they urged, would have the effect of placing Japan in the worst possible light. While under no delusions as to obtaining armed assistance from the West, they would thus insure the largest measure of sympathy from that quarter. Yuan Shih-kai, there is good reason to believe, was not with the extremists. But the sands of Japanese patience had run out. Upon all this strife of tongues Mr. Heki, the Japanese minister, broke with his government's ultimatum, on May 6. To make its acceptance less difficult, in the interests of Far Eastern peace and in deference 'to the wishes of a certain power,' Article 5 — comprising, in the main, questions not directly concerned with the situation in Manchuria or Shantung — was separated from the main body of the demands, to be held over for future discussion. As to the remainder, a reply was requested within forty-eight hours. It came — in the shape of an unreserved acceptance; and the crisis was ended. The war of patience against intrigue, of progress against reaction, had lasted just a hundred days.

Whether viewed from the historical standpoint or from that of modern po-

litical development, Japan's position with respect to China differs radically from that of any Western power — with the exception, in part, of Russia. The motives which govern her policy are not altogether altruistic; this, as we have seen, she cannot afford to be; but neither are they sordid. It is true that, were the Chinese market to be closed against her, she would suffer irreparable ruin — and she knows it. It is no less true that she takes a higher view of her relationship with China, as of her rôle in the Far East. In the words of her venerable Prime Minister, Count Okuma, uttered years ago, she has a mission in the Oriental world. It is a mission calling for a new way of life. China has been saved from external enemies; she has yet to be saved from herself. Corrupt, weak, and lacking in national spirit, the whilom Celestial Empire is in danger of disintegration and decay. Such a collapse (which to Japan would be a calamity) can be averted only by China's regeneration on Western lines. Yesterday Japan trod that path; she would have China tread it now. But, as the task is infinitely more difficult than in her own case, she would advise, guide, coöperate. Who, indeed, more fitted for the work? Could she accomplish it, future generations of a transformed Cathay would yet arise to call her blessed.

Such, in spirit, is the policy of Japan toward her Chinese neighbor. It is a great and worthy policy. And, because it is both great and worthy, her statesmen may be trusted to pursue it, as far as in them lies, through good report and evil, to the end.

BLACK SHEEP

POSTSCRIPT: THE LAST JOURNEY

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

MEJUN, WEST AFRICA, *July 17.*

I AM about seventy miles southeast of Elat, in a forlorn little town of the Yemvae tribe; got in this afternoon after a run through the forest from Ekwen. Left Miss Eick at the crossroads. She is having a good time, I think. The people are devoted to her; the path she is going is an Elat path; many Christians are in the towns, simple folk who love her. These new people have something to give the black people that we older missionaries have lost — a kind of personal response to their wonder, and a pleasure in their wonder that is worn away in time. Many of the people here have never seen a white woman before. The women laugh at us so much. One clapped her hands with pleasure and said, 'The little talk of her and the little voice and all!'

There are rats 'too much' in this house, and I shall be hearing the little talk and the little voices and all as soon as I turn out the light. Gracious sakes, my dears, they begin already and *b'aduñ ane bôt!*¹

A girl asked me to-night if I knew a charm to give her a child. I have been asked this several times lately.

MASAN, Saturday, *July 19.*

Another rather dreadful town where I shall stay until Monday. When I get into a dreary town like this, I think how satisfied Miss D. would be to see

¹ 'They are as noisy as people.'

me in surroundings as low as she suspects them to be.

Two women have been standing at the door looking at me. I am lying on my cot. They double up with laughter. One says (she is eating), 'Here I stand and my plantain cannot find the path to my mouth for wonder!' And when I told them my mother had borne six children, she said, 'All with bodies like you? Not a black one in all?' They surely would have thought themselves cursed with such a brood.

Wednesday, *July 23.*

On Monday night we slept in the Ntum town of Wo'o. A large town full of waggish old men, full of interest in sex and the humor of that interest, like old French libertines. The men do not wear the headdress any more, but the women are all coiffed. A very beautiful art, I think, very becoming and curiously modifying to the face, so that the face of a Ntum woman, under its casque of brass studs and bead fringe, bridled through the nose with strings of blue or rose beads that pass back of the ear, and strapped across the forehead with a band of beads, — the face of the Ntum woman has a curiously disciplined and softened aspect, a kind of touching submission. I notice this very generally, and Miss E. notices it too. At this town we had quite a success of curiosity. Miss Eick's bicycle was a great wonder. 'And so the white man

has white women,' cries one silly; 'I thought the tribe were just men, men!'

Sunday, August 3.

Three old ladies sit watching me where I lie on my cot. One says, 'So new!' Another says, 'So fresh!' The last says, 'Like a thing newborn!'

I am staying under the eaves of a very grand house. There is a kind of porch fenced in with slats of bamboo, and there are twenty pairs of eyes looking through the slats, children on their hands and knees and bigger ones higher up. I am tired of weeks of this.

I want to write very particularly of Wednesday, July 23, for I suppose I shall never pass another such day. We slept Tuesday night near the fork of the Ntem and the Kom, in a very quiet little settlement. We had a little town to ourselves and rested. Walked to a village in the afternoon, where I had a meeting. On Wednesday we walked through two hours of forest, real forest, but good walking,—a trail, not a path. Lots of elephants had passed within a few days, and we saw the fresh tracks of a gorilla. Afterward we heard from the people that the gorilla, or more than one, had been seen that day. At about ten o'clock we came into the deserted villages of Mengama. In the palaver house a man sat by a bit of fire. My funny Ebolo in his tattered, his really catastrophic trousers, found an old harp in a house. He put aside his load,—the kitchen load, all pots and pans,—and was a new man. He sang our adventures in a beautiful voice—a mock sentimental voice, all laughter and bathos, and mellow, mocking tremolo. I loved him for it. It was a purple patch, a ragged purple patch in the garment of the journey.

Another stretch of forest and we came into the new clearing of Asok. Later in the day I came back to this place. In the middle of the leafy dis-

order of his clearing the headman sat in his little shelter—a young man, heavily braceleted with ivory. There were lots of men in this settlement, and presently many women gathered, all bustled and coiffed, and some rubbed with red powder. Every one was busy: men making furniture for the new town, women knotting little nets, shelling peanuts, grinding corn; and all this individual industry going forward in a kind of common gayety. I think I never saw so—how shall I give you an idea—so harmonious a scene. As I spoke to these people about the things of God there came a pause in the industry. The tool was arrested. The hands of the women bruising green leaves in wooden troughs and the grinders at the stones were idle. Men laughed with a kind of wonder. One woman flashed with interest behind her mask of purple tattoo and bright beads. Another bridled young thing gazed in a great stillness. I see this thing in my heart like a thing shut in from time and change, and I wish that I may never forget it.

We spoke of the new Tribe and of its Chief. Mba came to take me home, for he had heard tales of gorillas. The women followed me to say good-bye; they ran ahead shouting about the Commandments—these people dote on commandments. And these brown creatures headed like flowers were crying to each other, 'Don't steal. Don't commit adultery. Don't kill.' I have seen so much that is sordid, so much that is vile, that I cannot think when I have seen an hour so unspoiled as this, though in 'those days and in those streets,' as Galsworthy says, there must be deeds of horror.

In Wo'o, where one felt the horror very near, there was a beautiful creature, a young woman with four red pompons in her headdress. Her body was rubbed with red powder; it was

young and fine. There is a bloom of light on the outline of a body so covered, and in the shadows there is something luminous too. Strange, morbid beauty!

I am scribbling beside a wood fire in our little camp. A plantain roasts in the ashes for your child. An animal, some frightened little thing, has just crashed through the underbrush near by.

LOLODORF, Monday, *August 11.*

Well, my dears, I am back since Thursday from what I think to have been a good trip, as good as I could have wished. Gone forty-six days, and traveled four hundred and perhaps forty miles. I think I wrote from Ekin, where we camped three nights; left there on Monday morning and were glad to leave, after the ungrateful fashion of transients. We walked until one o'clock the next day, part of the time in the forest, but mostly now on a quite open path, for we were coming out at Ambam, the government post for the Ntum. We slept at Kulezok. We were awfully tired that day. In one of these settlements near Ambam we came on some Efulen people, who were mighty glad to see us, and called one to the other, 'Ah Obam, Ah Bilo'o, come and see the faces of home!'

Now that we had got back to the neighborhood of the white man, the people were ruder, but as curious as ever. In the afternoon I went to see Frau Mülling, the wife of the military officer in charge at Ambam, about an hour's walk from the town in which we slept. I sent Mba Esone to tell her that I would call; in such an out-of-the-way part of the world she could not be looking for callers. Ambam is a cluster of bark houses on a long hill; the houses lie along the crest, a rather noble and leisurely effect. The dwelling house is quite one of the most satisfactory I have seen in Africa — big windows let

into the bark walls, no curtains, the floor covered with a coarse bamboo matting. Frau Mülling came half way down the hill to meet me, pretty and friendly. Her husband was away looking after the disorders across the Ntem; he was to be gone the night. She showed me into a room where there was a real bed, my dears, made up with an extravagance of linen. My room, she told me, and was much disappointed because I could not stay. She took me part of the way back, "a mile and a bittock," with a soldier to follow us because dusk was closing in and she was afraid of leopards.

The road west of Ambam to the beach is beautiful, open but not too open. In a village by the way I had a half-hour session with a proud blacksmith, — the Ntum are great blacksmiths, — and we parted with tears, or nearly. 'We men,' said he, 'love to tell tales in the palaver house, and when we are telling our tales, where is the ring I will be showing the other men to prove that the white woman and I, we are friends?' 'If you speak of tales,' said I, 'I love to tell a tale myself, and where is the present you will be giving me to show my friends when I say that I and the blacksmith from Akumbetye, we are friends?' More of such gentle hints, followed by an exchange of keepsakes. Brass for ivory, and some magic in the ivory too.

When we came out of the forest at about three o'clock, into the sunny upland valley of Nyabet, I met a happy man who had killed a monkey. He carried the most beautiful crossbow I have ever seen, and he carried it with the most noble gesture. 'T is a grand thing to kill a monkey; you rush home in a little wind of victory. I bought that crossbow the next day.

I spent Sunday at Mesamba. On Monday we cut up through the forest to Mfenda, and from there to Nkotoven,

all day in *bilik* and *bekotok* — that is, old deserted clearing; nothing so hard to go through. And it rained. I got into Nkotoven, Bululand, at five o'clock. 'Zamo Ntem,' I call, and old Zamo sits up in her house.

'That little voice,' she says, 'where have I heard that little voice before?'

'Zamo!'

And Zamo comes out slowly, blinking, and then quickly and puts her arms around me and cries oh my sleeve, because old Minkoe Ntem, her sister and my friend, is dead. And they told her at Efulen that I was gone beyond the seas. The owner of that little voice is embraced by many old friends. Zamo cannot sit down to chat; she has guests to feed. She leaves plantains in the kettle for my carriers, and is off to beg a chicken for her dear child. Poor old

woman — she goes far for her chicken; at ten I put out the light and go to sleep, Zamo still away. The young wives of her husband lie down and sleep too. They are Christians, children of the childless Zamo. She is a wonderful person, with hundreds of converts to fill her heart.

In the morning we parted and I had a chicken all my own. She was going to show me a great piece of path, but the old legs got tired. She went too far for the chicken. That day we went through the Mebem *bilik*, not bad. Ate fine pawpaws in a little clearing about a palm tree. Spent the night at Minkan in our own territory, where the people came far to hear us through the night and the rain by the light of reed torches.

I think I shall never see old Zamo again.

(*The End.*)

GUESTS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

IN his essay on 'Character' Emerson points to the mutation and change of religions and theological teachings, and then thunders characteristically, 'The moral sentiment alone is omnipotent.' Now, Emerson never takes away anything traditional and cherished, but he puts something nobler into your hands in place of it. Hear him: 'The lines of religious sects are very shifting, their platforms unstable; the whole science of theology of great uncertainty. No

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man can tell what religious revolutions await us in the next years.' Then with thundering assurance he gives us the coveted reassurance. 'But the science of ethics has no mutation. The pulpit may shake, but this platform will not. All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment.'

I wish it were given me to speak with some such force and truth of what we are wont to call education. Theories are very shifting; the whole science of instruction is of great uncertainty. No man can tell what pedagogic revolutions

await us. But the educational value of life has no uncertainty. Schools may come and go; this, the school of life, remains — the greatest of them all. The highest attainments of mankind are due to its teachings.

In still another essay Emerson, depicting, we suppose, the ideal not the academic scholar, declares with the same tonic forcefulness that 'his use of books is occasional and infinitely subordinate; that he should read a little proudly, as one who knows the original and cannot therefore very highly value the copy.' Always, life is to Emerson the greater art, and learning, literature, and all other arts whatsoever, but lesser things. 'You send your child to the schoolmaster,' he flings out, 'but it is the schoolboys who educate him.'

Precisely. When shall we have taken wholly to heart the so obvious truth? It cannot be but the author of the 'Greatest Show on Earth' was right. The world *likes* to be humbugged; else why all this elaboration of educational systems and theories, educational forms and creeds, this multiplication of modern methods and 'didactic material'? These are, indeed, but things that change and fluctuate, and already are on the way to being superseded. Meanwhile the older and larger school-room of Life never closes its doors, makes no bid for patronage, retains its old teachers, changes its methods not at all, and still turns out the best pupils.

My own education is generally thought to be above the average. It is my belief that it would be far less considerable but for those various circumstances which in my childhood denied me much schooling, and accorded me a good deal of staying at home.

The home of those days had, it is true, a far greater educative value than can be claimed justly for the home of the present day, owing mainly — I hold it almost beyond dispute — to the fact

that it was more given to the practice of hospitality and the entertainment of guests.

Of the homes of my day my own was, I believe, fairly typical. Though a full description of it and of the men and women who frequented it would make a colored recital, so would a like description of the homes of many others besides myself who were children also at that time. I do not mean that such homes were entirely the rule; yet there were enough of them certainly to constitute a type.

Such homes were not luxurious; those of people of less position nowadays are far finer. The old house was a large and comfortable one, with low-ceilinged, well-proportioned rooms, and wide verandas. Its furnishings were in taste, and contributed greatly to its character. The big Holland secretary, with its bulging sides and secret drawer, was a very piece of romance; the tall clock with its brass balls and moon face, the old clawfoot mahogany tables, the long scroll sofa, the heavy scroll mahogany sideboard, were as mellow in tone as the old Martin guitar on which men and women, beaux and belles of a past generation, had played; or the harp that stood in a corner, all gold in the afternoon sunlight; or the square Steck piano of the front room, a true grandee in its day. Several really well-painted portraits looked down from the walls and added a certain stateliness to the warmth of every welcome.

Many people, recalling that home, have spoken to me since of a peculiarly warm and beautiful light which on sunny days was present in the three lower rooms — parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room — that opened one into another.

This light, which had first to make its way past maples and a few pear trees, entered, it seemed, with an especial graciousness, touching softly and

lingeringly the old mahogany as it went; and from morning until late afternoon abode in the rooms with a kind of mellow gentleness hardly to be described. There was something well-mannered, unobtrusive, in its coming and going, as though it were conscious of being a guest there; a kind of gracious enjoyment it seemed to take in the place, noticeable in its gentle behaviors among the dark colors and the old books, and in its manner of moving about delicately from object to object, and pausing at last, as it always did, before the tall pier-glass, as though it pleased it to reflect on the three long rooms, doubled to twice their length, before it slipped away again past the western windows and departed across the hills.

I have mentioned carefully the perpetual coming and going of the sunlight because it seems to me symbolical of that coming and going of guests which perpetually lighted the old house, lent it its chief charm, and gave me my most memorable schooling. The educative value of life has no uncertainty. These men and women who came and went as guests were my first memorable lessons of life, and, as I take it, they were lessons marvelously well adapted to the understanding and needs of a little child.

I would not seem to undervalue the silent influence and worth of that material loveliness which was often found in the old houses of that day, and was evident in my own home; but I believe this alone could have done little to educate me. Such loveliness was but a means to an end. I would be loath to give great credit for my education to the furniture, old and interesting as it was. The real credit is due first to the customs of that time, which made hospitality one of the first virtues, and, second, to the guests who coming there furnished the house with its best opportunities, and incidentally — I beg

you to note that word — afforded me, there can be no doubt, the better part of my education.

How far have we gone, 'progressed' as we say, in a short span of years! I am still a young woman, yet guests are not indeed what they once were. There were poverty and riches in those days, too, but the 'high cost of living,' that phrase forever turning up nowadays, was a bad penny not yet coined, and guest-discouraging 'flats' were anomalies that my old home town rejected.

Guests came and stayed then as they do not now. Visiting was still in those days one of the accomplishments of life; a gracious habit not yet broken up by ubiquitous hotels, ten, fifteen, twenty stories high; not yet rendered superfluous by trains every hour on the hour, or old-fashioned by scudding automobiles which, like Aladdin Abushamut's magic sofa, snatch up whole parties of people and in the twinkling of an eye set them down in new lands, with hardly time for greeting or farewell.

Life may be more provident, compact, convenient nowadays. I am not prepared to dispute it. But of one thing I am certain: the modern child in this almost guestless age has no such chance to acquire a broad education out of school hours as had I whose childhood flourished when guests were the rule and the tinkling of the doorbell was more likely than not to be a summons to a fine adventure in visitors.

Ah, there was an education! An education indeed! Its A-B-C was that every child of the house should be delighted to be turned out of his or her bed, to sleep four in a four-poster or on a mattress on the floor, so that one more guest might be given welcome. Its simple mathematics were concerned mainly with the addition of guests, the eager subtraction of one's own comforts, the multiplications of welcomes, and the long divisions of all delights

and pleasures, which by some kind of calculus miraculously increased the meaning and richness of life. Its geography, if any, was no geography at all beyond the fact that the guest-room was the sunniest and largest and best room in the house, and that exports from all the other rooms flowed into it and rendered it the most desirable and the 'most important city.' As to history, it consisted of people at all times and of all ages, and the traditions of men and women of many types. It concerned itself, not with the succession of kings and durations of dynasties so much as with a succession of visitors and the probable length of their stay.

I cannot say what enlightenment or learning or benefit the guests themselves derived from these visits; though if measured by the frequent length of their sojourn, these must have been very considerable; but I do know that we, the children of that household, gained high benefits immensely educative; I know that we assimilated much knowledge, and attained to much learning of a very high order, intellectual and spiritual; and what is best of all, I know that in that old home, antedating and long anticipating Madame Montessori and her 'Houses of Childhood,' we learned with neither desk, blackboard, nor semblance of schooling, and never for a moment so much as dreamed that we were being taught.

II

This is not the place to enter on a discussion of the Montessori method. Briefly Madame Montessori's chief tenets may be stated thus: Liberty for the child; a careful education of the child's senses, resulting in an extraordinary sense-control to which the child attains without consciousness of learning.

The 'didactic material' (frankly so called by the author of this new system

of education) is material by means of which the child's senses are trained. It consists of many parts. To name only a few, — there are one hundred and twenty-eight color tablets; thirty-six geometrical insets; three series of thirty-six cards; the 'dimension material' consists of nine cylinders, each differing from the rest in height and diameter, ten quadrilateral prisms, ten four-sided striped rods, and so on. This and much more is the equipment daily used in the 'Houses of Childhood.'

The home of my childhood was bare, bare of such things. Neither cubes nor cylinders were there that I remember, nor thermatic tests, nor color tablets, nor quadrilateral prisms; and yet —

What was there of especial value? There was first of all the household. 'The household,' to quote Emerson further, 'is a school of power. There within the door learn the tragi-comedy of human life. Here is the sincere thing, the wondrous composition for which day and night go round. In that routine are the sacred relations, the passions that bind and sever. Here is poverty and all the wisdom its hated necessities can teach; here labor drudges, here affections glow, here the secrets of character are told, the guards of man, the guards of woman, the compensations which, like angels of justice, pay every debt; the opium of custom, whereof all drink and many go mad. Here is Economy, and Glee, and Hospitality, and Ceremony, and Frankness, and Calamity, and Death, and Hope.'

Didactic material enough, if one chooses to call it that. But, besides all this, there were guests; guests who came and lingered, guests of an almost incredible variety. By recalling a few of them I can best explain somewhat of their influence on my life.

The first one I remember very clearly was a beautiful young lady, — beau-

tiful to me — who spent I believe about six months with us. I might have been a trifle over five years old. I remember her with great exactness. Certain sparkling characteristics that she wore as noticeably as the several heavy rings on her white hand, shine still with surprising clearness in my memory.

She was slender. She affected over-skirts. She wore elbow-sleeves, and trains, though she could hardly have been over eighteen or nineteen. Her hair was plastered on her fashionably high forehead in what were then known as 'water waves.'

On a collar of box-plaited lace she often wore a jet necklace, set in gold, a kind of jewelry much in fashion at that time, I believe. Also I remember that she had a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves; and on dress occasions she wore heavy gold bracelets.

But these were all as trifles to the fact that she sang. That was her crowning glory. My mother sang sweetly, too, the beautiful songs of 'her day': 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' 'Lightly the Troubadour,' 'Ye Banks and Braes,' 'The Gypsy's Warning,' 'Roll on, Silver Moon,' 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms' — and many more. When she sang them she played on the old Steck piano or softly plucked the strings of the old Martin guitar, — simple and trill-less accompaniments.

But you, Miss Lou Brooks! You, oh, you! — compounded of every creature's best, — could sing the old and simple songs, if you chose, and very graciously, for any one who asked for them; but better still, if left to your own preference, you could take your seat how languidly at the piano, how gracefully play a prelude in which the white jeweled hands followed each other up and down the keyboard, over and under in what moods and fancies, in what rippling runs and rapid arpeggios; now

lighting to flutter in a twinkling trill, with jewel-flash, like whirring humming-birds; now resting humble, two meek white doves, in the long and waited-for preliminary pause. *Then*, you could break forth at last into what burst of passion and fire of song!

I can close my eyes still and see her. I have not a good memory, but the words come to me almost unerring across the past (and I have to remind you that I was a little over five years old): —

The stars shine o'er his pathway!

(Long pause, with the white hands quivering on the pressed keys!)

The trees bend back their leaves,

(languid softness)

To guide him to the meadow

Among the golden sheaves;

(trills and expectancy!)

Where stand I, loving, longing,

And list'ning while I wait

To the nightingale's sweet singing,

Sweet singing to its mate.

Singing! — Singing! *(the last soft like an echo)*

Swe-e-et singing to-oo its mate!

(More trills and arpeggios to send shivers of delight over you — then in a new measure,)

Come, for my arms are empty,

Come for the day is long,

Turn the darkness into glory; —

The sorrow into song!

(More pauses of which you were glad — then a beginning again of all delight.)

I hear his footfall's music;

I feel his presence near,

All my soul responsive answers

And tells me he is here!

Oh, stars, shine out your brightest!

(this with eyes cast to where the stars should have been)

Oh, nightingale, sing sweet; —

To guide him to me waiting

And speed his flying feet; —

To guide him to me waiting,

And speed his flying feet!

This was what they did in a world outside the walls of my childish experi-

ence! — they sang like that! — of such things! I did not know what it meant save in some incomplete half-lunar way; but its effect drew me, and, like the seasons and tides of the moon, changed the face of the earth for me.

Further, it should be noted that I heard this song not only on one occasion, not detached, isolated, as at a concert. Here was nothing paid for cold-bloodedly at a box-office, here was something all woven in with the daily chance of life. I heard the song many a time. I might come upon it unexpected when I woke from my nap. I might be drawn from my toys by it to the more desirable pleasure of standing big-eyed by the piano while such glory as this rolled round about me; or eat my bowl of bread and milk in the early evening to the accompaniment of it; or try to keep the Sandman on my pillow from throwing the last handful of sand until the final note of it was sung.

Miss Brooks was, I believe, the daughter of an army officer. She had lived in various parts of the world; common on her lips were tales of a life wholly different from that which I knew.

To my eyes, water waves and all, she was incredibly beautiful. Moreover, — and here you see the fine discriminating points which children make, — she was engaged; already selected; chosen; set apart! I cannot tell you what glamour that lent her in my eyes. Child psychology is not a thing that always can be reduced to measurement of reflexes and the like. I responded to all this by some unmeasured law of the soul. This knowledge and appreciation of her, or of her type, if you prefer, was as distinct and yet intangible a thing as the light of the prism. The sun fell on her and was changed to color. I could not touch or define her charm, but it was there; and the color and wonder of it seemed to fall across me too as I sat near her, and upon my sun-

browned hands, if they touched her, until I could see colored jewels of rings on them too, as there might be and as I hoped there would be some day.

I thought then that I was fond of her. Certainly her word was law to me. I know that I used to run my little legs tired to wait upon her. Her smiles and favors were precious to me as only the favors of the beautiful and the gifted can be to a little child. The tap of her fan on my cheek or my hand satisfied me altogether with life.

But I was too near her then to judge of her fairly. I know now the truth of the matter. I have never seen her since. The glamour of her presence no longer colors and impedes the white truth. She was *not* the most beautiful young lady in the world, as I so generously took her to be. She was *not* the only person in the world who could play dazzling accompaniments, and sing to melt one's soul, and make one a stranger to one's self. She was *not* the only one in the universe who knew the dim and lovely secret chambers of a little child's nature. She was after all, only, indeed, by courtesy Miss Lou Brooks. For she was less and more than all this: she was a guest; a passing influence; an ineffaceable impression; a glorious experience; a far adventure in new lands; a glimpse into other worlds unknown; a new planet swum into my ken. She was a magic mirror held up to me — one in which I could for the first time clearly see myself as I might be; she was a glass of fashion, a mould of form. In her I saw moving evidences of a world more wonderful than any of my fancy; she was a passing guest in the house, yes, but a permanency in the scheme of things — a very piece of life itself; and the knowledge of her, an acquirement in learning and an acquisition in education. The educative value of life has no uncertainty.

Let Montessori children in Houses of

Childhood feel of wooden circles and quadrangles and be taught with care the words 'round,' 'square'; let them touch sandpaper and know thereby 'this is rough,' or linen and apprehend 'this is smooth.' I, a child of the same age, needed nothing of such information. I knew smooth and rough more nearly by the mere chance touch of my play-roughened hand on her fine satiny one; I, of a like age, wholly lacking in cubes and cylinders, and color slabs, was learning nevertheless to discriminate between short and long, heavy and light, were it but by dread of her departure, or the length of her train.

Put beside Miss Lou Brooks and all that she taught me and revealed to me, any didactic material you may choose and I wonder if it compares with her. Place beside her most of the lessons learned from books. The rule of three is useful, but I would not exchange her for it. I might do without my multiplication tables, and indeed do get along without them fairly well, never having learned the seven, eight, and nine tables properly. But these I take to be but subordinate things,—pawns, or at the very best but bishops and knights of the game, limited to move in certain lines without deviation, and not to be compared with a queen who can move here or there at will, taking, disconcerting, winning, and setting the whole of life into new relations.

III

I have named Miss Lou Brooks first because she made the first strong impression on me; but she was only one of many not less memorable. She was indeed but one star in a certain notable constellation of guests, which shone in one quarter of my heavens.

Belonging to the same constellation, though of a different magnitude, was the young German army officer, for in-

stance, who came all the way from Germany, where my brother in his *Wanderjahr* had met him. His visit was short but the glory of it enduring. I was not yet seven. I remember how he rose out of respect for me when I entered the room; how he clicked his heels together and stood formal and attendant; how he drew out my chair for me at the table, and saw me seated with all the respect due an empress. To be allowed to come and sit in my brief piqué dress at table with him and his shoulder-straps was an essay in form and a treatise on self-respect.

As brilliant a star but of a steely blue radiance was the physician-scientist, Doctor Highway. He would be classified readily now as a Christian gentleman of highest honor, brilliant gifts, and scientific attainments. But the name scientist was not in those days worn so easily. Huxley and Darwin were old but yet alive, as were many who still believed them to be emissaries of the devil.

Doctor Highway loved truth, he hated falsehood, and this with so much fervor and so little compromise that he was pointed out by some as an atheist. He was perpetually inviting argument, but he, or she, had courage who accepted the invitation. Once, when he expatiated on the marvels of mechanical music-boxes, an older sister of mine, in her early teens, ventured boldly into the open with the tentative remark that wonderful as such music might be, might it not nevertheless lack soul?

I can see him still. He jerked sharply in his chair. He flung his penetrating glance at her and at her only. He said, with a sharpness that had all the effect of anger, '*What do you mean by SOUL!!*'

You have seen a too bold rabbit scuttle into a hole at the near sound of a gun. My sister to outward appearances was still there; but to outward appearances only. She was indeed gone, van-

ished, obliterated, annihilated, — disappeared as effectually as though the earth had swallowed her up. I have no record of the time when she again ventured into the open, but I would be willing to think it was not for years.

I remember supper tables at which his conversations and brilliancy presided. I remember sharp revolutionary statements that fell from him as to Jonah and the whale, the flood; geological testimony as to the length of time consumed in the creation of the world; all given with his fine clear face lit up with a kind of righteous indignation, and his hand brought down at last so that the glass and silver and myself jumped suddenly.

No thunderbolt fell on the house those nights, though I watched for it with anxious waiting. Sometimes I think his was the beginning of my own courage; for whatever moral bravery was in me rose, I think, to honor this greater courage of his, — a subaltern saluting a superior officer. When he was by I listened fascinated. In these long years since he is gone, I too have loved truth; and I could wish for him now sometimes, that the too-complacent guests and cutlery and glassware of our modern dinner-tables might be so startled and shocked by the thunder of as righteous a sincerity.

There was also — how warmly contrasted with Doctor Highway! — the young Byronic musician with the extraordinary tenor voice. He was the pride of his family, and to their dismay was resolved to go on the opera stage. He treated me as an equal and, dispensing largesse, wrote in my autograph book one day, in a fine stirring hand: 'Music my only love, the only bride I'll ever claim.' Later, it is true, he seemed to have repented his resolve and forgotten the album, for I believe that he claimed some two brides besides music; but this did not alter

his educational value; that remained unspoiled.

There was, too, that great flashing fiery star, Mrs. Rankin, at work at the time of her visit on a drama, *Herod and Mariamne*. She had a mannish face; she wore heavy rings on somewhat mannish hands, and was, no doubt, — it is now revealed to me, — an unclassified suffragette, born untimely, denied, cut off by the custom of those days from the delights of militancy, foredoomed to pass out of life with never the joy of smashing a single window.

She talked much of injustice. She had a big voice and a small opinion of men. This it is not unreasonable to suppose they reciprocated with a still more diminutive opinion of her.

One might think from all this that she should have been a pamphleteer. She was not. She was by all odds and incongruities a poetess, driven by the inexorable muse to daily sessions with Mariamne. Mariamne! Ah, what a subject for her, — for *her*!

She must have absolute quiet. She must be undisturbed. During her stay we would romp in from our play to find my mother with a finger on her lips. Above stairs Mrs. Rankin might be pacing her room, declaiming to the hearing of her own judicial ear only, the speeches of Mariamne, delivered in the voice of Herod, and the speeches of Herod, in a voice that should have been that of Mariamne. I can still hear the long pace and stride overhead.

Lest her type seem too strange, perhaps, it was explained to us what Plato explained long ago, that a poet is rapt wholly out of himself and is as one possessed of the gods.

Then, too, which brought her nearer to our sympathies, my mother conveyed to us the more homely knowledge that Mrs. Rankin had had much unhappiness in her life; some Herod of her own, I believe. This secured to her

our more willing respect and laid on us more than the ordinary obligation of courtesy. This virtue on our part was obliged to be its own reward, for there was no other that I can recall.

These people, you will note, were not bound to us by ties of blood. They were rather relations, rich or poor relations, of the spirit. I am bound also to tell of other guests than these: of those who by virtue of tradition and blood we more wontedly call 'our own'; men and women of my mother's and father's families; aunts and uncles and 'relatives' as we say.

But before I pass on to these, there is need to mention one more, at least, of the relations of the spirit — that one to me most memorable of them all; the young dramatist-poet, with his flying tie and his heavy hair, to whose romantic name — Eugene Ashton — I would how gladly have prefixed the title 'Cousin' had I but been entitled to it; who was nevertheless cousin-german to the spirit of me, or closer still, a kind of brother-of-dreams. He had been into distant countries of the soul — that was clear by a far-away look in his eyes. I used to sit wordless and well-behaved in his presence, but I slipped my soul's hand in his, very friendly, the while; I wandered far with him into realms of fancy, and counted his approval and the merest glance he gave me as very nearly the most desirable thing I could attain to.

I can see him still, and those gray eyes of his, as young as the young moon and as many centuries old; I can still hear his very noble voice, reciting from time to time, as he was wont to do, some of his own verses. Or I can see him leaning forward, his gracious body bending into the firelight, to talk over with my sympathetic mother his plans for recognition and fame.

How little we guessed that his life was even then near to its setting. When one sees the morning star in the dawn, or Hesper in the twilight hanging limpid, golden, one does not wonder will its glory be long or short: so much it holds one with its immortal loveliness, little thought is given to the near-by day, or the night which shall quench it.

The other stars, Miss Lou Brooks, Mrs. Rankin, and the rest, shone long and high in the firmament of my childhood; but the mellow light of the gifts of Eugene Ashton, like the more splendid Hesper, hung low, already low on the horizon.

I shall not forget that morning we heard of his death. 'Eugene Ashton is dead!' The news was not kept from us children. Yet I remember, too, that beyond the first sorrow and shock of such news lay a pardonable pride. He had loved our home; he had found comfort and rest of spirit there. I could still see his gray eyes looking into the firelight, and the bend of his gracious body, every inch of him a poet. There with us, he had dared to be his best and had shared his gifts; his personality had lighted up those very rooms and his voice had sounded in them there where still my daily lot was cast. He had been our guest — to me the most memorable of them all. And now he was gone. Where? A kind of glory followed the thought. He was gone down over the rim of the horizon of life to the land of Death, as splendid there as here. We had lost him, whereas he, you see, had only lost us. It was our lives that were darkened, not his. It was on our lives, not on his, that the night fell. So he also, having been as a 'morning star among the living,' now, having died, was

'as Hesperus giving
New splendor to the dead.'

(The second part of 'Guests' will deal with the author's blood-kindred.)

THE PATHOS OF AMERICA

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

THE American people are unconscious of their pathetic situation. Yet to perceive it requires but a moderate knowledge of the laws of life. We are the only prosperous people in the world at present. We alone are not weighed down either by war, by mobilization, or by extreme anxiety. Nor is it clearly our fault that we are fattening while the rest of the world grows lean. It is, nevertheless, portentous.

During our Civil War, some men in the North rapidly grew rich; but sacrifice kept the people chastened. Now throughout the European world an enormous castigation and, it may be hoped, purification, is taking place in which we have no share. We are not exhausting our resources for a cause, or draining our blood. Instead, we are making huge profits.

How can we help it? Are we to blame? We did not bring on the war; nor do we clearly owe to any other country a duty to take part in it. France and England cannot reasonably reproach the United States on this ground. We have no army, and but a questionable navy; there really was no way in which we could attack a foe across the ocean. And the citizens of the United States are a mixture of many peoples, with different traditions. They are, however, what they are, living in a certain organized way, through a complicated social organization, of which they are somehow part, but for which they do not seem altogether responsible. They are equipped and fitted to do the things they do; but neither

fitted nor equipped for lofty sacrifice, unless, perhaps, in case they should be obviously driven to it. The machinery of their life enables them to fulfill some generous and unsacrificial instincts, and give, say, a tithe of a tithe of their profits to Belgium and France.

Let the imagination bestir itself: might not the American people have thrown a propitiatory sop to the fatness of their fate, by presenting five hundred million dollars to England and France, instead of loaning it at a good interest? Such a gift was impossible. There exists no machinery for making such a gift, but very ample and efficient machinery for making such a loan. Does not the exchange of commodities depend upon the expectation of profit? There literally exists no machinery for producing and shipping exports in requisite quantities — wheat or leather or munitions — save in the hope of profit. That hope enters into the entire process; it is an essential part of the machinery — part of our institutions, of our society, of our ineradicable motives, and of our fate. Under present conditions, the world is our oyster, and we must eat it. We must grow obese, with belly distended for some thrust of retribution, which will equalize us with humanity at large. That retribution will come in lowering of character, in loosening of sinew, perhaps in giant calamity, or perhaps not. But it will come; for we have lost our share in the strength which arises through denial and sacrifice. An Isaiah might point this out more definitely!

Conceivably some great power of motive might save us; but only a power of motive as much beyond us at present as it is a necessary part of our salvation. Above the stomach this nation scarcely exists as a nation. One must pity the United States in this world-crisis for lacking a vital motive sufficient to lift them into something above a digestive and nutritive organism. Spiritually they are footless and formless. And that there is no visible means at hand for making us other than we are, is one element of the pitifulness and piti-

lessness of our situation and our fate.

Again, it is not clear that we have been specifically culpable. We are netted in dilemmas of the flesh. They make our fate. And should we turn from 'fate' to God in upward yearning and in prayer, what could we pray, unless a prayer like this: Grant and fulfill, O God, the prayers that we should pray, were it not for our ignorance, and the impotence of our swinish natures. Praying thus, we should add a prayer to be made able and prepared to accept — the granting.

ON UNDERSTANDING THE MIND OF GERMANY

BY JOHN DEWEY

I

MANY psychologists are now saying that the wish is uniformly father to the thought. Above the surface of consciousness rise intellectual structures of which we fancy ourselves the lords. Some are more spacious, others less so; some rickety, some solid. But all, we imagine, have been built by the master-builder — cold reason. But these psychologists tell us of vital instincts, obscure inclinations, imperative preferences at work below the surface of consciousness and shaping the systems of belief, seemly and unseemly, which show themselves above. As unseen forms build up islands of the seas, these hidden stirrings of hope and fear create our thoughts. These psychologists may exaggerate. But the intellectual outgivings of the present war look like a demonstration of their thesis.

Emotional perturbations are so deep and general in war that any one who keeps himself outside can behold the suborning of intelligence in process. The native partisanship of thought and belief becomes flagrant. These glory, naked and unashamed, in their simplicity of bias. Impartiality and detachment of mind are suspicious traits. A loyal and serious soul, so it seems, does not weigh evidence too closely or reach conclusions too scrupulously when his country's fate hangs in the balance. A once philosophically minded Englishman now writes 'on the peacefulness of being at war.' For an emotion which sweeps all before it, so undivided as to leave room for but one kind of thinking and one form of belief, affords a sweetly complete sense of certainty. In it the discriminations and doubts which always accompany the efforts of a critical intelligence are submerged.

It is characteristic of emotion to develop only those ideas which support and reinforce their own operation. Their subtlest work is to produce intellectual structures which effectively mask from view whatever would trouble action were it recognized. To suggest beliefs which feed desire is a simple matter. To build up beliefs which prevent perception of what is undesirable within desire is a more complicated affair. Men are profoundly moral even in their immoralities. Especially do they in their collective and persistent activities require the support of a justifying conscience. Nothing is so paralyzing to action as prolonged doubt as to the justice of one's cause. The notion that men can act enduringly and deliberately at the expense of others, in behalf of their own advantage, just because they perceive it to be their own advantage, is a myth — in spite of its currency. Ideal ends and moral responsibilities are always invoked. And only uninstructed cynicism will assign conscious hypocrisy in explanation. Men must be stayed in their serious enterprises by moral justifications — this is a necessity which knows no law but itself. We may learn a lesson from the prevalence of the doctrine of the divine rights of kings. As long as absolute monarchies had the sanction of contemporary events, they did not appeal for justification to supernatural sanctions. Only when their rights became humanly questionable was recourse had to superhuman but-tressing.

In times of peace it is possible to idealize war. Imagination, left to its own devices, forgets the disagreeable and dwells upon glory. In times of war, suffering, misery, the agonies of destruction, are too immediate and urgent to permit this course save to the hopelessly callous or the hopelessly romantic. Hence idealization is transferred

to the cause for which the war is fought. Even the most righteous of wars involves many illusions of this sort; the less justifiable the war, the more surely do the emotions develop ideas and beliefs which may disguise the lack of justification. The vehement conviction of each warring nation of the absolute righteousness of its own cause is the whistling of children in the awful unexpectedness of a graveyard. But it is this only superficially. In its depths it represents the labor of desire to procure a moral justification which will arm action. Only the most placid or the most trivial of existences is endurable without some belief in its own moral necessity. How can the horrors of war be borne without conviction of moral justification?

Each nation naturally expresses its own moral grounds in the terms which its history has made familiar and congenial. The formulæ chosen are appealing and convincing to other nations — say neutral nations — in the degree in which they are uttered in a familiar and understandable tongue. The average American understands the moral defense of Great Britain readily. It is couched in the terms which we should naturally employ in our own justification. So far as distance permits us to judge, France has been the least clamorous of all the nations at war; but her justifications, also, are uttered in a language which we understand, even if it be not so naturalized among us as the moral speech of England. But it is noteworthy that Americans — except German-Americans — who sympathize with Germany do not explain and justify her cause in the language which the Germans by preference employ. The former assign reasons of expediency and practical political necessity, — not the broad sweeping moral reasons which the latter put forth.

The case of the invasion of Belgium is signally in point. American apologists sought for technical and legal justifications — the origin of the treaty in a Prussian, not an Imperial, guaranty, and so forth. They ignored the plea of the justification by a superior national mission, by the doctrine that the day of the small nationality is past since it obstructs the required organization of humanity. The true Germans ignored the legal technicalities of their American apologists. The only point upon which the two agreed was that of the right conferred by military necessity. And this proffering of the doctrine of necessity was to most Americans a sign that the intellects as well as the sympathies of their compatriots had become Germanized. In a most literal sense the mind of Germany is foreign to us; it is not to be understood without an effort.

II

Each nation, I repeat, expresses its justification through the ideas which its past history has made most intelligible to itself — in terms, that is, of its own national philosophy. The English are traditionally Protestant, evangelical, and individualistic in their consciousness. Their moral defense instinctively takes a personal, a moralistic, form. The blamelessness of their own conscience, the virtuousness of their motive — such as the defense of the sanctity of treaties and their pledged word — support them. Since their activities, as distinct from their consciousness, have been largely commercial and imperialistic, it is not surprising that the hypocrisy, the unctuous pharisaism, of the British have become proverbial among nations with another cast of thought. But since the emotion of good intent is a perfectly genuine phenomenon, the English are

truly puzzled by the accusation. Nothing is more remote from their all too hearty and bluff straightforwardness than conscious double-dealing. America has been educated too largely in the English tradition to get the full force of the Continental charge of hypocrisy. But it should be possible for us to see that every nation has its peculiar self-interest, and hence its own mode of partly disguising and partly justifying the operation of that self-interest.

The devotion of the French to general ideas, to impersonal formulæ, is as marked as that of the English to rectitude of personal motive. Their justifications are congenially expressed in the ideas of reason, humanity, and civilization. The reaction of the English to these abstract notions — in the past — has been the charge of childish vanity and love of glittering rhetoric. The accusation, from the Continental side of the Channel, of perfidy was met by the counter charge, from the insular side, of incredible levity. But an intelligent outsider will find, I think, only a divergence in the manner of seeking and finding the mental sanction required for effective action.

In any event, the English and the French have long been in contact with each other. They have learned each other's catchwords of defense and recrimination. One can hardly imagine them, so far as international intercourse is concerned, taking each other by intellectual surprise. But the self-justifying consciousness of the German was, up to the time of the war, practically an unexplored territory to the Englishman. He noted, of course, the practical activities of the former. Up to the period of the achieving of German national unity in the early seventies, nay, up to the time of the naval developments of the nineties, these activities met mainly with his acquiescence, even his approval. At all events, the

activities were quite explicable to the English on the basis of principles with which they were quite familiar. They were characteristically incurious as to whether the same principles animated the German understanding of Germany's activities. They took no occasion to acquaint themselves with the bulwarks of moral explanation which had been erecting in Germany since the day of the Napoleonic wars. If account was made of them, they were not taken seriously. They seemed to be innocently speculative, or an evidence of the peculiar interest of Germans in introspective metaphysics.

Hence the intellectual unpreparedness of the English for the war — their unpreparedness for understanding the meaning which the Germans assigned in justification of their activities. They had no forewarned mind about the German mind. This explains the rapid growth and spread of the Nietzschean myth. Nietzsche had urged, so it was thought, that all reference to moral ideals and sanctions was a sign and a source of weakness. Well, here was an entire people which had become exemplars of that doctrine: a people which had quite consciously thrown off, in their international politics, the last vestige of need for any moral basis and aim; a people which had deliberately adopted the doctrine of force as its own justification.

The only thing which might have given a clew to the mind of Germany — the mind, I say, not the activities — was the greatest stumbling-block. I refer to the professed idealism of Germany — what I have elsewhere called its self-conscious and self-righteous idealism. To most Englishmen who thought of this idealism at all, it seemed to be a weakness — rather amiable though futile — for an introspective and sentimental philosophy. Since the sole approach to an understanding

was ignored or misconceived, there was a frantic clutching for any explanation, and a unanimous cry of relief when Nietzsche was laid hold of. That anti-Prussian individualist, that rebel against any philosophy of regimentation and subordination, figured along with Treitschke and Bernhardi as a war-god of the tribes of the Huns. That Treitschke had assumed a philosophy of the state and history distilled by Hegel and Fichte from idealistic philosophy, and given it an acrid positivistic application to contemporary affairs, was unnoted. In vain were the allusions of Bernhardi to the categorical imperative and the idealistic mission of Germany spread over his pages.

There are scores of illustrations of the hiatus between the German conception of themselves and the English reading of their mental and moral temper. *Kultur*, the catchword of the war, is as good as any. It is readily comprehensible that the English, after what seemed to them the extreme German braggadocio about superior *Kultur*, should have adopted Louvain, Rheims, and the Lusitania as emblems of *Kultur*. As things go in war, this was a fair hit. But they also went so far as to believe that these events meant to the Germans just what they meant to themselves: deliberate assertion that might is the only right, and a claim of absolution from duty and humanity. How far this was from the German state of mind may be seen in the following words of an influential German newspaper respecting the sinking of the Lusitania:—

'We base that deed on the claims of the higher humanity which is the foundation of every national life. What appears inhumanity to the Americans was in the higher sense humanity. . . . National self-respect demands that a state shall not lay aside its holy du-

ties, even if their fulfillment seems to involve harshness or cruelty. Would that the Americans could grasp this conception of humanity.'

It is not easy to take in fully the meaning of such words. Presumably a German would hardly use them save in the emotional stress of war. But only if we forget for the time being what we have heard about Nietzsche *et als.*, and put ourselves in the atmosphere of these words, can we put ourselves in the path which leads to an understanding of the German mind. For the *Kultur* for whose preservation the war is waged is (to this mind) a sacred necessity for all humanity. The ideal is not force; it is the systematic organization of all forces, natural and social, by means of devotion to science and to honest patient work, in behalf of the victory of the ideal of organization over the ideal of chaotic individualism; of science over blind muddling along; of thorough work over superficial display. To fail to employ force, of every kind and in every way, to defend such a possession would be treachery to the German ideal and hence to the cause of humanity. Such spiritual sloth may be left to other nations.

Even those of us who retain enough impartiality to recognize that efficient organization, detailed application of science, and patient work have been marked traits of German life, may fail to see that the present war is one waged in defense of these admirable qualities against the attacks of outside greed, envy, and desire for revenge. But if we are to achieve an understanding of the German mind about itself in general, and itself in this war in particular, we have to get a vision of Germans seriously and sincerely holding ideas which we can hardly present to ourselves without an element of irony and caricature. Just as we take it for granted that the French should con-

ceive themselves as especial guardians of rationality and civilized intercourse, the English as filled with a sense of the virtuousness of their motives, so we must learn to think of the Germans as convinced of their superior idealism and universality of outlook. Just because their *Welt-Anschauung* is superior, it is a duty not so much to themselves as to humanity itself that they should have made every preparation, scientific and technical as well as personal, to defend it and win acknowledgment for it: such is their mind about themselves.

III

The English, I repeat, were conspicuous in unpreparedness to understand the mind of Germany. The French outcry, in spite of their greater suffering, has been restrained. Not only have the Latin races long conceived the Teutons as still only partially civilized, but the French were specifically instructed as to the German temper of mind. The defeat of 1870 had turned the mind of a generation to ideas and things German. Their lucid curiosity, their unequalled ability in *Comptes Rendus*, had borne fruit in a multitude of informing studies. A dozen, probably a score, of writings in French could be named (published mainly since 1890) for which no parallel can be found in English. In the latter tongue there are excellent political histories, admirable studies of government, administration, domestic and civic life. But it is hard to find any accounts of German ideas, of the specifically German temper of mind, which compare with a multitude of French books. If one wants to know about their national psychology, about the background and development of their beliefs in social and political philosophy, about not merely their economic activities and theories but the

mental disposition which attends them, about their religious ideas, about the way in which they have conceived and written history, one goes to French studies. And one finds a record of fact, accompanied with insight into the emotional and moral temper implied in the fact. The foreigner is not well able to judge as to the military preparedness of the French; as to their intellectual preparedness there can be no doubt. The accounts are not only clear and objective; they combine with a subtle irony an equally subtle admiration for many German ways.

Only a mental unreadiness on the part of the English would have made possible the rise of the Nietzsche myth. Strange to say this unreadiness was increased, not diminished, by the immense interest taken in professional German philosophy in the generation after 1870 — the generation of revolt against the empiricism that reigned in Great Britain from Locke onwards. It is even true that to all appearances the classic idealism of Germany flourished more in England than in Germany during the decade of the nineties. Admirable books were produced about Fichte and Hegel as well as Kant. But the interest in German philosophy was of a kind to close the eyes to the characteristically German temper which gave edge to it.

In part, this was merely a result of the unfortunate way in which the history of philosophical thought is too usually written. It is only too customary to discuss systems of thought apart from their social context; it is only too customary to write gravely about them as if they were like unto mathematical systems, and the only question was of their absolute truth or falsity. This habit, of course, leads to expositions which may be scholarly and technically accurate, but which ignore everything which is symptomatic of the

national mind. It is a matter of indifference whether the system arose and flourished in Greece, Turkey, the moon, or Mars. But this general cause was reinforced at this juncture by a special need of English thought. To all appearances the traditional philosophy of Great Britain had more than served its time. Its empirical character was allied with a somewhat narrow individualism. In the later nineteenth century extreme individualism was a source of danger.

German philosophy was seized upon as a weapon with which to attack the former official philosophy of England. It is more than a coincidence that the reign of German idealism in Great Britain coincided with the revolt against *laissez-faire* liberalism in economics and politics, and with the growth of collectivism. In religious matters it coincided with an increasing failure of dogmatic Protestantism, combined with a desire to preserve the moral and emotional content of a faith which was no longer accepted literally. In religion the older liberalism had proved rather thin; German idealism added substance. Consequently the English attitude was not concerned with what German idealism meant at home, but with what it could do in Great Britain. Everything which did not contribute to this end was ignored, or else treated as a mere technical blemish without serious import.

German philosophy was taken not only innocently, trustingly, but eulogistically. It supplied 'organic' constructive principles with which to contend against the manifest defects of historic English particularism. The 'categorical imperative' appeared in a halo of glory, due to its contrast with a mechanical profit-and-loss theory. The Hegelian conception of the state was transfigured in its contrast with a

police conception of government. The German notion of history as an immanent evolution of an Absolute Idea shone in contrast with that absence of a sense of the moral value of historic continuity which John Stuart Mill noted as the weakness of his own spiritual forbears.

No atmosphere could be less conducive to an appreciation of the standing of German idealism as an instrument of national apologetics. A too critical attitude toward German thought would have weakened its fighting value in England. The obvious course was followed. German thought was abstracted wholly from its own social setting and bias. It was conceived as it would have been if it had been an indigenous product adapted to the especial needs of contemporary England. It was a balm for social wounds; a medicine for religious ills; a tool of educational and political reconstruction. No point of view could have been more unfavorable to understanding what Germany itself found in its *a priori* and absolutistic idealism and in its own philosophy of history. The continuity of the German mind of 1914 with that forming in 1814 in the struggle for national existence was lost from sight. The thinkers who should have been the ones to interpret the German mind to England were just the ones most taken by surprise. That a philosophy so obviously desirable and needed in England could suddenly appear as a weapon of offense aimed at the peace of Europe and the well-being of England was impossible. A spiritual revolution, symbolized by the Nietzschean will to power, must have overtaken the Germany of idealistic philosophy. Mr. J. H. Muirhead, one of the English disciples of the classic idealism of Germany, has no recourse save to consider its present philosophy as 'the great apostasy.'

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IV

It is interesting to speculate whether England has not suffered grievously because, at a turn of its social and political tide, it could find no alternatives between persisting in an outworn native philosophy and entirely abandoning it for a foreign importation. In spite of the professional vogue of the latter, it never made its way into the popular mind. Since the eclipse of John Stuart Mill, England has had no native philosophy. Is this fact possibly connected with its muddling along? The speculation is interesting, but it belongs to another story save as it is connected with the difficulty of the English (and of Americans who have followed the English clew) in understanding the mind of Germany. In contrast with the fiction of a complete rupture between the older and the present thought, Professor Francke speaks the words of soberness and truth in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, when he argues for the essential continuity of German mind in the imperial Germany of the present and the cosmopolitan Germany of Kant, Schiller, and Goethe, and makes his appeal to Fichte and Hegel instead of to Nietzsche.

Continuity, observe; not identity. Continuity permits of development, even of transformation. Continuity may be understood from either end. We may employ the earlier stage to interpret the later; we may employ the later to appreciate and understand the earlier. Thus it is that the fact of continuity may seem to some the condemnation of the classic philosophy; to others the justification of the present mind of Germany. We are on safer ground when we ask after the ideas which have conferred continuity upon the German moral consciousness, and ask what changes of color they have

undergone in the century between Jena and Liège.

I find nothing to subtract from the formulæ of Professor Francke. Unconditional submission to duty, salvation through ceaseless striving of will, the moral mission of æsthetic culture—so far as they go, these seem to me the ideas which have formed the continuing mind of Germany. If anything is to be added, it is an idea which in no way conflicts with the three ideas cited. It is the idea of historicism—to employ an expressive if barbarous locution. And for present purposes it makes no difference whether one connects the idea with Herder, or Lessing, or with Fichte (in his later period) and Hegel. By historicism I mean the notion of an Ideal, a Mission, a Destiny which can be found continuously unfolding in the life of a people (at least of the German people), in whose light the events which happen are to be understood, and by faithfulness to which a people stands condemned or justified.

This fourth conception is not, however, so much an addition to the other three factors as it is an expression of the way in which they are to be understood. For during the nineteenth century the ideas which were first applied to individuals were transferred to the state as itself an individual, and so gained a new meaning. The transfer is obvious in the case of the Kantian idea of duty. With Kant duty marked a connecting link between the individual and humanity; it expressed what was truly human and thus universal in man. But 'humanity' is not yet organized. There are no social institutions in which humanity, as distinct from local or national citizenship, is embodied. It expresses a mere rational ideal; something which is not realized, though it ought to be. Consequently Kant himself proclaimed that while men are to act from the motive of duty, duty is

an empty notion. It has to get its filling, its specific subject-matter, from empirical circumstance.

This may sound like a mere philosophical technicality. But it turned out otherwise. Kant thought of duty as a command; as, in his own words, an imperative. The essence of morality is obedience. That Kant thought of it as obedience to an abstract law of reason representing an ideal of an unrealized humanity, is evidence of his own noble aspirations. But human beings at large can hardly guide themselves by such remote abstractions. An identification of the essence of morality with obedience to law lends itself to an implicit acquiescence in whatever laws happen to impinge upon the individual. The modern age inherited from mediæval thought the notion of morality as obedience to a sovereign command. As late as the seventeenth century, the central question of all political moral theory, even in England, was the legitimacy of resistance to constituted authority. In the eighteenth century thought in England and France moved away from the mediæval notion of obedience as central in morals. Kant was a means to fastening the idea upon German thought. The fact that he gave the idea a singularly elevated tone was just what enabled the idea to survive against the forces which everywhere else had undermined the identification of morality with obedience to the command of authority.

The merging of the idea of moral obligation into that of political obedience was furthered by the Germanic exaltation of the state. When the authority which demands acquiescent obedience is thought of as 'the manifestation of the divine on earth'; when, as in Professor Francke's words, the state is thought of as 'an organism uniting in itself all spiritual and moral aspirations,' it is only too easy to identify

moral duty with political subservience. The ideal of a collective nation embodying a divine purpose in its historic development took captive the Kantian idea of duty; it replaced the endeavor of the isolated individual to realize in his own humble sphere the ideal of a law as broad as humanity. A cosmopolitan ideal, evolved in an agricultural, quasi-feudal, weak, and divided Germany, became an intensely nationalistic reality in a united, imperialistic, industrial, and prosperous Germany. Thus I think that Professor Francke is entirely right in saying that in the Germanic exaltation of the state as a supreme ethical entity, the line of moral regeneration which took its start from Kant reached its climax. But there are also opportunities for degeneration when moral obligation is found in political subordination and subservience.

At all events, the fact that German thought still entertains a type of moral conception which has well-nigh evaporated in the cultures of other modern nationalities, throws light on the difficulties the non-German world has in understanding the language in which intellectual Germans formulate their ideas and justify their practical policies. The Germans are always saying that the American lack of sympathy with the German cause is due to the fact that we get our information from British sources, and hence do not understand the Germans. Well, it is not a matter of the source of our information, but of the source of our ideas. And it is not a matter of the past year or the past twenty years. For over two hundred years our minds have been educated in English political ideas to which German thought is foreign; for over a hundred years, our ideas have been fed upon an even more disparate social philosophy, that of the French struggle for *liberté*. There can be no disguising the fact that our American

conception of freedom is incompatible with the idea of duty as that has developed in Germany. I make no attempt to decide which is right. I only say that they are so incompatible that minds nourished on one ideal cannot readily understand the type of mind nurtured by the other.

V

The second element in the continuous tradition of Germany is said to be the ideal of ceaseless, restless striving. The gospel of the strenuous life, of the value of energy of will for its own sake, has sometimes been thought to be peculiarly American. I think Professor Francke is right in believing it to be distinctively German. An American must after all have an end to call out and centre his activities. Results are needed to justify an activity. Otherwise his restless striving, his taut energy, becomes neurasthenic. I fear we are not sufficiently particular as to the character of the end or the quality of the results. Almost anything will do, from winning a ball game, or forming the biggest business corporation in the world, to converting a community to Billy Sundayism. But some end there must be to account for the expenditure of energy. Otherwise the cult of will never lays hold of us. Consequently when we find the example of Emperor William cited as a 'particularly conspicuous evidence of this spirit of striving,' as an example of 'universal and impassioned impulse of achievement,' our reaction is cynical rather than admiring. That, we say to ourselves, is just about the sort of example we should expect to find. We have difficulty in understanding it as other than a semi-pathological love of the lime-light. We may be wrong, but we cannot, it must be admitted, understand how and why we are wrong. For it is

ingrained in us that some end there must be for which energy is exercised. Towards activity merely as ceaseless striving we react in what is perhaps our most characteristic national slang: Give us a rest.

To the German, on the other hand, this inability of ours is another evidence of our utilitarianism, our Philistine culture. But even Germans recognize, I think, that this idea of universal striving as an end in itself is a child of Romanticism. Similarity of words is often a bar to mutual understanding. The Germans say *Wille*; we say *will*. Hence the easy assumption of a community of meaning. But our word is affected (or infected, if you please) with the spirit of a Puritanic morality, and of struggle for political liberties and economic savings. The word suggests personal resolution and endurance in the face of disagreeable odds. But *Wille* suggests an impersonal, an absolute energy striving through personal channels for manifestation. It is affected by the Romantic movement. The conception is calculated to impart a tinge of enthusiasm to deeds otherwise prosaic; it colors with emotional universality (or mysticism) the specific jobs which have to be done. But it also is admirably calculated to serve as a protective moral device. Activities which are 'all too human,' activities which have a definite practical goal of advantage in view, seem to lose all taint of self-seeking and to gain a sacred character when they are felt to be manifestations of a universal Over-will. Materialistic things look quite different when they are viewed as the necessary consequences of an idealistic devotion to the gospel of ceaseless striving; when they are looked upon as the conquest of spiritual will over matter. The doctrine lends itself, assuredly, to intellectual confusion and to self-deception.

Moreover, this conception has also been invaded by the nationalistic idea — by the conception of the German state as a peculiar incarnation of a spiritual force unfolding in history. The older Romanticism was at least confined to superior personalities striving for wide cultural achievements in their own private spheres. Transfer the habitat of spiritual energy from the strivings of the private person for the enrichment of his own life to the organized public state striving for the expansion of its own powers, and you get something like the current Teutonic apologia for the present war. I have no doubt that there are some German statesmen who know precisely what the present war is about; what particular concrete gains are at stake. But to the 'intellectuals' of Germany — *vide* the manifestos they have showered upon us — the object is that utterly Romantic thing: the expansion of Kultur, the spread of distinctively German ways of thinking and feeling. In short, the war is a part of the ceaseless striving for realization on the part of the *Wille* embodied in the German people. That the French and the English should have *specific* objects in view, particular advantages to gain and disadvantages to avoid, seems to many highly instructed Germans (if we may trust their language) something peculiarly base. It is no wonder that German rulers frequently speak with contempt of the political capacity of German subjects. But one must question whether there is anything but a diversion of what might have been political capacity into the channels of Romanticism.

VI

The extraordinary revival of interest in the Middle Ages associated with Romanticism is a familiar fact. To it we owe most of our modern appreciation

of the real life of that period. One may ask, however, whether we are dealing with a revival or a reversion. The affection of the Romantic spirit for the Middle Ages seems to be an expression of its own mediæval quality. I am not ambitious to characterize the spirit of Romanticism as that has shown itself in Germany. But certainly one of its marked features is an exuberance of unchastened imagination, and an introspective reveling in the emotional accompaniments of such an imagination. How largely German philosophy has sought refuge in an inner world, a world of consciousness; how largely it has made traits of this inner life a measure of reality! From the standpoint of one who is not a subject of Romanticism this means but one thing. The Romantic spirit has deliberately evaded the testing and sifting of emotions and ideas; it has declined to submit them for valuation to the tests of hard and sober fact. It has avoided the test of attempted execution in action. To those who believe that human consciousness is a wild riot of imagination until human beings act upon it and thus bring it to the test of reality, Romanticism can mean only undisciplined imagination, immaturity of mind.

It sounds silly to say that Germans, with their devotion to science and their habits of subordination to authority, have brought into the modern world of politics the untried and unchastened fancies and feelings of mediævalism. But I mean only what the Germans themselves say when they tell us that they combine with supreme discipline in the outer world of action supreme freedom in the inner world of thought. I mean what they mean when they themselves say that the German people as a people lack the political sense, the political capacity of the self-governing nations of our day. For this is in effect an admission of unripeness, of

immaturity of thought with respect to the supreme concerns of human action. We live in a period of political disillusionment. The tree of political liberty, watered with blood and tears, has brought forth many bitter fruits. In our disappointments we overlook what the struggle for self-government has done for those who have participated in it. At least it has chastened the unbridled imagination of man; it has developed a sense of realities; it has brought a certain maturity of mind as its outcome.

Now, when not only the Bernhardis but the Bismarcks and the Von Bülowes tell us that the Germans are marked by absence of political sense and capacity, that they have not the gift of self-government, that they accomplish great things only under the leadings of authority from above, what are they saying except that the Germans, with all their achievements, have missed the one great experience in which the national minds of Great Britain, France, and America have been educated and ripened? With all our defects, is any measure of technical efficiency, of comfortable ease, in a 'socialized Germany,' a compensation for the absence, I do not say of political democracy, but of the experience which comes to men only in a struggle to be free and responsible in their moral and social action? Compared with such freedom, the irresponsible freedom of inner consciousness seems, I repeat, an extension into a modern world of the undisciplined mind of the Middle Ages.

If there be truth in this conception, — and unless there be truth in it, the struggle for democracy lacks intellectual significance, — we have probably the root of the difficulty of mutual understanding as between the German mind and that of other peoples. Politically we do not speak the same language because we do not think the

same thoughts. My final word would not be one, however, upon this discouraging note. It is rather a word of hopefulness regarding what has given Americans so much cause for perplexity — the 'hyphen' problem. It is natural in a time of emotional stress, and in a time when those of German ancestry find hard things said on all sides about their ancestral land, that German-Americans should indulge in idealization of their older country, should bring forth with emphatic fervor the numerous fine things which current criticism is ignoring, and should in their irritation seek out the weak things in their adopted land and speak with harshness of its institutions. But I cannot believe that any large number of them have remained here without being profoundly influenced by the struggle for responsible and self-respecting common management of common affairs.

War brings with it a recrudescence of the spirit of Romanticism, a reversion to the undisciplined mind, among all peoples. To be in an unsympathetic land, a land which does not understand,

is a stimulus to the most tense kind of Romantic fancy. But when the emotional strain passes, there will be an equal reversion to the light of common day, with its usual tasks and the illumination of these tasks by the thought that we are all engaged together in the greatest enterprise which has ever enlisted human thought and emotion: the attainment of a common control of the common interests of beings who live together. Whether German-Americans will then attempt to educate their countrymen at home to a perception of the inherent lack in any *Kultur* of a modern state not based upon the principle of self-government, I do not know. 'T is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But I am confident that all, except a few incurable aliens who merely happen to be physically among us, will respond with eagerness to any call which Americans who are longer acclimated may issue, to make our own experiment in responsible freedom more of a reality. And this response is, after all, the final test of loyalty to American institutions.

THE COST

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I

HE was one of the men I had somehow believed could not die.

And when that May morning, with England at her loveliest, I read the notice in the always lengthening obituary of the *Times*, I was — amazed.

The torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, re-

corded in the same paper, seemed to me somehow as nothing beside that other intimate catastrophe.

Then I took up the paper and reread the notice.

It was not particularly to the point, for it dealt with him simply as an athlete. The real Ronald was clearly quite unknown to the writer; but there was

one sentence in those half dozen lines that lingered in my mind:—

He was probably the greatest Rugby three-quarter-back of all time.

He was; and he was much more.

And as I puzzled it all out—our hopes, his opportunities, this sudden catastrophe—I found myself dully butting my head against the hard wall of the simple facts:—

Ronald was no more. He had not died. He had been killed deliberately—this boy who never had an enemy, and who so loved his life.

'C'est trop bête, la guerre,' say the wise French peasants in their simple way, as they till their fields up to the very trenches. And surely they are right. It is the stupidity of the thing, and not its wickedness, that staggers the modern mind.

And of all the stupidities of the war this for the moment seemed to me the most crass.

Here was a beautiful creature—

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home,

with the youth in his limbs, the light in his face, the hope in his heart, stopped: dead.

As I revolved the matter in my mind, the occasion on which I had last seen him kept recurring to me.

It was at the time of the Welsh match in the April before the war. He was captain of the English team. I think the King was present. But I forget the King; though I have a hazy memory of seeing Ronald tripping down the steps from the dressing-room at the head of his team, and standing in his football shorts and blue jersey shaking hands with a little man in a round hat before the grand stand.

It was very much Ronald's game that day. The thirty thousand gathered to watch him were all agreed on

that. His playing was, as always, original. It was as different from that of other men as he was different from them. It was spiritual; and its quality, effortlessness. The strain, the ferocity, the contortions and grimaces of others who indulge in that heroic and elemental tussle which is Rugby football were not for him.

Nobody ever saw him gnash teeth upon the football field; I doubt if anybody ever knew him cross; certainly nobody ever heard him swear. And I for one rarely knew him to issue a command—certainly never a hortatory one—though he was usually captain. A steady brilliance pervaded his play and personality alike. Always master of the game, he was consummately master of himself. And he handled his men with the same unconscious ease with which he swooped and swerved through the enemy toward the goal.

An incident in the game comes back to me. It spoke to me at the moment of Ronald and his capacity for winning men. He had tackled an enemy three-quarters in full career. The pack was on them in a moment as they struggled, and had smothered them. The two men emerged from beneath the worry at last; and the enemy three-quarters, as he withdrew toward his own line, gave an intimate little pat on the shoulder to the man who had wrought his headlong ruin and crushed in a moment the fruition of his plans.

I love you, it said.

And it was not only on the football field that his genius for government appeared. At Rugby, at Oxford, in those camps of workingmen by the sea which he loved, in boys' clubs in mean quarters of great towns, it was always the same. He led, I think as much as anything, because he never sought to lead. Authority clothed him naturally as the grass the field. Men and boys acknowledged allegiance to a power they could

not define and of which the user was unconscious. The root of the matter lay perhaps in this: that there was no egotism in the man. He was one of the humble of heart, without a trace of morbid diffidence.

Therefore some believed that he had in him a power for bettering the affairs of men which none of his more brilliant Balliol contemporaries, greedy of power, voraciously ambitious, wearisomely successful, possessed.

Three months after his last International, war was declared.

At Oxford he had joined the Officers' Training Corps; but when the authorities urged him to become an officer, he refused. Later, when he had left Oxford, it seemed to him his unpleasant duty to accept a commission in his county Territorial battalion.

The adventure and romance of war made no appeal to him. It was a dirty business that had to be got through.

It may have been because his mother came of Quaker and his father of Non-conformist stock; it may have been that he had been brought up in the academic and not the imperial tradition; whatever the cause, it is surely worthy of record that perhaps the greatest athlete of his generation hated soldiering from his heart, though he died in battle.

He hated soldiering and never took his sport in killing. As a tiny boy he protested against what seemed to him the wanton destruction of flies. Later in life, when he was one of the richest young men of his day, and the owner of a great estate, the pursuits of the *jeunesse dorée* only bored him. He never hunted, never shot; and never wished to do so. 'The horse was very fierce,' he writes in his simple way of a ride he once took.

It was not that he thought killing for pleasure wrong; it was that he disliked it.

He loved life himself and in his large and sunny way he wished others to enjoy what he found so dear — the lower creatures too.

And it is a bitter commentary on things as they are that this young man, whose heart was brimming with loving-kindness, never killed anything deliberately save other men.

All through the hot and terrible days of August, 1914, Oxford and Cambridge poured their best into the ranks of Kitchener's Army.

The Expeditionary Force was flung into France. The Territorial battalions were mobilized, and might follow at any moment.

Ronald was an officer in one of these. As such he had enlisted for home service alone, and had therefore the right to refuse to serve abroad.

At the outbreak of the war his father and mother were abroad; and two of his friends embassied half across England to urge him to consider his responsibilities and exercise his rights.

He was furious with them.

In fact his battalion did not leave for the front for another six months. And that six months did not make the profession that had been forced upon him any dearer.

'I had rather be making biscuits,' he wrote to a friend.

In those days he changed. Something of the old radiance was departing from his face, and little wonder. His friends were falling like autumn leaves. The boys who had stormed across Bigside at Rugby in his victorious wake, the men who had followed him to victory in many a university match, were going down in swathes. It was the platoon-leaders, the men of his own age, who were catching the full blast of lead and steel that was sweeping over Europe. And his turn would come. He never doubted it.

'It's not what I should have wished,' he admitted just before he went.

For he was happy in his life, happy in his opportunities, as are few.

His uncle, a great captain of industry, had made him his heir. And laboring as a common hand, among the workingmen he understood so well, in the immense biscuit factory which he was one day to control, he was quietly dreaming of the work to which he meant to devote his life.

He had the chance, and he had the capacity and the desire to make the most of it. For his heart was set, not on adding to his fortune or going into Parliament, but on adjusting the relations between master and men. Here was the task; and here apparently a soul supremely adapted by nature and opportunity to undertake it with success.

A casual bullet at midnight, as he stood on the parapet of a trench directing a fatigue-party, ended his dreams and our expectations.

'We shall win in this war,' said a soldier friend to me the other day, 'because in the end Love always wins.'

It does; and the price is Calvary.

II

And he does not stand alone.

In the minds of many his name will be recorded with that of another youth, so like him, and yet so unlike.

The two were at Rugby together; of singular beauty and athletic excellence.

I do not know if they were friends at school. I should say probably not. For Rupert from boyhood was a poet, and Ronald a man of action. The names almost betray the men and the difference between them.

After school-days I doubt if they ever met, for the poet went to Cambridge, and the engineer to Oxford.

And it was typical that the one be-

came a Fabian and lectured on the Minority Report, while the other plunged into the practical labors of Boys' Clubs. Ronald remained a stout Churchman while Rupert was writing ironical verse about the creed of his fathers.

Again, after they had left their universities the one was sweating as a mechanic in the engine-room of a factory, while the other was sailing the South Seas and bursting into song in honor of dusky maidens.

Of the two youths it was difficult to say which was the more beautiful. Certainly I know no two young Englishmen who would have been more loved by the Greeks.

Rupert I saw but once; but I recall him well — his fair hair, rather longer than that of other men, his collar rather lower, his attire rather more *négligé* — sitting with his blue eyes and spiritual face in the window of a room overlooking the river at Chelsea, reading to a little Bohemian gathering a paper on what appeared to him the most urgent of social reforms — the guaranteeing by the state of a pension of five hundred pounds a year to every minor poet.

He was something more than a mere poetaster himself; though, apart from his personal beauty, — which gave him an unfair advantage, — for long he by no means outshone his multitudinous rivals. Men — and women still more — recognized in his face the poet of their dreams, read his verses in the light of that vision glorious, and trumpeted him as the master he was not.

The war touched him to immortality.

Contact with the brutalities of life stripped his fine spirit of its frills and furbelows.

It stood forth naked and radiant and unashamed.

He joined the Royal Naval Division; and the bombardment of Antwerp made a man and a poet of him. Be-

tween the declaration of war and his death he wrote a handful of sonnets that will endure as long as English poetry.

And he lived just long enough to taste his fame.

A few weeks before he died Dean Inge quoted from the pulpit of St. Paul's his incomparable lines, —

If I should die, think only this of me —

He did die — almost immediately; perhaps a month before his school-fellow.

The one lad sleeps in a wood in Flanders on the hither side of our trenches; the other under an olive-grove on an island in the Ægean Sea, within sound of the guns wrangling over the Dardanelles.

And thousands of their peers — the boys they knew and sported with at school and university — sleep at their sides.

Let their just epitaph be: —

*They went to war in the cause of peace
and died without hate that love might live.*

IN FRENCH HOSPITALS

BY ANNA MURRAY VAIL

BORDEAUX, June 16, 1915.

THE FUND¹ has sent out to me Mr. A., and he brings a powerful Panhard, a sort of two-seated car with big rumble accommodation — a hunting car, in fact. He brings with him a friend, Mr. N., who, if he thinks it advisable, will also join us with his car. Mr. A. is a land-owner and local magnate from near Oxford, and, not content with caring for twenty-five Belgian refugees, has offered to help us. He is not strong or would be at the front.

¹ The French Wounded Emergency Fund, established in London to aid the smaller and remoter French hospitals, but managed in part by Americans and largely supplied with money and commodities by the American Branch at 38 West 39th Street, New York City, and its numerous sub-committees in New England and other parts of the country. Recently this Branch has separated from the English organization. It is now called the American Fund for French Wounded, and has its own depot in Paris. — THE EDITORS.

We are now getting some fifty-seven hospital bales through the customs, and will deliver to the places I have visited and then go on to others up and down the coast, in the Charentes and possibly Vendée. I visit hospitals, of which I have a big list: the poorer smaller military hospitals which are established and supported mostly by local 'little' people, and where, after all these months of war and strain, a friendly lift in the line of clothing or dressings or instruments will cheer the heart of many a weary nurse, surgeon, or *blessé*; and some big ones too, where they learn that I have permission to go into the wards, and confide to me that such and such things are a serious lack, and that, though the government is willing to give, it has not enough material to give everywhere, and waits are long.

Some of the hospitals are clean,

others less so; but through it all the health of the men is wonderful. The surgeon says that his records show seven deaths in 700 cases in his care, and that he has never lost an amputation. At the Croix Rouge in C. they have had eleven deaths in over 1500 cases.

At S. in a big hospital, 300 beds, there was a very able surgeon, but his amputation saw was old and worn and they needed shirts. We have sent the saw and the shirts and some other garments. At another place in the same town, 270 beds, the chief surgeon told me that he could send out twenty men, but could not secure crutches. They are made locally at Bergerac in the Dordogne; the government has placed an order for 30,000, which for lack of workmen could not be delivered; so my surgeon friend said that his hands were tied. He had some made in the town, but the wood was not suitable, and, being green, was dangerous for the men, and he did not like to let them take them away.

I wonder where all the artificial arms and legs and glass eyes are coming from! One officer after another in the government offices here has lost a leg. One sees strings and strings of men in the streets *pour prendre l'air*, and it is heartrending to see them. And all as cheerful as can be imagined. At C. in the Red Cross hospital a big burly man on a lounge in the open arcade (an ex-schoolhouse) bragged of having all his toes amputated (*gangrène gazeuse*, the result of frost-bite) that same morning, and said, 'At all events they have left me my feet. Vive la France!' He talked and talked to us and said he wondered whether, toeless, they would let him go back. They treat frozen feet now with hot air from an electrical machine.

COGNAC, July 3, 1915.

Off in the far countryside I went in the gate of a small country school-

house. An elderly woman and her husband — nice true people, ex-school-teachers — and their daughter met me and showed me their twenty-bed hospital, in the two classrooms. They were lucky above others, for they told me *they had their pensions* to spend on the hospital, 1 fr. 25 a day for each man from the state, and what the villagers and peasants bring in kind, and a roast once a day from the butcher, or a *ragoût*. The mother cooked and served the meals and, you may be sure, did a good deal of mothering besides; the father did the hard cleaning, and a village woman cleaned the floors; the daughter got up early and did the dressings, and taught school a few hours in the little room in the village where it had moved, and then came back to the men and made dressings and clothes when she was not caring for them! I left them a bale of clothing, and I never felt more touched than when the old lady tried to kiss my hand. And it was all neat and clean.

Again, another place, dusty and dreary beyond description, down on the coast beyond R. A peasant, who was *M. le maire*, showed me his *mairie*, fitted out with beds and a few chairs, all loaned and of a nondescript type impossible to describe. '*N'est-ce pas c'est bien, madame?*' Impossible not to agree; but you should have seen the attic cobwebs, for I climbed a rickety stair and saw the last *salle* under the rafters, and a weird little room where a *contagieux* could be lodged awaiting removal to a separate hospital. The woman in charge of the linen was the schoolmistress, a rheumatic heavy person of the village, teaching in her class, whence I routed her and explained my errand. I left her a bale of clothing, some 200 items,—shirts, pants, vests, socks, towels, handkerchiefs and so forth,—and she burst into tears as she thanked me. The next one, a bit in-

land, I found to be a tidy little place, — fifty beds in another girls' school. The Protestant *pasteur*, in uniform under his *infirmier's* blouse, directs the place; his wife runs the house and the housekeeping; and there is an *infirmier* (with a diploma) and a staff of helpers. They receive only the two francs from the government for each man, and what they can get in kind from the place. Every week, on certain market-days, the peasants say what they will give, and the place goes on.

Contrasting with these, I can tell of a *château* where, in a long barrel-roofed gallery decorated with allegories by Nicholas Poussin, M. le Comte d'A. has fifty beds, and the soldiers fish for carp in the moats and go boating among the lily-pads and swans. The countess looks after the men, mostly convalescents, and the place is entirely maintained by them.

Again, in far M. there are forty or fifty beds in a small cinematograph theatre, rather musty, the beds single file even in the small gallery. I know two or three cinematograph hospitals besides.

As for the big hospitals, run by men only, with only a few women in the linen rooms, they are bare and woeful. . . . There is one where I go in and out a good deal — 300 beds in the big *lycée*. The classrooms have big windows and glass partitions dividing them from the halls, and, against all my expectations, there are always windows open and plenty of fresh air and sun. I distributed pencils and cards and soap there yesterday, and one would think I had given them a gold mine. They are so nice and friendly and grateful, and always have good manners. Everything is open; the postman comes in at ten and walks through the wards, — like as not bends over a dressing; so does the orderly; feels it, if he likes to — you cannot picture it

all. The wounded belong to the people and they *will* see them, and when the head is a man like Dr. P. at R., they sit by their men at all sorts of hours.

COGNAC, July 13, 1915.

Do not let it appear that we in any way criticize France for not being able in a few weeks to house all the wounded in up-to-date hospitals. Before the war there were some 1200 military hospitals; now over 4000 are scattered over the country, and, besides, many more where convalescents are put up, which do not appear on the official lists.

At L. the other day I went into one of the big wards of one of the largest of its many hospitals with Madame L., the wife of the *préfet*. The men who were up stood at attention at the foot of their beds, and one man attempted to salute us with bandaged stumps. He had lost his right hand and all but the fourth and fifth fingers of his left hand, and cheerfully remarked, '*J'ai de la chance, madame, mes pieds et deux doigts.*' He laughed over his attempts at helping himself, and said he was in a great hurry to find out how much he will be able to do with what he has left. Later, when at the other end of the ward, I saw him pick up a newspaper with his elbow and take it to a man in bed and start reading to him. The surgeon hopes to save the two fingers, which are gangrenous at the tips. He has been an expert cabinet-maker.

The flotsam and jetsam of the war are so many and various! The American consul here asked me to go and see an American man in one of the hospitals. He had come over on a cattle-ship from Hoboken with horses for the French army; had caught pernicious bronchitis on the way, and now for several months had been in hospital with tuberculosis. I went with Madame L., who will look after him a bit and see

that he gets clothes. I took him a lot of papers. It was pathetic: a great hulking horseman, of a very low type, far, far gone, but thinking that, as he could stand, he might get home. He stood up and tried to pull his forelock when we spoke to him; but his language was primitive and crude, and he could only say that he needed nothing except some clean and new clothes to land in, and that seemed all we could do. He has learned a few words of French, and the sister in charge told me '*qu'il était un bon enfant, facile à nourrir et toujours reconnaissant.*' They say they will discharge him next week, when a big steamer starts; but —!

It is strange to find one's self doing such things. The no-handed man; then this poor exile; then a Moroccan in fez and khaki insisting on shaking hands with us, and showing his fingers that he could move now after a shattered shoulder; another great splendid Tunisian, who has been tamed by delicate little Madame L. till he stands up and looks a man in his hospital garb — with a bullet somewhere unfound. Six months he has been there, and for weeks was in such a wild rage of lust of German blood that no one could dress his wounds. For *Madame la préfète* and for no one else would he eat: '*Moi bon petit pour madame, bon français moi, tuer Boche là-bas tantôt.*' But no '*tantôt*' in the trenches for him yet awhile; more likely Tunis and his little girl of six that he told us about in his picturesque mongrel French. Then the long rows of broken wrecks of men lying on their pillows (for this hospital boasts of white pillows), one or two of them visibly fading and others still able to smile at my little companion and the surgeon who is with us. And then here and there a face that we pass quickly by, for instinct tells that the very last battle is being fought. One wonders sometimes if they mind

strangers looking at and speaking to them, and I was quite shy of it at first; but now I can talk to any and all if I get a chance, even if sometimes it is only a *bonjour* as I come and a *bonne chance* as I go.

LA ROCHELLE, July 17, 1915.

Here there are many big, rather dreary hospitals that are well managed, though often lacking what we would think absolute necessities; and one sees such sights and hears such tales that I wonder sometimes if it really is life we are living, or just an ancient tale of ruthless and useless barbaric slaughter for the greedy conquest of a neighboring race.

And the long rows of men in all stages of illness! — those who are bright-eyed and eager for cigarettes and a talk, and those who look straight ahead and scarcely see me, and those poor bits of mangled humanity that one passes by silently because they are at the brink. And still they come; a row of beds are empty one day, the next they are filled. At E. the other day a nice peasant, *Monsieur le maire*, was so overjoyed at the bale of clothing that, as he told Madame L. the next day, he thought it too good to be true — as a gift — but had he done well to accept the things — from a lady whom he did not know? For if they had sent in a bill, never could the village have paid for such beautiful things. He was sent home happy that he had done right.

COGNAC, July 24, 1915.

I have done all sorts of things since I wrote you on the 17th — among others visited a big hospital for blacks (Algerian troops) at R. and distributed personally cigarettes to every soldier. Most of them were bedridden, and I had a few words with each through two interpreters and the Guadeloupe French negro doctor in charge, who

with the Mohammedan doctor runs the place. Poor things, they seemed very exotic and out of place, but I am getting used to seeing them about, though exactly here they are not very numerous. Many were badly done up, one or two done for; and one splendid Arab, stone blind, sitting up in bed, all alone in a little ward, trying awkward fingers on a strange mandolin. But he was cheerfully pleased and thanked me courteously, salaaming and kissing his hand Bedouin style in honor of 'Englis Madame's' visit. I shook hands with him, and he said something about the feel of my glove that I did not quite catch the gist of, as the interpreter did not know the word in French for the thing that it recalled to his mind. He was dying of tuberculosis, but assuring me that he will soon be well and — '*Moi bon français, tuer Boches beau-coup*,' a refrain that comes readily to their lips. They are primitive soldiers and killing is as the breath of life to them — and from all accounts what the *Boches* hate the most is a hand-to-hand encounter with them. I was very much interested in seeing how eager they were when Dr. D. said I was an English lady; they seemed to have a great respect and liking for the breed.

It was 'decoration day' in the little square; one man received the *médaille militaire* and *citation à l'ordre du jour de l'armée*; seven others, including a young priest, received the *médaille de guerre* and *citation à l'ordre du jour du régiment*. I heard the ruffle of the drums when I was posting my letters, and went out into the crowd to see the simple ceremony and the march past of the remnants that are here of the two Arras regiments. The flag is at the front and there is no band, and as the drafts go forward what is left grows less and less. It breaks me up more than anything yet, when they go by.

LA ROCHELLE, July 29, 1915.

At Cognac, at 11 o'clock, just as I was writing you, came a telegram from here that thirty-one bales were at L., and after lunch we were off; visited two hospitals at S. for the second time, and came on; got hold of the ship-broker before six and will land the bales early in the morning, run down to C. with four or five for the two hospitals there, back to lunch, pick up our dressing cases, ship two or three bales to hospitals here, get another load of six on the car, run down to R. for dinner with Dr. K., deliver a bale to the big hospital there, then to St. G. with four bales, and back to Cognac, when the remainder will have turned up by *grande vitesse*. These last will take a couple of days to deliver; then we will come back here and continue our deliveries from here. Do you think I am to be busy?

I was up at a quarter before seven this morning, ready at eight-fifteen for the head doctor of the hospital of 'evacuated' Arras regiments quartered at C., who was to take me over it. I am much impressed with what two or three clever men have accomplished with a deserted convent building and much begging. There is not a bed that matches another, and but few blankets and coverlets, and chairs and tables are conspicuous by their absence, and pillows are so rare as to stand as a luxury, and there is not a woman nurse in the place — only a few devoted women who mend and fix up the clothes. Would you believe it, the dressings and bandages that they have are those that come in on the men from the trenches, washed and mended and sterilized, and those that are discarded by the Croix Rouge over the way. I gathered that the two hundred bandages and the cotton and dressings in the four bales of clothes I left with them were about the first new ones they had had. I do not wonder that there has been much sick-

ness — forty men crowded in a small house with little rooms; but there is no money; neither men nor officers (those that are left!) have any, and of course there is no one at home to send them anything — and it is pathetic! . . . I feel as if I had written you this before, for every time I see or hear of the Arras regiments it pulls at my heartstrings.

I am sure I do not know if I am doing the work rightly or not, but am doing it as I see it and am trying to do odds and ends, outside of the regular hospital work, that interest me.

I have made a bowing acquaintance with a group of sentinels on a bluff above the hillside overlooking Angoulême. We pass and repass there often, and I got to throwing my papers out of the car for them, and now I see that they brighten up when they see the red cross and its inscription. I have a parcel of illustrated papers and cards and cigarettes ready for my next trip. They sleep in a shed and have a few thatched shelters, and the sad-looking mattresses are often out in the sun. Of course I have never stopped and spoken with them, but they do look so dreary, — at their very important watch-work, — and *cela ne doit pas être gai!*

COGNAC, August 15, 1915.

The American dressings are being very much liked now — at first they were strange and the nurses did not know how to use them. Now I give away mounds of them. Bandages are wanted 4 or 5 inches wide and 6 or 7 yards long. Many hospitals after months of wear and washing have only worn-out and worn-thin ones left.

At V. the other day I had a long chat with three youths, *grands blessés*, who had been returned from Germany in the last batch of disabled prisoners. All three taken the same day, at the end of last September — and all three with open wounds. One, a lad of twenty-

three, had had a piece of *obus* taken out of his shoulder (think of it all these months), and was amusing himself embroidering on a frame with his left hand. The other one had a huge hole in his left side and might be paralyzed for some time to come, and a third had a fractured leg that would not heal. They all talked together in chorus and were as merry as grigs. Nothing mattered so long as they were in France again. They had not been too badly off, they said (except for lack of any sort of good medical care); but the descriptions of the treatment of English and Russians were not pretty. They said the English were so *débrouillards* that they got along somehow and always managed to keep clean and indifferent; but the Russians are looked upon as a little below the beasts and treated accordingly.

You all seem so far away and it seems an evil dream — a continuous performance of sorrow. You have no idea how strange the country seems; never an able-bodied man in the fields or a young one. The villages are nearly deserted except by the aged and the children. Sometimes the men and women returning from distant fields as the evening falls seem so old, so old, and wearing a far-off vague look in their eyes — it almost appears as if they had returned from another world to put their hands to the plough again for *La Patrie*.

PARIS, Sept. 9, 1915.

There is a far-off hospital that is short of beds. Do you know of any one who for twenty dollars will set up one, with his name on it, or a memorial bed? Beggar I am, I know, but, my dear, you too would beg hard.

I came up here in the interval of quiet in the Argonne for a rest and change, and have had sleeps from 10.30 to 9.30, and am at present as alert and eager to begin again as one can be.

Rest and change, but no respite from the surrounding ever-present shadow. Amputations, amputations, and amputations! Three youngsters in front of the hotel yesterday with an orderly, all on crutches; it must have been their first walk-out, from the way they went. In the Rue de la Paix five in a row, each with the left leg gone, trotting along at a great rate and as gay as crickets, each evidently trying to out-walk the others. Out of the Café de Paris came a splendid six-foot youngster with his mother in deep mourning; he hopped into the front seat of a big limousine, declining help; three more, soldiers they, saluted him as he passed. He wore three medals. On the terrace of the Tuileries rows can be seen all day in the sun; on the Champs Elysées, everywhere, everywhere, till one is nearly suffocated.

I have been seeing something of the *dépôt* of Les Blessés au Travail, and you have no idea of the jolly things that they turn out. And artists have taken to making toys! I have seen rabbits and chickens in painted wood by Jeanne Poupelet that are dreams; and dolls, modeled Breton dolls in costumes, that look like Holbein drawings. For 100 francs there is a peasant doll that looks as if she had been picked up out of a Millet picture, — but not to the taste of a child. I wanted them all. I have a small wooden kid with his yellow dog in tow, both star-gazing: '*Chouette, voilà un Zeppelin, mon vieux Schrapnel!*' That I wish you had — and a bunny! The men in the hospitals have done interesting wood-saw work, painted; also some paper-doll work that is quite jolly.

And all day and all night the great white silvery birds, with the tricolor rosette on their wings, hover over the city. At night they look like falling or sailing stars, and we are rarely without their droning song.

PARIS, Oct. 7, 1915.

When I hear people criticize France for not having all things for her wounded I remember the tales we heard about Montauk in 1898, and wonder what would happen if twenty thousand, to say nothing of forty thousand, wounded men were to be plunged into New York of an August day, and on top of them many thousand refugees.

At the end of last week and after the 'push' of September 25, we received thirty-five thousand new wounded, and all the hospitals are full again and room is being made in the smaller places for the more or less convalescent. We will need even more than last winter. Of course the sanitary arrangements are better organized, but the whole problem is terrific. I am already in despair when I see the depleted state of the warehouses. A friend just in from a hospital tells me that men have lain for three days in their blood-stained shirts because there were no clean ones.

PARIS, Oct. 8, 1915.

I have to hunt up gauze for a big hospital in C. They cannot get a bit there.

In the Hôpital R., last week, Dr. B. made three hundred operations in four days and none of the personnel of the hospital slept. The *patron* was 'on the job' and they all stayed, but the last night, they tell me, was terrific.

There is a man in Paris who has lost both legs, the right arm, and both eyes; his *fiancée* has declared that it will make no difference and that she will marry him all the same.

An officer who is being trained by a friend of mine, and is quite blind, says his greatest grief is that his mother has lost her reason because his face is nearly shot away. He is learning to make pottery. Another is not happy if he cannot hold a flower in his hand, as it is a *point d'appui avec le passé*.

I had a long talk with Mr. B., and he

told me that no one in America has any idea what is really going on in the evacuated regions. When it comes to reconstructing the country, there will not be anything to begin on. *Les Boches* have taken away every ploughshare, every bit of metal from every agricultural instrument and off every door, and even nails. There is nothing, nothing, nothing left but primitive conditions — not even these, as all the forests have been shot away and those not on the battle-line have had to be cut to provide wood for the lining of trenches and firing for the field kitchens. Our beautiful Forêt de Crécy has gone this way. So you see that we have to get the men on their feet again, and when that is done there will be the beginning of reconstruction. But the Germans are still in France!

PARIS, October 19, 1915.

I am going about in the hospitals here, and, hardened visitor as I am, I must say that the results of this last battle are enough to make one quail. The worst things yet are the poor men who have mended jaws. The wounds are fearful, and the operations, skillful as they are, leave the man with a jaw which usually he can use but which is a caricature to look at. The poor men themselves know what they look like and some of them are very hard to manage. In fact, there have been cases where they have run amuck and smashed things — window-panes and anything that was handy. They were a hideous sight. No wound, no matter how bad, has impressed me as much as those poor distorted faces.

It was a dreary place, that hospital, except for the wonderful surgeon and the women, who have devoted all their time and strength to the nursing. They should all receive crowns of glory, these French women. These in particular belong to no society and come from all

ranks. One is an American, the Comtesse d'A.; her ward was one of the best cared for in the place. The surgeon is an enthusiast at his job and all the men adore him, and as he has some means he has used all for the hospitals that are under him. His own clinic out at N. is an ideal place. He takes in men who need extra care and who must undergo the most difficult operations. There are only twenty-five beds, and the little wards never hold more than four or five and are all light and exquisitely clean. But the poor men and the terrible things they are coming out of! Never can you imagine the cheerfulness of that place and the effect of the doctor on the men. He told one man his leg was to come off in the morning, and the poor devil went on grinning his pleasure at the doctor's jokes as if legs were the least important things on earth. Another had lost one leg and the other foot. The doctor wants to save the rest of the leg, but, curiously, the man argues every day with him that it is better to cut it at the same place so that at least he shall be symmetrical! This morning he talked gayly of the artificial legs he would have.

A man who has had a bullet extracted from his heart is now on the way to entire recovery, though still in bed. He was so positive that the bullet would be extracted and that he would have it to show to his friends, that he spent the day before the operation making a small raffia basket, a wee thing, to hold his precious bit of projectile. And, sure enough, he sat up in bed and reached for the little basket and showed it — a heavy lead bullet a fraction less than five eighths of an inch in diameter. I do not know who was prouder, the man with his bullet or the surgeon when he showed the nearly healed wound on the man's ribs. It is the second heart operation that he has done. The first was on a boy of twenty, and he is about and

quite recovered. It was in the nature of an experiment, but now the doctor says it must be considered a feasible and more-than-apt-to-be-successful *opération de guerre*. One wishes for millions to be able to help such a man. His two aids said to me that their hours are from seven in the morning to twelve at night.

PARIS, Oct. 24, 1915.

Those splendid cases of dressings that have come from Boston! I only wish I knew the women who made them, they are so beautiful and so useful. The same sister I mentioned just now was always jubilant when she saw that I had some Boston tins in the car. The first time I went there the local pharmacist, evidently an authority in the town, was called in to see them and was *émerveillé* at their beauty and usefulness.

PARIS, November 14, 1915.

Last week I managed to worm my way into one of the very big military hospitals, and a French acquaintance and I asked if we might take that blind boy out for a walk. He, poor chap, is a Breton, thirty years old, with a wife and three kiddies at home; he has lost one eye and the sight of the other is gone. He pined for an outing, but the nurses in a hospital of one thousand beds cannot spare the time. It was a great event and, his tunic being in the locker, his comrades lent him, one a waistcoat, another a jacket, the orderly a cap; we had a new handkerchief and a muffler, and we started. You should have seen us, taking a shabby French soldier, blind in one eye and with the other swathed in bandages, out *promener* in the Luxembourg! We bought him a cane, taught him how to use it, and walked him and walked him, took him to vespers at St. Etienne, got him some milk and *brioche*s for lunch, and then back to his ward. I have heard since that he has taken the precious

cane to bed with him for fear that he might miss it in the morning. He told me that, of his three brothers who answered the mobilization call, one disappeared early on the Belgian front, another was wounded at the same time he was and has since disappeared, and the third is seriously ill in a Normandy hospital. And he is stone blind! He does not yet know it, poor lad.

They are an extraordinary lot, these blind men. I saw another yesterday, a Kabyle, who was being taught by Miss D. to make braided mats. He is a great hulking fellow with a beaming crooked smile and a fetching manner that I cannot describe, and is one of the experiments in feature-making from the American Ambulance. One big brown eye is sightless, and the eye-socket of the other is blown off, as well as all the upper part of the nose. What shows below the bandage — the tip of the nose and all the left side of the mouth — has been reconstructed, and I suppose that they are continuing with what is not visible under the swathings. Then there are others, officers who are making pottery, some of it very good in form. One has a fancy to do it out of his head — and does things that look as if they had come out of prehistoric tombs. One is an architect, and wonderful beyond belief are the models of houses and cottages that he has constructed out of clay — and, besides, he has designed the ground-plan by a method of his own.

One wonders how the women keep it up. They are splendid in every way. In the country hospitals they are the most valiant of their kind. At the beginning of the war the majority had had no training at all, but they have learned and have become expert in many things. It is an honor to help them, and to send them the necessaries that they cannot obtain in their own land for their men.

AT THE END OF THE LINE IN WAR TIME

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

If you will open your map of Canada and turn to the Province of Alberta, you will find in about the centre of the province the town of Edmonton. South of this point your map will be filled with the names of other towns and villages and of a network of railway lines — the ordered *minutiæ* of human occupation. North of it you will find, in the main, only magnificent and nameless distances — the large silences of the map-maker. Your map will trace for you a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which comes north to Edmonton and stops here; and if it is unexpectedly up to date it will contain two transcontinentals which pass through on their westward way; but for those who see that the westward march of the pioneer is over and that only northward new things await him, Edmonton remains the end of the line.

Now turn to the side of your map and reckon the parallel of latitude. You will figure it at about 54°. At any other time this parallel would interest you only as it spelled certain climatic and industrial conditions. It would suggest to you cold winters, with nights that endure from four o'clock in the afternoon to eight or nine in the morning, and brief intense summers with an amazing fecundity and rapidity of growth. It would mean for you a wheat-grower's world south of us and around us; and north of us a trapper's and a hunter's world — a world of strange tracks in the snow, of moose and elk and caribou moving warily through the Silent Places. That is

what latitude 54 would mean to you at other times; but if you would know what it means to us symbolically just now, you must take a larger map, a map of both hemispheres. You must trace that parallel around to the other side of the world, and your moving finger will touch Scarborough and go on through to the fleet-locked harbor of Kiel. Conceive that imaginary line now as a sensitive nerve along which thrills a feeling and a passion, and you will be ready for the picture I wish to draw for you — the picture of a town at the edge of the Silent Places — a town inconceivably remote from the terrible focus of the world's thought, and yet vividly and grievously and elatedly conscious that it too is a part of the Empire at war.

Yesterday the local papers contained the head-lines: 'Last Bag of Mail for the Far North left City this Morning.' A few years ago that sack of mail would have started behind a dog-team. Now the sack will make the first lap of its journey by rail — a short lap on an *antenna* of the transcontinental; and where that *antenna* ends, the dog team will relay the sack to Fort Chipewyan, and other dog-team relays will carry it by successive stages through the rest of the seventeen hundred miles to Fort McPherson. That will be a two months' journey; and here and there on that long route men are waiting, with a hunger which you whose ears are assailed with hourly cries of 'Extra' cannot understand, for news of the war. Anywhere from three to six months

after August, 1914, men drifted in from the north to learn for the first time that there *was* a war, and buried themselves for days thereafter in the files of the local dailies in a dazed effort to 'catch up.'

Can you conceive just what that would mean? Imagine yourself back, let us say, in December, 1914; and instead of having been able to assimilate the news, item by item, day by day, imagine yourself being compelled, all at once, to grasp the whole stunning mass of it! Bear in mind too as a part of the background of the picture that on these railway lines that stretch eastward from Edmonton over the prairies and westward from Edmonton toward the mountains, there are many little settlements, visible to the eye of the railway traveler only as a passenger station, a grain elevator, and a shop or two, but actually extending back for miles over scattered quarter-sections. To these little stations men will ride a far journey, and crowd the platform when the train is due. And as you stand on the rear platform looking back at the receding station, the little group will seem transfixed there, motionless save for the flutter of the unfolding newspapers. They have business, doubtless; they must get back to their farms; but for the moment there is nothing to be seen but that eager thrust for the news — the news from the front.

True, it is not a picture of the hinterland, the Silent Places, or even of the remote prairie or mountain railway station which I wish to draw for you. Edmonton is a town of perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants, and it has its two daily newspapers. But you cannot really see the picture of the town itself as an integral part of the Empire at war, unless you see it as a focal point, with the sparsely settled, news-hungry prairie around it, and the more sparsely settled, news-hungry Silent Places

stretching indefinitely north of it — and from the prairie and from the Silent Places, men coming in by ones and twos and threes, with their traps left to rust on wilderness trails, or their reapers left to rust on hard-won acres — men hungry to know and hungry to go.

For, sophisticated as it is getting to be in spots, this Canadian Northwest is still a pioneer's world, a man's world. Native Canadians who had 'come out' from eastern Canada and were 'bach-ing' on lonely quarters; Englishmen of birth and means who had established themselves on ranches; cockneys who had escaped from the overwhelming submersion of London poverty; Boer war veterans; men who had had professional military training but had not seen actual service — slowly but surely the call made its way out to them all, and slowly but surely they came in. When the war began, the population of the Province of Alberta, which has an area about four times as large as all the New England States put together, numbered approximately 517,000. Of these, at the time of writing, 18,000 have enlisted and are either at the front or being prepared to go. This is practically one fighting man out of every thirty men, women, and children. To accomplish this, there has been no conscription, nothing remotely resembling coercion, nothing more than the fine suasion of the call. In an older community, with the call coming from a 'mother country' which many of them had never seen, this proportion of voluntary enlistments would be almost beyond belief. But this is a population of greater detachment, of fewer ties, less rooted to the soil, — and the apparently impossible is already the accomplished fact. And the end is not yet; for, as I write, comes the news of two more regiments to be recruited in the Edmonton district; and a prophecy from the D.C.O. that approximately

the worst, at Valcartier. Nobody whom one knew seemed really to have crossed the Rubicon. Were they not still in Canada, with letters only a matter of a few days, and with a *known* address? The days when all the world would be 'somewhere in France' were not yet.

Then came the news of what had happened to the 'Princess Pats.' You could not call it a casualty list. It was not even decimation. It was — annihilation. On a certain day in May, after having been reduced by what one may call normal casualties, they went into a charge 650 strong. They came out of it with only 175 living men. With that ended for us the first phase of the war — the phase when it was still only a grand game. But even yet it did not quite come home to us. The first contingent had consisted largely of men who had already seen service as privates in the British army, men of worth, but not of education. The second contingent — well, it is not safe to generalize, and there were many exceptions — but on the whole, so far as local impressions went, the second contingent seemed to consist chiefly of men who were out of a job and whose patriotic instincts were supplemented by the certainty of a berth. But the third contingent — that was a different matter. There went the cream of us — the University students, the little band of alumni accumulated through the brief years since the University was established, the young business and professional men — all the thoughtful young men who had said within themselves, —

I do not know
Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and
means
To do't,—

and who, no longer thinking too precisely on the event, dedicated themselves forthwith to the cause.

From this time on the glamour ceased. Silently the troopships slipped away, and one knew that they had started only when news came of their safe arrival. Valcartier was merely on the other side of Canada. We could visualize it. But the vast intricate organism of Salisbury Plain and Shorncliffe, which was absorbing countless thousands from all the world-wide supply-sources of the Empire — what could one make of that, here in this remote town on the edge of the Silent Places? Strange tales came to us, of chaotic conditions, of utter discomfort, of mud more bottomless than Alberta roads in springtime, of forced marches so strenuous that hundreds of men dropped in their tracks, of troops standing so long at attention that they fainted by scores. What was it all for, this apparent penalization of the men who had given themselves to their country? And rumors began to be rife that this unit or that unit had at last gone to the front. For a time we believed them — believed them one day, to have them contradicted the next. But at last we learned that the only indubitable news from the front was in the casualty lists. It is a sad paradox, this — that your only means of knowing where your friend in a certain regiment is, is to know where his comrade was. And tomorrow your friend's name may be there, and you will cease to trace that regiment and some other eager watcher will profit by the information. Yes, the casualty lists began to come in, and here and there a father put a black band around his coat-sleeve or a mother or a wife quietly garbed herself in mourning. One woman had three sons at the front. One is dead now 'somewhere in France'; one is a prisoner in Germany; and one lies desperately ill in a foreign hospital. But why multiply examples? This is merely war with the glamour gone.

Meanwhile, as

Thousands speed

And post o'er land and ocean without rest, begins the service of those who stand and wait. Social gayeties, involving expenditure for pleasure's sake, are discontinued. 'Pay' affairs, the profits of which are to go to one of the many funds, crop up on every hand. Knitting women are everywhere. They knit at concerts, at receptions, at dances, at lectures. Not Madame Defarge herself was more persistent in her vengeful task than are these women in their labor of love. If one is fated to lecture occasionally in their presence, these knitting women are a sort of challenge. 'There!' they seem to say, 'I am not exactly throwing down a gauntlet, but at least I am taking up a sock. If you think that you have anything to say that would warrant me in taking my eyes from this sock and my thoughts from the one who is to wear it, you are welcome to make the attempt; but I cannot encourage you.' As to the results of this unceasing activity, they transcend the powers of the imagination. If one woman in her leisure moments can knit one sock in two days and if something more than fifty per cent of all the women who concern themselves about the war are thus engaged, how long will it take to knit enough socks to reach from Ypres to Berlin — but I am no mathematician! However, the letters that come from the trenches say that one pair of socks lasts only two days.

In any event, what really staggers the imagination is that these homely little things do actually find their way through the welter to the very one for whom they are intended. It is a curious thing, this intimacy between a fireside here in northwest Canada and a dugout or a trench somewhere in France. I sat at such a fireside the other day, and listened to a batch of let-

ters from a dugout. The mother read them quietly, with only a little catch in her voice now and then. The boy — he is only eighteen — wrote, of course, of the usual things — the long toil in the trenches, the scream of the shells, an occasional aeroplane battle overhead, the danger (so slightly touched!), the loss of a comrade. But the real charm of the letters lay in the simple little details of his daily routine: how, as he put it, he ‘managed’; and it was this which brought the fireside and the dugout so close together. And then the mother, urged by these simple details, told how, each week, she sent a parcel: towels — there is a dearth of them at the front; half-worn suits of underclothing — with washing almost impossible, it was easier for him to wear a cheap suit and throw it away; handkerchiefs — his nose, he wrote her with boyish humor, was not recognized by the government. Into every parcel too went cookies and a bar of chocolate; and every little while a fruit-cake, warranted to mellow *en route*, started on its long journey to the dugout. The earlier letters, before these little extras began to arrive, were full of appeals for ‘sweets’; the later, full of gratitude for just these favors. There was a curious pathos about these letters — not in the language, for there was no sniveling in them; but unconsciously, in the picture which they evoked. Only eighteen, all boy yet, hailing the arrival of a pot of jam as an event; but somehow all man too, making light of the physical torture of the muddy trenches; glossing over the danger; ending every letter with an insistent ‘Now *please* don’t worry, mother!’ And that mother sitting there, not knowing just where the boy was, content perforce with the hope that he was still somewhere, and following him into the awful welter with all these homely little things! Was not this what she had been doing, this

‘looking out’ for him, from his infancy? And she would keep on doing it — to the end.

Well, I suppose this tale of socks and underclothes and jam and chocolate is commonplace enough; but I confess that as I sat by the fireside and thought how many thousands of other firesides there were now just like that, I fell to wondering whether ‘the nations at war’ were not paying almost too large a price for ‘discovering their souls.’ I saw under that mother’s restraint of manner, the desperate fear, every time she sent the homely little parcel, that the boy might not be there to receive and enjoy it. There was evidence of such a good citizen and such a good true man in those simple-hearted, manly, and thoughtful letters; and one of the multitudinous fragments of a blind shrapnel might have put an end to him while we sat there.

After all, any human life, and particularly any young life full of the promise of fine things, is a big thing to waste in the casual way in which war wastes it. I think that those of you who live in great cities cannot realize that quite as vividly as we do. A city of anywhere from half a million to two or three million inhabitants is conceived on too great a scale. Half a dozen men and women lose their lives in a tenement-fire; you see their names in next morning’s paper and in most cases neither their names nor the street they lived on means anything to you. Death has a way, for long years, of touching only the periphery of your experience. But with us in a little town, death is somehow a more intimate thing. If you do not know the man himself, you are fairly certain to know a relative of his, or at least to have some knowledge of the little circle in which he moved. Life is small enough for one to *see* every man in his relation to the community. And so I wonder if per-

haps you drift more readily than we into conceiving of those men who die daily in France or Russia or the Balkans merely as pawns in the great game. Am I wrong in thinking that we see them more in their relation to a fire-side somewhere, and to a civic life in which they might have played a useful part? No, I am afraid I am no longer capable of commercing with the skies, as I think of the war. More and more it is getting to mean to me nothing but a tragedy of thwarted lives.

But for those of us who only stand and wait, it is not all gray. There are stories of the heroism of 'our boys' that stir us beyond words — stories, too, that change with astonishing abruptness our estimates of those whom we had too lightly regarded. There was a certain youth, for example, for whom I fear that I had had scant respect during his student life: a sickly fellow with rather a hang-dog air. He was out of his classes a good deal of the time and he was not successful in examinations. I believe that I suspected him of malingering. He tried to enlist and was turned down by the medical inspector, and tried again and yet again without success. How he ever got in, nobody could understand; but one day he went, and we shook our heads and prophesied that he would be incapacitated in a week or two. We heard no more of him until word came in letters from his friends that he had quietly picked up a smoking bomb and thrown it clear of the trench before it exploded, and then had climbed out in the face of the flying bullets and brought in a wounded comrade. And this was he who had only last year seemed such a faint-hearted traveler along life's common way!

And, after many months, when the permanently invalided soldiers began to come back — how the local newspapers recorded every stage of their long

railroad journey from Montreal westward! And how, when the train at last reached Edmonton, the mayor and the citizens and the regiments still in barracks crowded the platform to welcome them! Here was one who had been on the battle cruiser *Isis* in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, had enlisted with the 'Princess Pats,' and had, as he cheerfully expressed it, 'got his' at Ypres. And this 'veteran' was still in his twenties! Here was another who had been shot in the nose, the bullet passing out at the back of his head. But he was 'none the worse' and his wrath at not being permitted to return to the trenches was still simmering. Shattered arms, shrapnel wounds in thigh or back or shoulders — these were trifles. They would tell you how they got them if you insisted; but they really wanted to talk about the bravery of this officer or that comrade who alas! would have no other epitaph. It was only those who had been 'gassed' who could not enjoy and reciprocate our enthusiasm. They, poor fellows, had to be shipped quietly away, and cared for in the hope that some day they would be themselves again.

Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy — how real they seem as we talk to these men who have been there! To have been there one's self in the closed chapter of leisurely travel before the war counts for nothing. The time has passed when names in Belgium and in northern France meant places. They mean deeds. They were static once. They are dynamic now. And you can see Ypres more vividly through a crude and incoherent narrative *plus* an empty sleeve than you can through all the skillful and well-ordered descriptions of the war correspondents. Curious how in this world-business one's geographical reach expands. We seem so far from everywhere, up here on the edge of the wilderness. We have to travel nearly a

thousand miles to reach the nearest 'metropolis,' and Winnipeg is provincial enough! Two years ago we seemed utterly off by ourselves. Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy! Our family physician, who seemed preordained by nature to spend his days like a mouse in a hole, writes to us from Alexandria, where he is serving with a base hospital that receives the wounded from the Dardanelles; and to-morrow one's next door neighbor may be invalided home from Mesopotamia!

And how quaintly touched with humor, sometimes, are these sudden changes in perspective! There was a Dane who used to own a little brickyard down by the river. It was a small business and we remember him as occasionally driving a load of bricks himself and delivering them at the University buildings. But he had seen service, and it was not long after the war began before he received his commission as major. In time he was captured by the Germans at Ypres, and interned in the little town of Bischofswerda one hundred miles south of Berlin, near the Austrian border. He could speak German perfectly — had learned it as a boy in Denmark — and he determined to attempt the impossible and escape. Hiding in a well in the internment camp just as the prisoners were about to be shut up for the night, he crept away at dusk, eluded the double guards, and turned his face, not toward the Austrian border whither they would naturally set out in pursuit, but toward Berlin. He made his way to a village, found a newspaper containing the statement that he had escaped and was making his way toward Switzerland, bought a raincoat to cover his uniform, and then started on his perilous journey. In Berlin, with delightful effrontery, he took a taxi-ride down the Unter-den-Linden. How Dumas

would have revelled in the story! Then this Danish d'Artagnan disguised himself as a bricklayer and, after many adventures, including a trip through the Kiel Canal, reached Denmark, whence the British consul sent him to England. And now he has been formally received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and is detained at the War Office to report on conditions in Germany. From the little brickyard beside the Saskatchewan to Ypres; from Ypres to Bischofswerda; from Bischofswerda to Berlin; from Berlin to Buckingham Palace — 'and so home,' as Pepys would say, to the brickyard. And two years ago we were entertaining d'Artagnan unawares! Well, there will be no unawareness when he returns to spend the Christmas holidays in Edmonton.

So it goes, here at the end of the line in war time — gray days and bright ones, bitter bereavements shared by a whole community, intense anxieties which no philosophy can dispel, new elations as the commonplace men of yesterday become the heroes of to-day, passionate news-hunger in the Silent Places, sparse districts becoming ever sparser as the men come in and keep coming in, to share in the great thing that is to do. I hope that you have seen, as I seem to see, that there is a kind of unity to it all — a unity that springs from our very remoteness from the great scene upon which all our thoughts are fixed. But I cannot help thinking that there is another meaning as well. These are rather dark days just now in the great struggle — days of halting, of uncertainty, of occasional defeat. But just as the men come in and keep coming in here, so do they come in and keep coming in in thousands of other remote little places all over the Empire. It is a slow process, but there is n't any limit to it. And nobody doubts what the end will be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TOUCHSTONE FOR PEACE-MAKERS

It is hard to recognize a peacemaker, even in the looking-glass, these days. A few single-minded ones, like the Kaiser and Mr. Bryan, are unfalteringly sure of themselves, but the rest of us hesitate to call ourselves, or one another, 'the children of God.'

Are we revealed in our works, — these Hague Congresses, peace ships, preparedness programmes, secret diplomacies, so potential for strife? In our motives, — aristocratic, democratic, lunatic? In our shibboleths, — blessed are the pacifists? Were they the ones that Jesus had in mind? Ought we to join the League to Enforce Peace, or the Fellowship of Reconciliation, or the Stop-the-War Committee, or all of them, or none? These are the questions which confront the peacemaker every hour. How to classify himself?

There is a little book that helps; a dove-colored and partisan little book, but of a clarity in thought and utterance that cannot but clear up the most unwilling reader's hazy mind. It is not likely to convert any one; the value of a touchstone is in revelation, not in conversion; Miss Repplier may read it without trepidation; but it performs a service for the dove-cote in pointing bewildered doves to their proper pigeonholes.

Women at the Hague is its title, and it describes the travels in Europe, and in their own minds, of Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch, and Alice Hamilton, during the summer of 1915. If it did no more than picture the Europe which the pacifists see to-day when they cross

the ocean, it would render an invaluable service to stay-at-home Americans. No one else has seen just that Europe, and we cannot afford to miss it. The ordinary war correspondent spares us few details of life in trench and hospital, but he does not tell us of the young Englishmen 'who cannot reconcile the thought of killing other men with what they have always held as their ideal of conduct, and yet who cannot refuse to respond to their country's call.' He is not the confidant of mothers who are thankful that their sons died early in the war before they had killed other women's sons. Only the sympathetic listener hears of the husband who told his wife that under no circumstances would he be driven to kill a fellow man, and who was killed at night by a sentry from whom he could doubtless have defended himself. Surfeited as we are with stories of German hatred and stupidity, it is reassuring to know that the most famous journalist of Germany 'was very fair to our country, saying that Germany had no right to criticize our sale of ammunition to the Allies,' and that Germany's attitude toward England was poor sportsmanship.

But the book does more than picture the pacifists' Europe; it explains the congress of women at The Hague. The newspapers have done so much to bring ridicule and discredit upon this movement that our American instinct for fair play should make us eager to read what Miss Addams and Miss Balch, whose practical wisdom in other fields we trust and honor, have to say for themselves. Their action is no right-about-face, but the logical outcome of their

years of fighting for industrial arbitration. With all that Hull House stands for in humanitarian endeavor, and stress upon the sanctity of human life, could Miss Addams do less than she has done to stop the wasteful bloodshed of this war? She pleads for a conference of neutral nations, to endeavor to discover the price to be paid for permanent and immediate peace. To this end the congress presents a plan for continuous mediation without armistice, formulated by Julia Grace Wales, a delegate from the University of Wisconsin, and officially indorsed by the Wisconsin Legislature and recommended by them to the consideration of the Congress of the United States.

To propose a 'commission of experts sitting throughout the war and in some way holding the possibilities of settlement before the belligerents,' is neither foolish nor fanatical; nor does the following quotation suggest peace at any price: 'If Germany's terms are the annexation of Belgium and part of France and a military hegemony over the rest of Europe, or if the terms of France or England include "wiping Germany off the map of Europe," then there is no possibility of peace at this time or at any time that can be foreseen, nor does the world desire peace on these terms.' It happens to be Miss Balch who wrote these words, but it might have been President Wilson, so far as their sanity and wise neutrality are concerned. And it is Miss Addams who wisely reminds us that negotiations should be begun 'while the civil authorities still have enough power to hold the military to their own purposes and are not obliged to give them the absolute control of the destinies of the nation.'

An international commission of experts, to be constituted without delay, to sit as long as the war lasts, to explore the issues involved in the present struggle and to make propositions to the bel-

ligerents, 'in the spirit of constructive internationalism': surely the least pacifist of peacemakers can go so far. What do we balk at? Why do we suspect the ultimate impotence of this sane and moderate propaganda? Does the little book hold the clue to our skepticism?

We read that 'each power would be thankful indeed to secure an early peace without humiliation on terms a long way short of its extreme demands.' Let us consider this phrase, 'without humiliation.' In it is implicit the weakness of our modern ethic: the unwillingness of the present generation to acknowledge the existence of sin and to face its consequences. More than four hundred years ago, another peace-making woman, the trusted adviser of popes and princes, declared that you could not cure a running sore by plastering it over with ointment; and science and religion still uphold her metaphor. Do we perhaps miss the chapter that St. Catherine of Siena might have written in that little dove-colored book? Do we perhaps fear that those who are willing to press for terms of peace under which there shall be humiliation for no one, are trying to cure a running sore with a plaster?

'Without humiliation': whether consciously or not, these words contain the denial of the Christian axiom that penitence is a prerequisite to peace. They assert that peace is possible, though Germany never recognize her crime against Belgium; though England never acknowledge that the secrets of her foreign office and the cold greed of her industrialism have betrayed her democracy; though the United States never discover that the true mediator, instead of feeding fat upon those for whom he mediates, suffers with them and for them willingly; though every nation, neutral and belligerent, hug to her breast her darling sin, unrepented to eternity. — Try it and see.

'Balancing magnanimous concession against magnanimous concession' is not enough to give a stable equilibrium to peace. We magnanimously concede our rights. Concession implies that the burden of righteousness is on our side, when it does not imply that the burden of sin is on the side of the other fellow. All the nations had got so far as to recognize their own rights and their neighbors' sins the day after Germany crossed into Belgium. When they recognize their own sins and their neighbors' rights they will know that the word they are after is 'expiate,' not 'concede.' If a pact is based on humble expiations we need not fear its instability; and the concessions will take care of themselves.

There is a time to 'speak gently to your little boy,' and a time to fulminate in the language of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. John Baptist. — 'Repent ye! Repent ye!' — It is this note of beneficent thunder that our little book lacks, and no league, or fellowship, or party which fails to stress the basic need for repentance, can make more than a superficial contribution to the problem. Of course, it is the Church's opportunity, but as usual the Church is a slug-a-bed. If Lutheran pastors are preaching penitence to the Kaiser and Von Tirpitz, the censor is keeping it dark. Certainly the Pope hedges. England indeed has a notable exception in Canon Scott Holland of St. Paul's, whose voice, boldly calling his nation to repentance, carries even across the Atlantic; and there must be others who have kindled at his flame; but the ordinary clergyman's prayerful solicitude seems not to stretch beyond 'safety first, for our side.'

Meanwhile, the plan for continuous mediation without armistice waits. No one has offered a good reason why it should not be tried. The commission's power for good or evil will depend upon

its members. If these experts have philosophical acumen, statesmanship, and fearless Christian persuasiveness, they may even go so far as to propose that the obstinate governments chant '*mea culpa*' in chorus.

TRIPOD AND THE COUNTY TREASURER

WITH syntax, scholarship, and sanity one may say much in these days: one may even pretend to be a prophet.

But the complaint that genius is barred from reviews, platforms, professor's chairs, and pulpits is supererogatory. The issue is again raised by the essay on the Professional Ministry in a recent *Atlantic*, the publication of which is a kind of refutation of the writer's argument. Poets, preachers and reformers, artists — prophets all — show dissatisfaction with public vehicles of expression. They are somehow bound by convention, by regard for propriety which eager souls would disregard. Thought must be free: business and society and the ways of ordinary men are evil chains, chafing and destroying the soul. Religion, one infers, is the most conventional of all.

This attitude to the conditions of life is not convincing. When men were burned at the stake or excommunicated such a complaint was justified. It must indeed have been hard not to read the Bible if one cared to do so, or to be shriveled and charred for writing one's ideas about it. We are five hundred years away from Huss; this is not an age of martyrs, nor yet that of the quill pen. If one is denied a hearing to-day it is either because he cannot write or speak clearly, or because his information is distorted or wrong, or because his manners are too eccentric for sane people to contemplate without distress.

If the eager soul is denied all three of these plain accomplishments, it will in-

deed find difficulty in getting a hearing. For those moderately endowed with the three, who have something to say, the magazines, the platform, the pulpit open wide. Salaries and one-night contracts mount in rivalry, and our prophets, major, minor, and false, are accumulating such amounts of gold as mystify unprophetic workers in the field. One of our prophets of international affairs is prepared to lecture on several subjects for a large sum of money. 'But if,' he is careful to explain, 'these subjects do not interest you, I can lecture on the same terms upon any other subject you suggest.' Here is *allerlei wissenschaften*, plus prophecy. His syntax and manners are approved, doubtless; but his information does not inspire confidence. Information, and much of it, is more and more essential to good prophecy. Indeed it is pitiful to prophesy without knowledge.

The eager soul, however deficient in humor, cannot escape it in others. The ways of the prophet have been especially hard since Shakespeare wrote the line about Sir Oracle. No amount of syntax, scholarship, manners, or piety may shield a man from ridicule whose mind is habitually oracular. Once a man mounts the tripod on Drink, the Drama, the Church, or Feminism, his friends begin to leave earlier than usual. The ancient human instinct to leave a prophet to his prophecy is wholesome. If his prophecy come true, well and good: that is his reward. Meanwhile, as to the subjects thought worth prophesying about, a normal man will continue to think his own runes as good as anybody else's. Why should n't he? He gives in to the doctor and the engineer. In religion and politics he is still his own oracle, and most prophetic when he recognizes the faculty in his next-door neighbor. The tripod may not be a rare personal possession. If I have it, I may be pretty sure that other

men in the street have one very like it.

The soul eager with prophecy is devising new ways out. The new ways, upon examination, prove to be the old ways, — of Egypt, of Monte Cassino. Business and marriage, society and wealth, industrialism and pedantry are indeed burdensome to the prophet, but in them lies the rigor of life. To work hard, to hold office, maybe, and swear to support the Constitution of the United States, to marry, to learn wisdom of wife and children, to pay one's debts — what business has any man to prophecy who withdraws himself from all this? Such a way out is the *cul-de-sac* of sentimentalism and self-deception. No strong man ever desired it; no womanly woman ever respected it. If, to know the law of God, we must have oracles of men who avoid marriage and the county treasurer, we need not be surprised if the producers of the world stay at home Sunday morning with the children, and play golf or see a baseball game in the afternoon.

There is a man up the street who works hard every day. He is habitually courteous, he is not nervous, he does not avoid people. I can tell by the way he says good-bye to his family that he is no ogre in the house, but a beloved father whose return is already anticipated. This man does not complain of his job; he is too manly to be envious, too occupied with the day's work to be uncertain of the here and now. He represents the class that we are told is being 'exploited.' I have never seen the doctor's carriage at the door. He and his family are well. They work; afterwards they enjoy themselves and sleep in a way no prophets, least of all the celibate oracle, ever slept. I was sharply conscious the other day in passing the house that this laborer was a continual source of inspiration to me. I have an affection for him. We should have little to say to each other if we

met. The weather, the tax-rates, and chances of candidates at election would exhaust us. But what the prophets prophesy in anguish of soul, and elaborate ideally in apocalyptic visions, this man is.

OUR 'WITTLES'

WITH most of us, if we had the naïveté to confess, breakfast, 'brunch' (a slight refection consumed by the judicious between breakfast and lunch), luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and snack-before-bed form the most exhilarating episodes in the day's adventures, and those with which we should be least willing to dispense. And not only this, but they form in no small degree the memorable events of our careers. That clam chowder that we had when we came East on the excursion ticket and visited Cousin Anne in Rhode Island, — do we not remember it long after the scenery and the cousinly conversation have faded from our minds? Those mountain trout that we used to catch and broil that summer in the Rockies, — are they less vivid recollections than the sunrises over snow-tipped peaks?

Which do you recall more distinctly — the Memlings at Bruges, or the *gâteaux* that you ate out under the awning in the shadow of the Belfry? As for me, I speak frankly in favor of the *gâteaux*. The month that I once spent in Amsterdam was notable for many things, but chiefly for the lusciousness that adorned the board at the Pension Denys: the custardy, creamy, meringuey puddings, with gay designs in colored sugars on the top; the crescent-shaped currant rolls, all flaky and crumbling, that we devoured by the basketful for breakfast; and best of all, the shrimp pies with wonderful Babylonish gardens of pastry winding up in tier after tier of succulence. I do not meditate on Rembrandt's dwelling-place with the tender reminiscence that

I bestow upon the pink and lavender puddings; nor do I recall the Royal Palace half so accurately as I do the architecture of those shrimp pies.

In a well-known legal case of recent years, the star witness was questioned concerning an extended and luxurious tour of Europe; all that she could tell with certainty about it was that she had had, in the course of her travels, some 'very good cheese.' The opposing counsel was inclined to make merry over the cultural residuum of her sojourn abroad; but I regard her with sympathy and not with scorn. Good cheese assuredly is worth remembering; and whereas cathedrals are, in the larger view, pretty much alike, cheeses are not, as any one can testify.

We do not live by bread alone: cheese and caviare and frothy desserts go far (if, as I said before, we admit the truth) toward making life tolerable for us even in our woes.

There is a story of a man, desperately ill, who, having passed the crisis of his ailment, needed only, so the doctors asserted, an incentive to recover. He had had dire misfortunes and had lost all interest in living. Neither his business, nor his motor-car, nor his children, nor his wife sufficed to lure him back to the trials of temporal existence. Then some inspired relative thought of the cook-book. She put it into the hands of the sick man as he lay withering on his pillow. He turned it over languidly; then he fluttered the pages with transparent fingers; presently he asked to be propped up in bed. Before long he was whispering fervidly of what he was going to have to eat when he got well: those pig-hocks with dumplings; hot waffles and syrup; *schnittbohnen* with sour sauce. What were rissoles, and ramekins, and bannocks? And why had he never known about toad-in-the-hole? These were the sentiments that wooed him back to life.

It is a pretty and very human tale.

He would be a misanthrope indeed who would not wish to live long enough to try some of the dishes pictured in the women's magazines — even though one cynic scoffingly declares (in verse) that he never can tell whether he is beholding the portrait of a salad or a hat.

I love a cook-book myself, and read it with a zest that few novels can inspire. Sometimes when I am in special need of cheering, I go to a dull and formidable corner of the great library where much of my time is spent, and take down a volume bound in calf and labeled *Harleian MSS 279 and 4016, Pub. for E.E.T.S., vol. 91*. I open the tome to the legend, —

HERE BEGYNNETHE A BOKE OF
KOKERY

The first recipe is for 'Hare in Wortes'; I pass that by. But I linger over the directions for concocting 'blaumanger' and 'sweteblanche,' 'lampreys in galentyn,' and 'oyle sop-pys.' There is a recipe headed 'Cabochis' that reads, 'Take faire Cabochis, pike [t]hem an wassh hem and parboyle . . . caste hem in a faire potte with goode fressh broth and Marybones . . . and serve it forth.' Cabochis and Marybones would not be at all bad, eaten steaming from the 'potte' when one had been riding furiously about all day in cloth of gold, with a falcon on one's wrist, hunting the 'ffesaunte' or the hare.

There is an expansive and simple dignity about this: 'Take a pigge, draw him, smyte of [f] his hede, kutte him in iiij quarters, boyle him til he be ynow, take him uppe and lete cole, smyte him in peces. . . .' But this is not the last of the pigge; he must be minced and sauced and sugared and spiced and garnished, not only till he be ynow, but till he becomes — as most mediæval dishes seem to have done at last — a kind

of sublimated hash. Nearly every recipe calls for the mincing process, perhaps because the utensils of the kitchen were better than those of the table. 'Hew them smal'; 'chop hir smal in faire peces'; 'hakke in gobettys'; 'choppe hem in faire colpons.' On every page there is much mention of seasonings and 'spycerye': 'peper,' 'gynger,' 'sapheron,' 'parcelly,' 'saugé,' 'datys,' 'oynones,' 'Rose Mary and tyme,' — and everywhere a 'gobet of marow.' They must have dripped and quivered with richness, those fifteenth-century dainties. I sigh for a taste of the 'Grete pyes,' for which the first of the directions is, 'Make a faire large Cofyn of fyne past.' The lordly mince pie of our day would feel insipid and plebeian beside those ancient kings of pastry, as they are described in print for the prying spectacles of E.E.T.S.

One feels in the recipes a touch of the artistic, the reflected joy of the mediæval cook, when he seized upon a 'henne' or a 'goos' or a 'Wodekok,' to make it 'faire' and appetizing for his master's table. And how the master himself must have groaned with repletion, and praised the cook, and called loudly in Middle-English for a repetition of special successes!

I put the book back upon the shelf with a smile of brotherly affection. The Boke of Kokery makes me feel for those ancestral lovers of good eating a far closer kinship than volumes of history and socialized philosophy. The enjoyment of food and drink is a basis upon which the men of all eras may found a fellowship. From babyhood to senility this pleasure never falls. The infant,

What time its tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,

and the old man supping his spoon-food through gums for the second time toothless, share equally in a primitive delight; and all the years between are full of successive satisfactions, sauced

by hunger and dignified by the art of cookery. For the food that is set before us, blithe souls have indeed sung eulogies; but so universal a source of joy should have a more extensive anthology of praise. At least, if there be any among us who cherishes a lingering hypocrisy of indifference to the table, let him cast away his sin, and make public confession of his gratitude for the good things that a generous fortune sends him.

MY JAPANESE FRIEND

My Japanese friend writes from Osaka: "This is the "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" in Japan. The persimmons have ripened, and the pomegranates are open into the mouth of the prophets . . .

'Just at this time we are celebrating the formal ascension of our Emperor upon the sovereign throne first established by the Goddess of the Sun 2,575 years ago, and occupied ever after by her divine descendants unto this day of money and mortals. Last Sunday I went out to Kyoto to see the ceremony. It began with entry of the Emperor into the ancient capital shortly after noon. A hundred thousand people gathered along the street through which the Emperor was to pass, and scrambled for a standing place. I should say "squatting place," for these people squatted on the ground. And they began to squat on a coarse straw mat and under the blue sky as early as two o'clock in the morning — indeed, even from the previous night! — with nothing to keep them from the dew and the wind of the night. As for me, I was offered a seat inside a house facing the street, which I was obliged to occupy, however, at three o'clock in the morning, no reser-

vation of seats being guaranteed. Thus we waited — a hundred thousand loyal subjects of the Mikado. We waited and kept on waiting, watching the many slow hours begin and expire.

'Strange is the emotional attitude of the Japanese. This is certainly a happy occasion. The people have draped their houses and decorated their streets with flags, banners, flowers, paper lanterns, electric lights — the whole city blossoms out in profusion of hilarious colors. Yet, they talk quietly and walk about with grave looks upon their faces, because they have deep in their hearts a sense of awe and reverence. Thus we waited, dumb and devout like sinners doing penance.

'At last, the rumbling sounds of guns firing their salutes from the outskirts of the city signaled the arrival of the Imperial train at the railway station. All along the long and crowded way every whisper was hushed; the heavy silence was not at all to be broken except by the approach of the Imperial cortège — a pompous and picturesque train of mounted police; soldiers; a crew of them carrying on their shoulders a palanquin; more soldiers; his Majesty's car drawn by six steeds; followed by many more carriages of the Imperial household and the high officers of the Emperor. These moved past — a phantom procession of green and yellow, of dazzling gold and brilliant red. The audience held their breath; many dared not lift their admiring eyes toward the spectacle for which they had waited so long and so patiently. When all was over — and it was over in a few minutes for each man who could not move from his place — the audience heaved a sigh, rose from the ground, and went their way.

'What do you think of the psychology of the Japanese?'